

Beneath The Heart Of Darkness

Ed Harcourt

Beneath the heart of darkness
Lies an old machine that's dying
Spluttering like an army of artillery sporadically firing
The roots of the house are cracking, caving in
There's no way out, it's trapped in

Beneath the heart of darkness
Lies an old machine that's reeling
Forgotten dust and sunlight
Silent and removed from feeling
The peace in my mind is drowning, fading down
There's nothing left burning, it's all out

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