

Psapp, Hill Of Our House

We've left our homes,
for the dusty road,
though it weighed us down,
to go.

Now, see, we're burning in the sun,
fire in our bellies.

Today ate us up,
and never chewed.
Though we still roll along this hill.

The change that we don't see,
is happening to me
though you are watching.

It is cold, it is dark,
in the big black heart,
of the wood, of the hill,
of the home.

We are out of our depth
and our width and breadth.
We are out of the pan,
in the fire.

It is green, it is damp,
by the burning lamp,
of the woods, of the hills,
of the home.

Oh, how I long, for the things I have,
for the burden I don't own.

Do I know, how to please your head
pour the contents back, when you're spilling from my bed.

the day is worn, and the spark won't come
New sore in my chest.

It is cold, it is dark,
in the big black heart,
of the wood, of the hill,
of the home.

We are out of our depth
and our width and breadth.
We are out of the pan,
in the fire.

Oh you, the husband of the wife,
I know you are watching.
Oh you, the husband of the wife,
I know you are watching.