

Open Hand

Shaman's Harvest

I wear this weighted chain upon my neck
Leaving me all wrapped away to write perfect dreams
And my shoulders are over burdened endlessly
Of all the truths I've proven that
You're so real...real
Just so obvious...
It's just not right to work this hard
And not to suffice
Spending all our waking hours in pathetic lives
I just need a little time to make it right
I promise you to always be true
And so real...real
Just so obvious...
Help me stand on my own
Lend me your hand or leave me alone
Open hand, make my standing now
And I've had enough
I'm not that tough
Incandescent thoughts are filling, waking me
To take one more hit, one more hit, one more hit
Will kill me... Mercy...