

The Keep

Gruff Rhys

Like the whispers of the final words
[?] of a loved one's heart
Or the breeze that brushes weathered shapes
In the tails of cuts out in the sun
Just the constant ever-present turn
Of the curvature that we stand upon
Or the temper [?] of the hairdryers
That drone along in tune with the universe

All I hear are the clanging [?]
Of the carnivores caught on the [?]
And the rumble of the supertankers
All blowing out [?] distant leagues
In the rusty hollow [?] tangled
[?] that hang in the abattoir
Hear its lonely voice, it cries for the future
Now, for a future of any kind

I feel for your fingers in the dark
But I can't see the path that lies ahead
I point a battery-powered torch
But it disappears into the void
I feel for your fingers in the dark
But I can't see the path that lies ahead
I point a battery-powered torch
But it's shining into darkness

The keeper in me, the keeper in you
Will keep persevering until we get through
To all the light that [?] the door
The keeper in me, the keeper in you
Will keep persevering until we get through
To all the light that [?] the door
The keeper in me, the keeper in you
Will keep persevering until we get through
To all the light that [?] the door