

# 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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