

Hawksley Workman, What Will Bring

Ahhhhh, ahhh

What will bring, what will sing
what will be the only thing

Who is he, who is she
empty where the love should be

Who of faith, who of waste
who of no more mouths to taste

One too old, one foresold
one for every lie you've told

In midnight's arms you've lesser charm
A sober morning brings a storm

Choose your drug, empty out
surrender be the slave of doubt

Don't believe me, don't receive me
it's better to choose the one that's easy

Given no rain, given to pain
a beautiful night to swim in shame

As if it was something of trust
a coffin nail that's left to rust
November first, bad now worse
A pain so strange it's unrehearsed

Sha la la la la how are you
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