

The Garden

Faithless

Beg you listen me, don't be kissing me 'til I'm done.
Unsung champion, I 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

Songwriters

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