

Want the Want

Winterpills

A whispered curse under his breath
A whispered prayer over a death
A sunrise blotted out by cloud
A mother sleeping by the shroud
A poison word that's never said.
A simple frame above the bed.
A poison word will not deceive.
You don't believe what you believe.
You want the want.
You want the want
(if it doesn't kill you first
It might just drive you mad)
The vision doesn't disappoint
The ghost is lighting up a joint
The fickle crowd has gone to sleep
You're ready now to take the leap

Songwriters

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