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## Grant Woell "At Your Soul"

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What kind of rules Get twisted like a vine The chards of truth That shattered in your mind The fear that burns deep inside like fires in hell Makes a man cheat his heart so it won't break The ball and chain grow in veins that poisons the soul Later on in the cold won't feel the fear that burns Eyes full of doubt And questioned sentiment A ring around Can never trust again The fear that burns deep inside like fires in hell Makes a man cheat his heart so it won't break The ball and chain grow in veins that poisons the soul Later on in the cold won't feel the fear that burns At your soul

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