

# The Code "Tyburn"

Visit "[Tyburn](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I am touched  
Not by the dirt beetle  
Nor the crevice of night  
But my empathy is with a star  
Confiding on my shoulder

Sound travels down this hill  
And the wind rolls up it  
Trembling with my budding hands  
That shake about my head

Curl up  
Between my gnarled thighs  
Dirt beetle or lost child  
This time is slow and my voice  
Is inaudible  
Six feet deep

Under the ground; gurgling  
Your palm pushes near my toe  
Shake dirty curly child  
Through the night grow(s)  
And through the night it grows...

I think that (the) spring is five days walk from here  
I'll wait through and watch it come undone  
There's a frozen whisper near me  
That will chuckle come daylight

Curl up  
Between my gnarled thighs  
Dirt beetle or lost child  
This time is slow and my voice  
Is inaudible  
Six feet deep

In a near ditch  
You tilt your head upward  
And shake my bony hand  
With your blackbird glove

Curl up

Between my gnarled thighs  
Dirt beetle or lost child  
This time is slow and my voice  
Is inaudible  
Six feet deep

Visit [The Code](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.