

## Vagrant Stomp

Orange Goblin

Imagination is the curse of every liar  
Alleviation as we crawl on through the mire  
And everyone will say you're crazy  
Spending all your time being oh so lazy  
Corruption is the plane to take you higher

Medication is the key to hallucination  
The only saving grace we have is amputation  
And who decides what we call sinning  
Losing everything just to show we're winning  
The rising of the poor is the salutation

Black hearts, on fire  
With terminal spirit disease  
False hope, expires  
Bringing the world to its knees  
Strychnine desire  
Open the wound to release  
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Twisted visions  
Burning deep in the back of my head  
Tainted dosage  
I don't remember what the doctor said  
Numbing feeling  
Stripping the flesh from my old shattered bones  
Sleepless dreaming  
Never before have I felt so alone