

Furious

Joan as Police Woman

Why don't you save your soul
Let loose your dogs of war
Abandon your done capital
Burn all your flags
And hold onto, hold onto nothing And the stones in your stomach
Become a part of the sea
And the mark that your footprint leaves
In the sand starts to lighten
And finally whispers, whispers I am gone Don't wait for the last page
Don't wait for your final breath
Don't wait for the pendulum to drop
It swings so low today
Don't wait, don't wait for nothing And you'll wrap up the tears
Of forty thousand gone
Who wish they'd acted out
When they had time and they had voice
To tempt the furies, the furies are not gone Are you not furious?
Are you not furious?
Are you not furious?
Are you not furious?
Furious Wait for, wait for what
Wait for, wait for what Are you not furious?
Are you not furious enough?
Are you not furious?
Are you not furious?

Songwriters

JOAN WASSER Published by

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