

Devon Williams "A Truce"

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I sacrificed my wrist to annul the long, wood faces I
would have known
All that you ever wanted, your friends or lonely places I
would have known

I went to the church; I fell on my knees
And a truce

I felt a lonely calling
I felt a lonely buzz
And I want to know
And I went back to something
In all this fearful comfort

I went to the church; I fell on my knees
And a truce for you to part with
I went to the church; I fell on my knees
And a truce for you to part with

If I go back to the bottom with you
And I fell, it's not the same, you would know
Ohhh

Would your father take it hard?
Would your father take you out?
Ahhh

I went to the church; I fell on my knees
And a truce for you to part with
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