

The Will Song

Heartless Bastards

Wanna keep on moving, I am hanging on a wire
I've lost reception from the faded spire
And when the silence all comes crashing down
There's nothing left but for you to make a sound

And will you, will you, will you, will you listen to me?
Certain innuendos make it so hard to be

There are things that I remember
In a way I had reflection
There are things that I remember
In a way make it what you will
In a way make it what you will
You keep on moving on, you keep on moving on