

# 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 itI refuse to be bedridden by this fever  
Though my eyelids are heavy  
And my conception blurredI've been going up a hillThe 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 knowingI refuse to be bedridden by this fever  
Though my eyelids are heavy  
And my conception blurredI've been going up a hill

Lyrics provided by  
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