# Hill

## (Hed) P. E.

What was the reason?
Didn't need one
Like instinct born into a trade
Seen not by choice but for a purpose
Push the rock and move the stone
Forever the hill your homeSo, have you come to resurrect me
Or have you come to crucify
Well step aside or get behind me
I wish someone would get behind meAnd the hill so very high
Not give comfort
And the sweat upon your brow
Will go unnoticed
You see there will be those who come and stand
Come and stand stand in the way
They can' t believe that a stone can be movedSo they laugh when you are still
They're waiting for that hill
To swallow you and spit you out
Another casualty of art
His only fault was was being born
Born between the rock and the stone
Forever the hill your homeI was born to move a mountain
I will die before I fade away
I always thought that I was chosen
King of the hill, king of the hillAnd when the light is dim
Who will stand by my side
Crawling on bloody knees
Who will believe in me?
Who will stand by me?
Who will walk with me?
Who will fly with me?I was born to move a mountain
I will die before I fade away
I always thought that I was chosen
King of the hill, king of the hillCome on
Come on
Come on
...

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