

The Garden

Faithless

Beg you listen me, don't be kissing me 'til I'm done
Unsung champion, reason, like seasoning
Pepper your thoughts with spice, and entice you to a space
Where I dwell with bass players and layers and loops

Think what I think with my prayers. It's nice. My world is everything I've become
Contained in the hum between voice and drum
I'm coming from the same place I'm still running from
But even sitting in the garden one can still get stung

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