

Art Of Dying "Build A Wall"

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Build a wall from me
Your words are mortar and limestone
One wall's okay
You're still easy to find

Put up a second wall
Corner yourself and hide
I can come around
meet you on the other side

Tell me how
how does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
with those beautiful eyes you can't see

put up a third wall
and watch the ocean roll in
I'm a note in a bottle
The tide will wash me in

Put up a final wall
Lock me out of your life
I'm coming over top
I will scale, I will climb

I will climb

Tell me how
how does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
with those beautiful eyes you can't see

I'm an ocean of will in a desert of truth
Not one wall stands in front of me
With both arms I reach out to you

But you seal the top with stone
lock me out for good
all you've really done is locked yourself in
You are buried alive

Tell me how

how does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
with those beautiful eyes you can't see

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