

# Burrow

## Moor Hound

I'll give up my freedom  
And all the things to which I aspire  
I'll take down all of my lofty goals  
I will throw them into the fire I am weak, I am tired  
The fight once within is gone  
Now the only thing I wait for  
Is for desire to pass on  
Just like me Thoughts of you will burrow holes  
Into my mind, into my walls  
A bitter seed will be sown  
And flourish until it consumes it all  
All of me

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