

Toil

Woodpigeon

You toil and stress
Scratch and obsess
The measure of man doesn't make me who i am
wanting more, wanting more, wondering...
why do we toil and stress
scratch and obsess
Yearn and hope for the best
Without rest
Wanting more
Wanting more than what we've been fooled, fooled to want for
Music sparked a fire and it burns in me forever
When we get pushed apart the rhythm pulls us back together
music sparked and fire and it burns in me forever
Don't get distracted, when a movement needs your motion
distressed and distracted when a movement needs your motion
We get no reaction if your eyes have not been open
distressed and distracted when a movement needs your motion...
misguided young traitors
you huddle in chambers and bicker about the descent
while the deadliest vapors
keep misting the framework of honest, hardworking men
then at the final hour no one wants to die a sinner
they find that missing motive to repent and be delivered
to stand at the gates asking, "did I deserve this?"
a lifetime on the ground and I never knew the purpose
toil and stress

Lyrics submitted by Jonathon.

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