

Season Of Hollow Soul

k.d. lang

Keen to the shifting wind
I bend to it blind
To rid these kisses of sin
That must stay behind

Sour the fruit of neglect
The core of my doubt
Deprived are my veins you infect
With or without

Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul

The ground on which we leave on
How strangely fuels the season
Of hollow soul, hollow soul

Seeds of uprooted chance
Are grains of goodbye
Waving boughs so slowly dance
Questioning why

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