Build A Wall

Art Of Dying

Build a wall from me
Your words are mortar and limestone
One wall?s okay
You?re still easy to find

Put up a second wall
Corner yourself and hide
I can come around
meet you on the other side

Tell me how
how does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
with those beautiful eyes you can?t see

put up a third wall and watch the ocean roll in I?m a note in a bottle The tide will wash me in

Put up a final wall Lock me out of your life

I?m coming over top
I will scale, I will climb
I will climb

Tell me how
how does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
with those beautiful eyes you can?t see

I?m an ocean of will in a desert of truth Not one wall stands in front of me With both arms I reach out to you

But you seal the top with stone lock me out for good all you?ve really done is locked yourself in

You are buried alive

Tell me how
how does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
with those beautiful eyes you can?t see

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