

Sod Within The Hill

Codeseven

Were it not for your nervous nature you would've become icon
you would've become an image healing wounds with words you tell
me these are the hymns that free me when I am enslaved you tell
me you've written your stories about anyone but me tell me the
fable again about when the bell rings and the angel gets his wings
or the sod in the mound it's amazing again how you could lie
and I would swear it the truth and it's your turn so spit the
words out of your mouth into my hands tell me the fable again
about when the bell rings and the angel gets his wings or the sod
in the mound stories of the quiet moments before each storm
long tall tale your getting used to disguising the truth now there's
a cold that comes from the distance that's like the waiting
for the grass to grow or my rival in this bloody battle a war
of holding out and dying all my friends say this riddle may be
the answer your stories the riddles set sail fables your long
tall tale I wish I could follow long with you spit the words out
of your mouth
tell a lie make it come true.