

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