

I Turn My Face to the Forest Floor

Gravenhurst

It's the kind of thing that once drove men into the desert night I see no deserts here and the east end rogue you
so admire is a murdering fuckhead the influence is clear you're only a stone's throw from all the violence you
buried years ago

Songwriters

TALBOT, NICHOLAS JOHN Published by

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>