

# 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