

Sting, Kyrie

Kyrie Eleison, kyrie eleison, kyrie

the wind blows hard against the mountain side across the sea into my soul it reaches into where i c

my heart is old it holds my memories my body burns a gemlike flame
somewhere between the soul and soft machine is where i find myself again

kyrie eleison down the road that i must travel
kyrie eleison through the darkness of the night
kyrie eleison where im going will you follow
kyrie eleison on a highway in the light

when i was young i thought of growing old of what my life would mean to me
would i have followed down my chosen road, or only wished what i could be

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