

The Outcast

Witchcraft

We don't know it but we don't show it
Hard to admit it but get a grip now
In the same sandpit throwin' toys and splashing
Sands in her eyes, glory's a sight, to say the least

My analyze is shallow, but I think yeah
Has a point, it keeps me on the ground
And carry my hope, cause
One tied up another diet
Don't yell deeper, just a game for the intellected
Blurry's our sight, to say the least

I saved a nation from a bad economy
It is like sailing away on a endless sea

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