

# Heart of My Own

## Basia Bulat

Under that burning ether that falls  
Down on these walls  
Burning my arms  
I've been alone  
When I sat by you  
For every word I could undo  
I've been uncrossed and I've been untrue  
I've been the thorn  
I've been the heart  
But the heart of my own  
Burn it down low  
The light in your verse and the shadow between  
The way that I was when I used to roam  
If I go, what do I hold?  
Oh, the maid or the mother I'll be  
If only the loom and the thread would hold  
It is work to be dancing out here  
If tomorrow I'm mending the empty bones  
There are roses that come without seeking  
There are the ones that I have to sow  
And your verses that I am repeating  
The way that I was when I used to know  
I wrote on these walls a simple charm  
To keep the wolves at bay  
Gave of my heart  
The strength of my arms  
To hold you close and safe  
But I kept my eyes closed, I'll never know  
Where the shadows are these days  
I stood in the room of a house divided  
Oh, and it washed away from me  
It washed away from me, oh  
And it washed away from me  
It washed away to take my own  
Burn it down low  
The light in your verse and the shadow between  
The way that I was when I used to know  
If I go, what do I hold?  
Oh, the maid or the mother I'll be  
If only the loom and the thread were whole  
It is work to be dancing out here  
If tomorrow I'm mending the empty bones

There are roses that come without seeking  
There are the ones I have to sow  
In your verses that I am repeating  
The way that I was when I used to know

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