

Tapes 'N Tapes "Conquest"

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A Million Miles
Of common sense
Can't hide the reader
Can't fill the trench
And what you hide
Is what I sold
And when you're next to me
The feeling's cold
Don't tread lightly

In the book
At the age of stills
You make congress, Congress
Up in the mount
On the sea of chills
You went tireless, tireless
I will walk alone

Take Toll Take Time
And turn your face
Dismount your wall
Disband your state
The tides of thought
Are blowing in the wind
We'll stretch our seed
To the beaches of the fins
The path is clear
We'll keep clear on the side
And make our beds
In the beds of others
Don't talk lightly

In the book
At the age of stills
You make congress, congress
Up in the mount
At the sea of chills
You went tireless, Tireless
I will walk alone
Through miles and miles of bones

When you touch me I'm alone

When you tease me I'm alone
In the battle of the bones
In the battle of the bones
I'll be Up coming on
I'll be up and holding strong
We'll be holding up for long
We'll be holding up for long
You'll be hiding from our deeds
On the whole and on your knees
You will hide your women
Hide your women
Hide your women

In the book
At the age of stills
You make congress, congress
Up in the mount
At the sea of chills
You went tireless, tireless
You've been running in for the kill
Look down to the south and on to the fields
I've been a rider
I've been a shill
For conquest, conquest
I will walk alone
Through miles and miles of bones

We'll up our highness
Off our shyness
Bring it to your home

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