

Anger As Beauty

Hawksley Workman

Gather at the church
Say a quiet prayer
Hold each other's hands
Praying that you might be there
In honesty and peace
With the whispers of your god
Falling on your ear

Melt your silver down
Kiss your lover's face
Sirens start to sound
And you're caught up in the only place
Where the honesty of fear
Makes a battle like a song
Falling on your ears

This is anger as beauty.

Fighter soul alive
In a whiskey fueled rage
The tears burn in your eyes
The saddest of the souls to save
Sings lovely in its fear
With a voice that's
Broken/strong

This is anger as beauty.

Lover don't you wait
Lover you'll be safe
The strangest quiet in the streets
Fighters for the love
Dug deep
They're under paved ports
Gently lifting up a song
Falling on your ears

This is anger as beauty.