

Concrete

Yoke Lore

One night I climbed to the tallest mountainside
Me and my blood rise, my brothers flanking my safe sides
Was it moon rays, or was it the feeling we all craved
It was a Monday when we should have been in the city
But we were in bare feet grinding our toes into dirt streets

I'm not missing your concrete
I'm not missing your concrete
I'm not missing your concrete

The wood I sent you won't believe your lies, but you can try
The tongue I use is blessed with the gift of fire and I burn in
cut tooth time, but I think it's fine
The ways I love you will never be denied, but they will be defi
ed cause you know I would
The keys I left you will lead you to the pines where all my bon
es feel right

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