

# When We Reach The Hill

## The Black Heart Procession

something scared you and when you moved  
your stitches pulled not yet removed  
we formed this link a thousand years before  
then you turn and say

if you leave how can you leave on this hook  
cause we'll grow old here, you can never leave (2x)

and what keeps me here has grown into me  
and I can't tear free a style awaits to coin us I peg you  
yes I seal the mold then you turn and say

if you leave how can you leave on this hook  
cause we'll grow old here, you will never leave (3x)

when we reach the hill when we reach the hill