

In My Time Of Dust

Ed Harcourt

Hanging off the hinges
Swinging from the rafters
Torches of the lynch mob
Babbling, burning scriptures

Vicious, mindless thinkers
Plenty poison drinkers
Lonely graveyard shifters
Lacking in a lair of snow

In my time of dust
I'll be waiting for the winds to come
And bring forth a brighter day
I'll be waiting for the winds to come
And blow all the darkness away

Angry screamers killers
Sways of soul distillers
Smack some levitators
Patience alligators

Evangelists and salesmen
Ridiculous dictators
Psychics and the background checks

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In my dream last night
With your hands around my throat
I think you'd hold me when I die
Only 'cause when under oath

There's a target on my chest
Swords and daggers hit the wheel
You know the world has lost interest
When circus freaks is off the pill

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