

# Florence & The Machine, Prayer Factory

All the things that I ran from  
I now bring as close to me as I can  
Ripping hotel sheets with gritted teeth  
My montage of loss, think it's mine  
Shiny trinkets of grief

Why don't you give me a call?  
Open my mouth, yes, I'll take it all  
Know it's work onto work  
Make it, finally you shut the gate