

Hawksley Workman, In My Guilt, In My Fear

I'll forget your beauty
I'll forget your song
I'll forget the morning when the hurting comes
I'll pretend I'm healthy
everything just fine
I'll kiss you sweetly on your closing eyes

In my guilt in my fear
that's when love just seems so clear
In my guilt in my fear
that's when my love seems so clear

Beauty makes you lazy
kills what's in your eyes
Keeps the truth about you
when about you lies
Can't you hear the grinding
afraid to see it all/at all
when you're both a fountain and a waterfall

In my guilt, in my fear
that's when love just seems so clear
In my guilt in my fear
that's when my loves seems so clear

On a bumpy plane ride
I prayed I'd make it home
I prayed you'd never let me die alone
You were in my stories
You were in my songs
You fit those places only God belongs

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