

Moving Mountains

Thrice

I speak in many tongues to many men;
Argue with angels and I always win,
But I don't know the first thing about love.

I prophesy and know all mysteries;
All hidden things are opened up to me
But I don't know the first thing about love

I have the keys to open any door;
I give all of my possessions to the poor,
But I don't know the first thing about love

And moving mountains ain't nothing to me;
I've faith enough to cast them to the sea,
But I don't know the first thing about love

But all other things shall fade away;
While love stands alone and still holds sway
All other things shall fade away;
Into the ground into the grey.

I give my body up unto the flames;
And never once have I denied your name
But I don't know the first thing about love.