

Mustard Seed

Kidneythieves

Hill up the road, gathering thoughts never adding the way I want them
Sweet Jesus show me through the Indian paintbrush
Faith wasCursed upon me, a mustard seed was good enough for him and good enough to meOr after all, will I
shake my magic 8 ball, it's bubbling
And the brisk walking heartbeat won't tire me, it keeps me strong
Faith wasCursed upon me, a mustard seed was good enough for him and its good enough to me
Pillar of salt, shaker of black
Killer of thought, turning my back
Believe you were wrong and said they would laugh and I'm trying to be humble about itI like the rain, I like
going against the grain
Seems to me I'm cutting out a simple pattern---she was weak---Hill up the road, watching my thoughts chase
each other
Sweet Jesus show me the faith cursed upon me--she walked away--FAMILIARNo, won't leave this
habit...Earth, fire, water air
In the open eye, familiar
You are my sacred pet, eases all my killing time
Seek with me in candlelight
Dust the cobwebs in my mindNo, won't leave this habitFollow, sit, heal, lay
You will never stray, familiar
You can't hide, your face is blind
I call you by my sideNo, won't leave this habitEven if we take the best of each other
Even if I hate to see you own another
Even if we make the worst of each other
Even if we play a game with one another
It's familiarEarth, fire, water, air
In the open mind, familiar
Scratch the surface, you're in too deep
Bite the hand that's feeding meNo, won't leave this habitEven if we take the best of each other
Even if I hate to see you own another
Even if we make the worst of each other
Even if we play a game with one another
It's familiar

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