

Still the Heart Beats Much Faster

Oh my brilliant base;
Oh my warmth within,
Ode to my fearless faith,
With pacing prospects in peace.

In dearest disposition,
And distanced disaster,
Still the heart beats much faster.

Oh my shady shard;
Oh my chaffing chill,
Ode to my fright of forlorn,
With motionless mind, at war.

In distanced disposition,
And dearest disaster,
Still the heart beats much faster.

Feeling exciting scares,
And scary excitements,
The heart invites you to a warm embrace,
With hopes of one day slowing its pace.