

# Psapp, Hill At Our Home

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

Now, see, burning in the sun,  
fire in our bellies.

Today ate us up,  
and never chewed.  
Though we still rolled along, cause 'a you.

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,  
at our home.

We are all, all but left,  
in a wit un-breath.  
We are all of the pack,  
in the fire.

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

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, that are spilling from my  
back.

the day is long, and the spark won't call  
No saw, in the chest.

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

We are all, all but left,  
in a wit un-breath.  
We are all of the pack,  
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.