

# Keane, Black Burning Heart

I wish that I could be  
In the cellars of the sea  
And disappear in them  
Never to be seen again

Live this life  
Its unrelenting appetite  
For feeding off the weak  
Who never had their time to speak

The sky will be my shroud  
A monument of cloud

If we could turn back, you can't paper over the crack  
But it will return now, and your heart will burn black

Give me your hand  
Cut the skin, let me in  
The molecules of us  
Bleeding into one again

The sky will be my shroud  
A cenotaph of cloud

If we could turn back, you can't paper over the crack  
But it will return now, and your heart will burn black  
Forgotten my way home, forgotten everything that I know  
Every day a false start, and it burns my heart  
I know

Everything you said was right, and I suppose  
Everything is here forever, till it goes  
You gave it all away, kept nothing for yourself  
Just a picture on the shelf

"Je souhaiterais immerger  
Dans les profondeurs des mers  
Et disparaître  
Pour ne plus jamais être vu"

Burning up now  
And I'm racing down a road I don't recognise  
I realise I've

Forgotten my way home, forgotten everything that I know  
Every day a false start, and it burns my heart  
Turn back