

Hill At Our Home

Psapp

We've left our homes
For the dusty road
Though it weighed us down
To go

Now, see, burning in the sun
Fire in our bellies

Today ate us up
And never chewed
Though we still rolled along, cause 'a you

The change that we don't see
Is happening to me
Though you are watching

It is cold, it is dark
In the big black heart
Of the wood, of the hill
At our home

We are all, all but left
In a wit un-breath
We are all of the pack
In the fire

It is green, it is damp
By the burning lamp
Of the woods, of the hills
Of our homes

Oh, how I long, for the things I have
For the burden I don't own

Do I know, how to please your head
Pour the contents back, that are spilling from my back

The day is long, and the spark won't call
No saw, in the chest

It is cold, it is dark
In the big black heart
Of the wood, of the hill
At our home

We are all, all but left
In a wit un-breath
We are all of the pack
In the fire

Oh you, the husband of the wife
I know you are watching
Oh you, the husband of the wife
I know you are watching