

## The Sting

ThouShaltNot

Final word of now and then  
Dream of silvanite again  
Dark and bitter and I consider  
My need to scatter and beat and batter  
Within  
Final thought from here on out  
Sleep in silence cry out loud  
Say with smile it's not your style  
Run to you father the sting that bothers  
Your mouth

When you ran away alone  
Burn your britches and burn your home  
Sour taste is pulling hard  
And a three board layer is all you've known  
When you ran away alone  
Sell the world take out a loan  
And if the train goes off the track  
Burn down everything you own  
For me

Little game of give and give  
Dream of how you wanna live  
Freeze and harden your secret garden  
Lift the fetter now you had better  
Forgive  
Little by little attention caught  
Sleep like it's a passing thought  
Sting and cripple an ocean's ripple  
Of boiling water is all his daughter  
Sought

Your voice everytime  
Making water from the finest wine