## 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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