

k.d. lang, Season Of Hollow Soul

(K.D. Lang/Ben Mink)

Keen to the shifting of wind
I bend to it blind
To rid these kisses of sin
That must stay behind

Sour the fruit of neglect
The core of my doubt
Deprived are my veins you infect
With or without

Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul
The ground on which we leave on
How strangely fuels the season
Of hollow soul

Seeds of uprooted chance
Are grains of goodbye
Waving boughs so slowing dance
Questioning why

Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul
The ground on which we leave on
How strangely fuels the season
Of hollow soul
La la la la...
Fate must have a reason
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Of hollow soul hollow soul

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