

Silas Spade

Saline Grace

My name is Silas Spade
By strength of a sombre vision
In those deepest vaults of being
I felt mankind's awful fate
My brother, fill this empty whiskey glass
And I shall tell of the individual's disease
My name is Silas Spade
I saw an oak tree with human eyes
Uprooted being on a deceptive road
Perceived freedom but sickness inside
Brother, fill this whiskey glass again
And I shall tell of the individual's disease
O estrangement, you great misfortune
In a wasteland I opened a shallow grave
And benevolence was buried there
My name is Silas Spade
I planted the oak into its soil again
Where dead leaves were falling from
Its boughs full of stench and creatures
Brother, a new bottle of whiskey please
And I shall tell of the individual's disease

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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