

The Well

Minimal Compact

Sitting down by the fire
staring out through the flames
 heart's a slave of desire
 inside of the well
 mother weeps father's crying
 brothers planning the sale
 while they try to deny it
 Josef dreams in the well
 sitting down by the fire
 drawn like moth to a flame
 heart's a burn of desire
 inside of the well
 beaten slave will be master
 day and night ring the bells
 till there's no more but laughter
 echoing from the well

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>