

The Big Spell

Audience

Crossed by your own kind
You're lost but you don't find
Grove through the dark blindly
Search and you hope find the
Friends that you don't need
Their trends make your mind bleed
Their ways can't be your ways
Their days will be short days
Life is a bad time
Using your mind wrong
Dreams are for night time
Leaving your days long
Drowned in your own Hell
You turned to the Big Spell
You found that you soon fell
And pounds in your hands welcomed
Friends that you don't need
Their trends make your mind bleed
Their ways can't be your ways
Their days will be short days
Life is a bad time
Using your mind wrong
Dreams are for night time
Leaving your days long