

Sacha Sacket "Hail"

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So the rain turned to hail
And God was great
All the trees stood up so still
And I was late
A wicked wind started to sing
And caught your face
Saw your breath and felt the sting,
Froze my faith

Hail, you screwed me up. Drew blood
Hail, you broke my heart. Drew love
Hail! All Hail

I had plans to hit the road
A rolling stone
To never need a single soul,
Reign all alone
But here you come to take me down,
Knock me out
Feel heaven fall and turn around
But shout

Spin me round and around till I fall

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