

# Foxbeard

## Run River North

I knew a man who found a forest overseas  
He grew his beard like the grounds bear trees Callous his hands, his heart bled dry  
He kept his fire in the clutch of his eyes  
He painted with a dark stroke, dirty on the canvas  
Creation was holy but we chose against it  
The devil knows he's evil no need to proclaim  
It's the choices we make the bring glory to his name  
Mr. Fox I know you've got a secret to tell  
But folks we live just to hear ourselves  
Talk, talk talk Non stop stop stop  
And it goes goes goes  
Until we know, know, know Know not what we say  
Know not what we do  
I knew a lady lost the forest for the trees  
She grew a lust to bury all underneath  
She cut to their heart, she bled them dry  
She kept her fire burning up to the sky  
She's building up her kingdom of sticks and stones  
I hear the words in between they tend to never hold  
Was she living ever after or making belief  
She kept away from the heart the things unseen  
I don't want to be your monkey boy  
But my cymbals are crashing  
My teeth oh they chatter  
'Cause I'm cold, cold, cold  
Without your claps, claps, claps  
And I don't know, know know  
If this is ever, ever gonna stop.

Songwriters

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