

Vanquisher

[Glen Hansard](#)

They're coming sorry for our second vanquisher
to have so much to pretend
ourselves not so against
though overtaken
this we'll survive, surviving those against the smell of rope, through pulley sing
there are fewer greater losses known
we have our affect we have our ransom
this we'll survive, surviving those I see your teeth are robed in crimson
from your biting back the pain
and if I had the strength for smiling
you'd see my pain looks the same and I must walk these roads to freedom
'cause I can hear them call my name
in due time I shall return
and my first words will be your name
you're all I think, this thing set troublin'
it will not end without brevity
against the smell of hope, through measuring
there are fewer greater former ghosts
we have our affect we have our ransom
this we'll survive, surviving those

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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