

The Church, I Am A Rock

A winters day, in a deep and dark December
I am alone, gazing from my window into the streets below
On a freshly fallen, silent shroud of snow
I am a rock, I am an island
Don't talk of love, well I've heard the word before
It is sleeping in my memory
I won't disturb the slumber of feelings that have died
If I never loved I never would have cried
I am a rock, I am an island
I have my books and my poetry to protect me
I am shielded in my armor
Deep within my room, safe within my womb
I touch no one and no one touches me
I am a rock, I am an island

And a rock feels no pain
And an island never cries