

330-1000  
His heart stopped

His heart stopped  
But not how you'd think  
It wasn't from sickness  
Or too much drink  
It wasn't because  
He had an attack  
Sudden affliction  
Taken aback

His heart stopped  
But it was from grief  
The sorrow he saw  
Was beyond his belief  
And he couldn't feel pain  
But there was nowhere to run  
And so there he stood  
His face in the sun

And he begged and he pleaded  
With the god that he hated  
That somehow his pain  
Could be abated  
But the answer was clear  
Each morning and night  
The sadness he witnessed  
From which he took flight

And so his heart stopped  
And he fell to the ground  
And that was where his child  
Searching for him found  
For the man could not cry  
And the truth of such strife  
Is That our hearts may true stop  
When we can't cry for life