

## Helpless

Witchcraft

Loneliest desert for many years  
Touched and turn every grain of sadness  
A helpless wondering hole  
Come to think of I'm the only man  
Oh all these spiders sucked from the ground  
Can they tell me why  
In this land the flowers can't grow  
They have withered and so have I  
All dry footsteps of the ones we love  
Fear will surround with misery  
So you know what it means to kill  
Never will they will heal