Keel

Volcano Choir

The prophet's here, the prophet's here.
Oh, it's no use.
Bend down into the grass, down into the grass for me.The prophet's come, the prophet's good in stone.
God will look okay in my eyes.
Day though we'll know the love we find.
They won't work on like the only ones,
Hot and wild.
They bring the heat ends high for fire.Echoed sun.
Forgive, don't know.
There's a danger now in the town we know.
And we're happy broken in the cold slow.There's a tazer and a brave young one,
Spilling father like his son.
And they tell him bout your gun.Just stay here, just stay here loving me.
And just stop bloody loving me.
See what,
Slip behind the closet curtain.
Hide from me, hide from me.The day I see my light's gone,
And you fear me your headstone.
What are you without your friend then sonny?
Can't carry on your own.
Can't care bout your older man.
Swing for
The storm, I wasn't so,
And a peek and finds you.
The world's fine.

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