

All Is Now Harmed

Ben Howard

As a child he was not there
Not scared of the flood
Of the creek
And the thud inside your chest

Clearly calm
And keeping terrorized
The ageless pull of winter
Along the bayou side

Here in light on the soft divide
The middle curtain call
Pull me down
Was I born to lie?

Here at all,
Here at all
Here in light
I thought I said comes home
I can't do this alone

Deep inside
I was born to lie
Prove me wrong
Prove me wrong

What is in your nature?
Looms inside your blood
Hold me in harms wake baby,
All is now harmed

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