

The Republic Of Wolves "Spill"

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She was in the backyard digging out a trench
Praying for her father's gun again
All the holy weight they laid across your back
A hundred years you waste just thanking them for that

And you can't blame anyone
For what you've done
And you can't blame anyone
For what you've done
Oh my god you can't
Blame
Anyone
Before your bridges are built, you'll burn them down

You rebuilt a new face
Empty by the wake
Painted it the one shade you could never fake
Love would kick your crutches out from underneath
I was still a sandstone cutting up your feet
God was in our back yard
Tearing down our fence
Calling out our father's name again
We fixed him to the floor
Covered up his ears
Spending out a lifetime shaking off our fears

And you can't blame anyone
For what you've done
And you can't blame anyone
For what you've done
Oh my god you can't
Blame
Anyone
Before your bridges are built, you'll burn them down

Oh, but I could be
Something else, entirely
And spill out of my burning hand
And underneath your door
And no, I do not see what you see in your old eyes
And I will be cutting up your fear for eternity

And you can't blame anyone
For what you've done
And you can't blame anyone
For what you've done
Oh my god you can't
Blame
Anyone
Before your bridges are built, you'll burn them down

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