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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