

The Future Language Of Slaves

Hawksley Workman

Come over here
Whisper into my ear
Don't waste your breath
On anyone else
But me.

And warm
Your body in bed
Let us wake up and talk a while
I tell you i'm scared
I tell you I'd fight for
Us both
But you come from the town
Where ghandi was born
And you say I always talk tough
When I get drunk
So why don't we pray
Whispering the
Future language of slaves

I should rejoice
Maybe give voice to a song
For what brought me here to your arms
Into our painfully true love
And god maybe close
God only knows
Really to say.
And what would we do in our last moments
In time.
Would we make love
Or make haste to a mobile phone
Or would we break bread
Drink the blood that is shed
And pray to our god
Whispering the
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