

With Every Beat

The Features

Leaves begin to tremble,
Limbs begin to sway.
Silence tends to make up
What words cannot translate.

With every beat of your heart
With every beat of your heart

Then without a warning
Bells begin to ring
Soon to be accompanied
By crickets as they say

With every beat of your heart
With every beat of your heart

With every beat of your heart
With every beat of your heart

With every beat of your heart
[?]

(Oh, Roger!)