

Sins Of Omission

Midnight Oil

On the fringes of torso and lips
Straining to hear the voice of gospel choir
Pummelled plains and beaten fields
We're never broken in spirit within But I feel like we're coming around
Yes, I feel like we're coming around
Tell me Cloud burst teeming, insect wave and bite
Yes it's true, we are not alone
TV silence it's a narrow entrance
It's a sometimes leading into future time But I feel like we're coming around
Yes, I feel like we're coming around
I feel like we're coming around Sins of omission, no love
Sins of omission I heard it once before in shepherd's isolation
Over the horizon in blue and white now, now
Now overcome you can outrun it
When the roarings cease and the right stuff weaves and fits into your life And I feel like we're coming around
Yes I feel like I'm coming around, tell me Sins of omission, no love
Sins

Songwriters

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BURN, MALCOLM Published by

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