

ours,

Dm(Am capo 5)

The Book Speaks

Lyrics ©2006 Naomi Rivkis

TTTO "Under the Gripping Beast" by Cat Faber

Am G Am E
 Five thousand years or more ago, a craftsman worked in hide
 Am G C E
 As gleaming-soft and human as the day the young man died.
 C G F E
 The feathered wax had crumbled, and the father had to look.
 Em G Am G Am
 He wept and gathered up the bones, and bound them in a book.

G F Am
 Under the gripping beast is genius twined with grief
 G F E
 For you cannot write of feelings if you have not known their chief.
 Am G F E
 I bear no curse but knowledge of the pain that hearts must bear,
 Em G Am G Am
 The blunders they've committed and the wild joys they share.

Am G Am E
 The craftsman wrote within me, told his tales in his own hand
 Am G C E
 And every artist after him has spun another strand.
 C G F E
 I carry now the stories of the human race entire
 Em G Am G Am
 And anyone who looks within finds madness touched with fire.

G F Am
 Under the gripping beast is genius twined with grief
 G F E
 For you cannot write of feelings if you have not known their chief.
 Am G F E
 I bear no curse but knowledge of the pain that hearts must bear,
 Em G Am G Am
 The blunders they've committed and the wild joys they share.

Am G Am E
 I hold the verse of Sappho written just before she leapt;
 Am G C E
 The weeping voice of Mozart and of countless more who wept
 C G F E
 The starry night that Vincent saw was painted on my page
 Em C Am G Am
 The graphs of the astronomers, the lessons of the sage.

G F Am
 Under the gripping beast is genius twined with grief
 G F E
 For you cannot write of feelings if you have not known their chief.
 Am G F E
 I bear no curse but knowledge of the pain that hearts must bear,
 Em G Am G Am
 The blunders they've committed and the wild joys they share.

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ours,

Dm(Am *capo* 5)

Am G Am E
So you who hold me in your hands, be careful what you learn
Am G C E
I do not wish to harm you, but your mind's own fire can burn.
Am G F E
Imagination's glories and its tortures lie within
Em G Am G Am
A journal bound in leather fine, as soft as human skin.