

Human For

Sunflower Bean

I sleep to the sound of your love
I sleep to the sound of your love
I'm not gonna say sorry

I look to the bottom of the well
You see your own reflection and you know that it looks like hell
You see your own face and you're sick of yourself, yourself, yourself, yourself

I don't need your religion
I don't need your protection
I don't need you to fit in

I need the sound of the drums, the drums
I need the sound of the drums, the drum, the drum
I need the sound of the drum, the drum
The drum, the drum, the drum

"...to give thanks always God for you, brother, beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of... Father which has loved... Everlasting consolation... Comforts your heart... In every good word and work... Chapter Three... [?] Chapter Three..."

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