

Heart of my Own

Under that burning ether that falls
Down on these walls
Burning my arms
I've been alarmed of what is said by you.
For every word I could undo
I've been uncrossed, and I've been untrue
I've been the thorn; I've been the heart.

With the heart of my own — burn it down low
The light in your verse and the shadow between
The way that I was when I used to know.
If I go, what do I hold?
Oh, the maid or the mother I'll be
If only the loom and the thread were whole.
It is work to be dancing out here
If tomorrow I'm mending the empty bones.
There are roses that come without seeking,
There are the ones that I have to sow
In your verses that I am repeating
The way that I was when I used to know.

I wrote on these walls a simple charm to keep the wolves at bay.
Gave all my heart the strength of my arms
To hold you close and safe.
But I kept my eyes closed, I'll never know
Where the shadows are these days.
I stood in the room of a house divided
Oh, and it washed away from me
And it washed away from me.
Oh, and it washed away from me
It washed away to take my own.

Burn it down low —
The light in your verse and the shadow between
The way that I was when I used to roam.
Back home, what do I hold?
For the maid or the mother I'll be
If only the loom and a thread will hold.
It is work too, and as that I hear it.
Tomorrow I mend it: the empty bones.
There are roses that come without seeking.
There are the ones that I have to sow
In your verses that I am repeating
The way that I was when I used to know.