

When We Reach The Hill

The Black Heart Procession

something scared you and when you moved
your stitches pulled not yet removed
we formed this link a thousand years before
then you turn and say

if you leave how can you leave on this hook
cause we'll grow old here, you can never leave (2x)

and what keeps me here has grown into me
and I can't tear free a style awaits to coin us I peg you
yes I seal the mold then you turn and say

if you leave how can you leave on this hook
cause we'll grow old here, you will never leave (3x)

when we reach the hill when we reach the hill