

# 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