

Up a Hill

Marching Church

Feel like an unconscious child
In the arms of a firefighter
Illumed in red, yellow and black
Fully unaware that I started the fire
So I could save you from it I refuse to be bedridden by this fever
Though my eyelids are heavy
And my conception blurred I've been going up a hill The time is approaching
Its senses still unborn
Apartment windows are shut back
Every winter has his thorns
Don't think truth will just pass by
We're here trying to draw it back out of the water
You know, life could just slip by
Without no one ever knowing I refuse to be bedridden by this fever
Though my eyelids are heavy
And my conception blurred I've been going up a hill

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