

# Wuthering Heights, Too Great Thy Gift

I'm freezing; I'm cold  
I've fallen into this dark hole  
Lights out; in darkness the fears unhold

Drown in waves of no meaning  
Through the night I am screaming  
Throw me a rope to hold

Empty is the crystal ball; still into emptiness I fall

If I could ride the clouds; if I could crush the hills  
Would it mend what's growing chill  
How shall I act not to be wasting time  
Only a spark; a spark to swift  
Too great thy gift

I know not what mighty powers  
Granted me this life  
But your crown's a heavy load

Lost in this pantomime  
I could scream; but noone would hear me  
If I could only believe

Empty is the crystal ball; still into emptiness I fall

If I could ride the clouds; if I could crush the hills  
Would it mend what's growing chill  
How shall I act not to be wasting time  
Only a spark; a spark to swift  
Too great thy gift

The madman's standing on the hill  
Not hearing their laughs; to the sky he cries  
You who gave me mind  
I hail you, I curse you  
Hear me cry

Give me an answer; how shall I know  
Which way to go

Through the road's ahead; too doubtful its bending  
Stalling 'til death in fear of its ending

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