

What do you call a family of hole diggers?

Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt
The family motto was all Flint knew
He has been digging since he was two
The Shepherds dug holes like Shia LaBeouf
But no depth was reached ever enough
Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt

By seven, Flint began to dig on his own
Only with hands; just surface level
Dig! Dig! Dig! To avoid the devil
However, Alice his sister slowly stopped
For less meaning and more pleasure she swapped
Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt

Brother Ian married and moved Flint was fourteen
They dug holes too, but not the same
It was fine so long as they had the same aim
Finally though, he had his own spade
Deeper he dug for answers or aid
Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt

Happy and strong at age eighteen
His hole became deeper than his dad, Troy
Proud, his father wept tears of joy
His son was making the world a better place
Flint had brought others in to dig with grace
Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt

At thirty years old he lost his mom Heather
Together the Shepherds dug again with intent
Their holes were refilling, now they repent
Trusting mom, they dug for something profound
Forever they would go deeper into the ground
Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt, Dig dirt

What do you call a family of hole diggers?

Rise above

I have a hunter hunting me
With its every heart beat I'm kept from being free
It's power overcomes all of mine
It has no limit no boundary line

I have an enemy that won't go down
With its every smile it makes me frown
I am in darkness when it is in light
What I think is wrong it thinks is right

I have a burden on my back
With my every goal that's broken it's the crack
I think I destroy it, but it comes back stronger
Every time it sticks around a little longer

For I'm the devil, and my burden, my enemy, my hunter is love
It's my kryptonite because how ever high I rise love will rise above