

Il Cuore

Your songs come as the dawn
Make me a harp to thy will and thy song

Nor light of moon of stars and sunshine
Renews my soul as thy love divine

Far beyond fading crests
Praised be thy name to bless

We're prisoners to power and fame
Swear oaths to where emptiness reigns
How shall we lift our eyes up to you

Whose favour shall I seek
Lord may your grace dwell in me

O sacred fires, light of desire
A peace to breathe freely
Will lead me to you