

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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