

Oh Hark

Lisa Mitchell

Once again I leave my grave
Dirt and daisies hit the pave
No sooner than I have turned
I hear the devil cooking up a new storm
My world ends on a regular basis
Yeah I fed quick and lonesome places
No sooner that I am dead
I feel the ravens tugging at my hair
Oh! Hark!
Do you a hear a voice like velvet through the night sky
Do you hear the fickle hand of fate at my side
And all those that god has sinned with hope in his stride
And watch out
Watch for them camouflaged and crouched in the shadows
Oh they couldn't hold a candle up to you
But they stand as tall as you in broad daylight too
Oh! Hark!
Once again I leave my grave
And dirt and daisies hit the pave
But no sooner than I am dead
I feel the ravens tugging at my hair
Once again I leave my grave
Like a bird out of its cage
No sooner that I have won
I feel the storm clouds plotting against the sun
Oh! Hark!
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