

What was the reason?
Didn't need one
Like instinct born into a trade
Not by choice but for a purpose

Push the rock, move the stone
Forever the hill your home
So, have you come to resurrect me
or have you come to crucify

Step aside or get behind me
I wish someone would get behind me
And the hill is so very high
Does not give comfort
and the sweat upon your brow
Will go unnoticed

You see there will be
Those who come and stand
Come and stand stand in the way
They can't believe that a stone can be moved

So they laugh when you are still
They're waiting for that hill
To swallow you and spit you out
Another casualty of art
Whose only fault was being born
Born between the rock and the stone

Forever the hill your home
I was born to move a mountain
I will die before I fade away
I always thought that I was chosen

King of the hill, King of the hill
and when the light is dim
Who will stand by my side
Crawling on bloody knees

Who will believe in me
Who will stand by me
Who will walk with me
Who will fly with me?

I was born to move a mountain
I will die before I fade away
I always thought that I was chosen

King of the hill, King of the hill