

## The Garden

Faithless

Beg you listen me, don't be kissing me 'til I'm done  
Unsung champion, reason, like seasoning  
Pepper your thoughts with spice, and entice you to a space  
Where I dwell with bass players and layers and loops  
Think what I think with my prayers. It's nice.  
My world is everything I've become  
Contained in the hum between voice and drum  
I'm coming from the same place I'm still running from  
But even sitting in the garden one can still get stung.