

Hawksley Workman, Mouth To Mouth

Mouth to mouth, dear
Recognize this
Fall into me
Like you need to

In enough time,
There'll be breakdowns
Of the light that
In our dreams make

Like a silo
Under moonlight
Holding wild seed
Fit to carry

A mission fired to
Burn right through these
Crazy faces

Hand to hand, dear
Graveyard robbers
Steal the stories
Of our mothers

And there's no beauty
Without suffer
And there's no suffer
Anymore here

Like a green pool
Floods its storm banks
Rising quickly
With no warning

Drowning careless
Crazy faces
Crazy faces

The city will make
Peaceful certain
On our backs in
Murky blood swamps

And there are some fates
That are disaster
but this i study
And thoughtful crumble

I've no claim to
See a future
Or make the sequence
Of lines that love brings

To break right through these
Crazy faces
Oh crazy faces