Sod Within the Hill

Codeseven

Were it not for your nervous nature you would'be 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.

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