

Season Of Hollow Soul

[k.d. lang](#)

Keen to the shifting wind
I bend to it blind
To rid these kisses of sin
That must stay behind
Sour the fruit of neglect
The core of my doubt
Deprived are my veins you infect
With or without
Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul
The ground on which we leave on
How strangely fuels the season
Of hollow soul, hollow soul
Seed of uprooted chance
Are grains of goodbye
Waving boughs so slowly dance
And questioning why
Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul
The ground on which we leave on
How strangely fuels the season
Of hollow soul
La la la la, la la, la la la la, la la la
Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul, hollow soul
Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul
The ground on which we leave on
How strangely fuels the season
Of hollow soul
La la la la, la la, la la la la, la la la
Of hollow soul
Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul
La la la la, la la, la la la la, la la la (hollow soul)
Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul, hollow soul

Songwriters

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