

MONTVAILLANT

LYRICS ON THE EDGE OF SILENCE

CONVERSATION WITH GOD
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MELANCHOLY

MONTVAILLANT

CONVERSATION WITH GOD

I lay on my bed, closed my eyes,
heard a voice and it said:

"I don't want to be here anymore",
and he looked down from the cross.

"I don't want to die alone,
nailed down with these thieves.
I don't know what went wrong,
I never did hurt a soul.
Now I'm crucified and dying,
it looks like I blew it all."

"I can't see what it means,
did they all become free?
Free as the birds in the sky, to follow me or deny?
Free to dance all night?
Free to love, free to live and die?
Free to question it all and ask why?"

"Now I wait to leave this place,
please don't mock my tears.
When I'm gone I'll leave no trace
but I will have shed all my fears.
All their loves and all their dreams,
that my people gave to me".

"Free to love, free to live and die?"

"The responsibility that rained down on me, on my shoulders
I can't see what it means, did they all become free?"

"Free as the birds in the sky, to follow me or deny?
Free to dance all night?
Free to love, free to live and die?
Free to question it all and ask why?"

And I opened my eyes on my bed
and thought life is worth living for.
The freedom we have to enjoy.

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INTROSPECTION

They think I'm God and, they're in my hands but
I try to tell them, I'm just a man.

When I came to this place I had a dream
to bring them peace; it was a dream.

When the crowds flocked in they called out my name.
Perhaps I wanted my fair share of fame.
Oh hear me Father, teach me to love.
Help me be the man that they're in need of.

Over thirty years I have walked this land.
God only knows, sometimes I need a hand.

Oh Father look down, 'cause here I am.
Can I love a woman? Please say I can.
Send me a message, bring her to me.
Can an earthly woman set me free?

When I'm laid bare, will the people see
that everything they wanted was not in me?
For none are blameless the scriptures say.
A pillar of fire will light the way.

They think I'm God and, they're in my hands but
I try to tell them, I'm just a man.
When I came to this place I had a dream
to bring them peace; it was just a dream.

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BLESS THE PROPHETS

The prophets came, the prophets saw.
The prophets looked, before they'd go.
And when they came, what did they see.
They saw a god, like you and me.

They saw a god.
They saw a god.
They saw a god, like you and me.

I need to believe in the prophets when I don't believe in myself.
I need to believe in what the prophets said.

The prophets called, the prophets prayed.
The people came, the people stayed.
And when they saw they thought they knew
The face of god looked just like you.

The face of god.
The face of god.
The face of god looked just like you.

I need to believe in the prophets when I don't believe in myself.
I need to believe in what the prophets said.
I need to believe in the prophets when I don't believe in myself.
I need to believe in what the prophets said.

The prophets wailed, the prophets cried.
The people saw their dreams had died.
And when it passed, they all were glad
for they all knew, prophets are mad.

For they all knew.
For they all knew.
For they all knew, prophets are mad.

I need to believe in the prophets when I don't believe in myself.
I need to believe in what the prophets said.

The prophets came, the prophets saw.
They knew this day would come.

Bless the prophets, bless the prophets, bless the prophets.

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BLANK PAGE

From a blank page, I can start again.
Open up the window and let the sunshine in.

It always rained and felt heavy on my soul.
I've never had the courage to leave before.
But this time I feel conviction I can't ignore.
I'm packing up my bags and heading straight for the door.

From a blank page, I can start again.
Open up the window and let the sunshine in.

Reawaken my spirit and restore the zen energy I felt before.

We might only get one chance and we've got to take it.
If we're reborn our history's erased and it's what we'll make it.
If I'm given the option to restart, I swear I'll take it.
When I finally opened my eyes, realised I had faked it.

From a blank page, I can start again.
Open up the window and let the sunshine in.

Reawaken my spirit and restore the zen energy I felt before.

The energy I felt before.
The energy I felt before.
The energy I felt before.
The energy I felt before.

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CARRY YOU

I will always remember
what you did for me.
In the darkest of hours,
you were a light I could see.

And despite everything we've been through
you can count on me.
I'll help carry your coffin,
you'll be alive in my memory.

No matter how dark it became;
the shade of black or grey.
I'll lay a rose at your grave
to show my respect this way.

And as time dulls the memory,
slowly the pain fades away.
When you're gone, I'll still visit your graveside
because I'm there for you come what may.

I will always remember what you did for me.
In the darkest hours you were a light that I could see.

And despite everything we've been through, you can count on me.
I'll help carry your coffin, you'll be alive in my memory.

And as time dulls the memory,
slowly the pain fades away.
When you're gone, I'll still visit your graveside
because I'm there for you come what may.

When you're gone, I'll still visit your graveside
because I'm there for you come what may.

When you're gone, I'll still visit your graveside
because I'm there for you come what may.

MONTVAILLANT

GO BACK IN TIME

Turn back the clock, stop all time.
Just take me back to when you were mine.
Turn back the clock to yesterday.
When you were here not gone away.

Turn back the clock push back the hands
to yesterday when we had plans, sweet plans.
Turn back the clock restore my dreams.
So I can't hear my silent screams.

I know I've lost my sunlight, I know I've lost the will to fight.
Hold back the tears that start to fall.
Hold back my life I've lost it all and I want to go.
Back to start it over again.

Turn back my life and come save me.
For only in death can I be set free.
Turn back the hope that died in my heart.

Hold back the door, let the darkness rule the skies.
I can't cope anymore, I've had enough of compromise.
I've had enough of compromise.

Turn back my life and come save me.
Turn back the hope that died in my heart.

Let me feel the light, let me feel relief.

Hold back the door, let the darkness rule the skies.
I can't cope anymore, I've had enough of compromise.
I've had enough of compromise.

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MELANCHOLY

Melancholy is the sorrow of the soul;
it's just faded fervor, happy being sad.

There's enough poison in it to kill a man
and if there is a hell in this world in which we live.

It's in the heart of melancholy men;
it's in the heart of a melancholy man.

It's to seek happiness and love,
appreciate life and its darker side.

It's to find pleasure only in the melancholy;
crying, wishing you were still a child.

And to defeat it is above
all to live one's madness in this world.

An artist is someone who depicts life
with a brush dipped in it.

I have spent my life fighting against its sweetness.
Sadness gnaws at us and slowly cultivates us.

Our perception of beauty,
it is a source of melancholy.

It is a source of melancholy.