

Set the Fire

54-40

I'm running from a fear
there's a huntsman here
Running both my eyes
I'm seeing lies

I never want to play,
never want to touch
Never want to be afraid of
never being high on the hill

There being none here rare
So being oh so beautiful

Half way half inside the woods
Half my head is wood
gone for good gone bad

I'm grinning, grinning down a grade
Grinning ring ring ringing
my winning roots aside

See I know why I do it now
I do it now
Now
I'm on my feet looking back
Forward looking back
Back track