

O'Brother

"Last Breath"

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Lingering in your garden here our tired hands are
bound
To toiling without pleasure in this murky earth we found
Distance is at fault here and it's slowly gaining ground
So lay here at my table till proximity is sound

Keep it in, keep your last breath, make it worthwhile
[x2]

I was looking for something, when I was pulling my skin
off

Keep it in, keep your last breath, make it worthwhile
[x2]

So if god is an acronym, some giver of damnation
Then why even bother with the concept of man
Ideals have run wild, escaped from our heads
And with the chosen so few should it warrant attempt?
And what if my fear is all that I am?
A poison to ease what small conscience I have left
But soon we'll find we lived and died with the world in
our hands

You left all your children out
You left all your children fending for our precious lives

I am the fortunate one, left with the blood in my skin
You are the only thing I hope is real in a dark world
I am the fortunate one, left with the blood in my limbs
You are the only thing I hope is real in a dark world
[repeat]

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