

Burn Pile

Moving Mountains

Well I'm learning to make
this a permanent feeling
I guess this
is how the living start
learning about dying
And this knot is interior
in this house and in these bones

But who am I to say?
I miss you all the same
and the blood in your veins
The earth and the debris that I haul
feel the weight of it all

I swear it away
You'll remember me
I swore it away
You'll remember me
Walk it out to the burn pile
All the debris I haul
feel the weight of it all
You'll remember me

But who am I to say?
The blood of our youth
is the blood in our veins
The earth and the debris that I haul
feel the weight of it all
Well I swear it away