

Art Of Dying, Build a Wall

Build a wall from me
Your words are mortar and limestone
One wall's okay
You're still easy to find
Put up a second wall
Corner yourself and hide
I can come around
Meet you on the other side
Tell me how
How does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
With those beautiful eyes you can't see
Put up a third wall
And watch the ocean roll in
I'm a note in a bottle
The tide will wash me in
Put up a final wall
Lock me out of your life
I'm coming over top
I will scale, I will climb
I will climb
Tell me how
How does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
With those beautiful eyes you can't see
I'm an ocean of will in a desert of truth
Not one wall stands in front of me
With both arms I reach out to you
But you seal the top with stone
Lock me out for good
All you've really done is locked yourself in
You are buried alive
Tell me how
How does it finally feel to be free
Tell me how
With those beautiful eyes you can't see