

The Hate I Won't Commit

Land of Talk

Soothsayer, I do not adore
The voices or flight of birds
And now all them wooden, a boy or a girl
They'll fail away, full stop

Lightning and snow
Cracks and slivers
Burned in a row

So do not pretend that you do not love the war
I've seen you fight and fall on your sword
Blame us not for waiting
Just has little cause, I've seen you fight

See the breast, see the brain
See the lung, see the stomach
Cut from the same fur

It's winsome and then by feeling
The devil makes in