

# Tapes 'N Tapes, Conquest

A Million Miles  
Of common sense  
Can't hide the reader  
Can't fill the trench  
And what you hide  
Is what I sold  
And when you're next to me  
The feeling's cold  
Don't tread lightly

In the book  
At the age of stills  
You make congress, Congress  
Up in the mount  
on the sea of chills  
You went tireless, tireless  
I will walk alone

Take Toll Take Time  
And turn your face  
Dismount your wall  
Disband your state  
The tides of thought  
Are blowing in the wind  
We'll stretch our seed  
to the beaches of the fins  
The path is clear  
we'll keep clear on the side  
and make our beds  
in the beds of others  
Don't talk lightly

In the book  
At the age of stills  
You make congress, congress  
Up in the mount  
At the sea of chills  
You went tireless, Tireless  
I will walk alone  
Through miles and miles of bones

When you touch me I'm alone  
When you tease me I'm alone  
In the battle of the bones  
In the battle of the bones  
I'll be Up coming on  
I'll be up and holding stong  
We'll be holding up for long  
We'll be holding up for long  
You'll be hiding from our deeds  
On the whole and on your knees  
You will hide your women  
Hide your women  
Hide your women

In the book  
At the age of stills  
You make congress, congress  
Up in the mount  
At the sea of chills  
You went tireless, tireless  
You've been running in for the kill  
Look down to the south and on to the fields  
I've been a rider

I've been a shill  
for conquest, conquest  
I will walk alone  
Through miles and miles of bones

We'll up our highness  
Off our shyness  
Bring it to your home