Lola Rath "Beware Of Ahab"

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Once clear voice Why can't we hear you speak? Once clear voice Why did you decide to leave from our ears? From our ears?

Haunts of violence Comes the current Pulling us in and under It weighs on us It weighs on us

I've got a lot of grief You can carry for me See just how my feet will flow See just how my feet will

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Make an account and recollect all the blood that I lost
They have been so kind to mention every offense we've
dealt, been given
Oh, love, it's just some other thing you'll never start
Had it not swept in and stolen our motion
Closer
I can't hear you
It preys on us.

Don't count on me Coming back around Just let me drift on.

Don't count on me Coming back around Just let me drift on.

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