

# Oh! Hark!

Lisa Mitchell

Once again I leave my grave  
Dirt and daisies hit the pave  
No sooner than I have turned  
I hear the devil cooking up a new storm

My world ends on a regular basis  
Yeah I fed quick and lonesome places  
No sooner that I am dead  
I feel the ravens tugging at my hair

Oh! Hark!  
Do you a hear a voice like velvet through the night sky  
Do you hear the fickle hand of fate at my side  
And all those that god has sinned with hope in his stride

And watch out  
Watch for them camouflaged and crouched in the shadows  
Oh they couldn't hold a candle up to you  
But they stand as tall as you in broad daylight too  
Oh! Hark!

Once again I leave my grave  
And dirt and daisies hit the pave  
But no sooner than I am dead  
I feel the ravens tugging at my hair

Once again I leave my grave  
Like a bird out of its cage  
No sooner that I have won  
I feel the storm clouds plotting against the sun

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