

# Worn Out Sole To Heel

## Skyclad

It's a mountain that we all must climb -  
In giant leaps or one step at a time.  
I saw a fat old money lender - shoes of silk and ermine,  
Laughing as they stumbled on bilstered feet rough shod.  
He never helped the poor and weak - viewed them all as vermin,  
So when he fell they passed him by and struggled up to God.  
Each of us must walk a different track -  
No sign to guide us and no turning back.

Chorus:

Humanity in motion - it's the pilgrimage eternal.  
Most are blind - but I suspect what rare few know is real.  
"You carry me, I'll carry you" - this simple childish notion.  
A cable car to Shangrai-La.  
Your worn out soul to heal.  
The soldier boy is marching proud (with military precision),  
Kicking others from the path - so keen to reach the peak.  
Never will he get there with this tactical decision -  
He spends so much time fighting that each footstep takes a week.  
Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.  
Persta et obdura - omnia vincit amor!  
My money's on the holy man - just clad in sack and sandals,  
Heard a small child crying there - so turned around and stopped.  
Like a beacon now he shines (bright as a million candles),  
Alone upon the summit when the selfish have all dropped.  
It's no contest - but we still race there,  
like the saintly tortoise and the godless hare.

Chorus:

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Most are blind - but I suspect what rare few know is real.  
"You carry me, I'll carry you" - this simple childish notion.  
A cable car to Shangrai-La.  
Your worn out soul to heal.  
You're worn out sole to heel,  
Your worn out soul too .....  
Heal your worn out soul.

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