

Son

Warpaint

Hundred times I write followed around again to when
Needed once running out the spaces of mind

Standing in the garden,
Guard my number from the one who says go
Standing in the garden,
Guard my number from the one who says go
Leave the son alone

You can care, you can stand reasons to go on
Can't hear anyone tell you what you like!
You can rest in finding that your [?] are over
You can see the reason why your story is not over!

Leave the son alone moonlight way, way back home
I'm nothing I'm not the one who still, still awaits alone (2x)