

# Sting, The Lazarus Heart

He looked beneath his shirt today  
There was a wound in his flesh so deep and wide  
From the wound a lovely flower grew  
From somewhere deep inside  
He turned around to face his mother  
To show her the wound in his breast that burned like a brand  
But the sword that cut him open  
Was the sword in his mother's hand

Every day another miracle  
Only death will tear us apart  
To sacrifice a life for yours  
I'd be the blood of the Lazarus heart  
The blood of the Lazarus heart

Though the sword was his protection  
The wound itself would give him power  
The power to remake himself  
At the time of his darkest hour  
She said the wound would give him courage and pain  
The kind of pain that you can't hide  
From the wound a lovely flower grew

From somewhere deep inside

Every day another miracle  
Only death will keep us apart  
To sacrifice a life for yours  
I'd be the blood of the Lazarus heart  
The blood of the Lazarus heart

Birds on the roof of my mother's house  
I've no stones that chase them away  
Birds on the roof of my mother's house  
Will sit on my roof someday  
They fly at the window, they fly at the door  
Where does she get the strength to fight them anymore  
She counts all her children as a shield against the rain  
Lifts her eyes to the sky like a flower to the rain

Every day another miracle  
Only death will keep us apart  
To sacrifice a life for yours  
I'd be the blood of the Lazarus heart  
The blood of the Lazarus heart