

Mustard Seed

Kidneythieves

Hill up the road, gathering thoughts never adding the way I want them
Sweet Jesus show me through the Indian paintbrush
Faith was

Cursed upon me, a mustard seed was good enough for him and good enough to me

Or after all, will I shake my magic 8 ball, it's bubbling
And the brisk walking heartbeat won't tire me, it keeps me strong
Faith was

Cursed upon me, a mustard seed was good enough for him and its good enough to
me
Pillar of salt, shaker of black
Killer of thought, turning my back
Believe you were wrong and said they would laugh and I'm trying to be humble
about it

I like the rain, I like going against the grain
Seems to me I'm cutting out a simple pattern

---she was weak---

Hill up the road, watching my thoughts chase each other
Sweet Jesus show me the faith cursed upon me

--she walked away--

FAMILIAR

No, won't leave this habit...

Earth, fire, water air
In the open eye, familiar
You are my sacred pet, eases all my killing time
Seek with me in candlelight
Dust the cobwebs in my mind

No, won't leave this habit

Follow, sit, heal, lay
You will never stray, familiar
You can't hide, your face is blind
I call you by my side

No, won't leave this habit

Even if we take the best of each other
Even if I hate to see you own another
Even if we make the worst of each other
Even if we play a game with one another
It's familiar

Earth, fire, water, air
In the open mind, familiar
Scratch the surface, you're in too deep
Bite the hand that's feeding me

No, won't leave this habit

Even if we take the best of each other
Even if I hate to see you own another
Even if we make the worst of each other
Even if we play a game with one another
It's familiar