

# Hawksley Workman, The Future Language Of Slaves

Come over here  
Whisper into my ear  
Don't waste your breath  
On anyone else  
But me.

And warm  
Your body in bed  
Let us wake up and talk a while  
I tell you I'm scared  
I tell you I'd fight for  
Us both  
But you come from the town  
Where Gandhi was born  
And you say I always talk tough  
When I get drunk  
So why don't we pray  
Whispering the  
Future language of slaves

I should rejoice  
Maybe give voice to a song  
For what brought me here to your arms  
Into your painfully true love  
And God maybe close  
God only knows  
Really to say.  
And what would we do in our last moments  
In time.  
Would we make love  
Or make haste to a mobile phone  
Or would we break bread  
Drink the blood that is shed  
And pray to our god  
Whispering the  
Future language of slaves