

# Fright Of Thee

## Milagres

I was lost in field,  
Where flesh meets the bone,  
its a long way from home,  
for me...Im a pig on stick,  
Im bird on a wire,  
See me spangle and spin,  
I'm gone,  
I'm gone into the lightTo something new, something right,  
and I'm tangled in fright...  
of theeAnd with my bones make a hill,  
make a fire, make a pill,  
make sure everyone's killed,  
or I'll go,

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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