

**May I sit here in this fire,  
Humbled by the sight.  
Watching flames, arise,  
over me.**

**May it be my one desire,  
On this cold, winter's nights,  
Below the stars, in your eyes,  
above the trees.**

Great architects, could never,  
comprehend, the magnitude of this.  
With only plastic pens and,  
tools to lend, are they tenderly equipped.

To form creation,  
beyond our thoughts,  
and ideas swept over heads.

Imaginations,  
despite what we're taught,  
with pictures from our beds.

**(Chorus)**

*You live in me.  
Ooooooh  
(x2)*

Not like howling wolves,  
or birds that call.  
We'll be closer than their sense.

Not distant, echoed falls,  
or mountains tall.  
No partition in lament.

Like skin to touch,  
hands in a glove,  
and songs upon our tongues.

We'll be nearer still,  
than all this world could fill,  
'cause you're an audience of one.

**(Chorus)**

I might need to explain myself,  
and well frankly, that's OK.  
I'm romanticising a bur-nin-g bush,  
And a love, that's here to stay.