

# Such A Weight

## Moor Hound

I am fickle just as sure as I am jealous  
I am angry over what will never be  
When you speak, I take it for fighting chances  
Maybe it's best if you just don't speak to me I need rest  
Not from the work I have done  
I need rest  
From desiring what cannot be won If nature did not require a companion  
To light the fire inside  
Such a weight would be lifted  
I could treat you as a friend and not a bride

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