

Build a Wall

Art of Dying

Build a wall from me
Your words are mortar and limestone
One walls okay
Youre still easy to findPut up a second wall
Corner yourself and hide
I can come around
meet you on the other sideTell me how
how does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
with those beautiful eyes you cant seeput up a third wall
and watch the ocean roll in
Im a note in a bottle
The tide will wash me inPut up a final wall
Lock me out of your life
Im coming over top
I will scale, I will climb
I will climbTell me how
how does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
with those beautiful eyes you cant seeIm an ocean of will in a desert of truth
Not one wall stands in front of me
With both arms I reach out to youBut you seal the top with stone
lock me out for good
all youve really done is locked yourself in
You are buried aliveTell me how
how does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
with those beautiful eyes you cant see

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