Wheel

Uma

Weeping doubts, sequestered from the root
Snake boots blister in pursuit of the inside-out
Pray for rain in the shadow of a drought
Sleep for solace in-between bouts
Some drunken boats in dark mouths searching for light house truth
There is no use.

Who will it be to fill your room?
What will it take to make you?
What will they say about you?
This wheel will turn without you.

Leaping vows and absolutes
Swearing out from armored suits
Announce all life's forbidden fruits till the bitter end
Slowly losing faith in friends
Investing it in providence
With a fist and teeth in wired clench of the newfound proof
There is no use

Who will it be to fill your room?
What will it take to make you?
What will they say about you?
This wheel will turn without you.
This wheel will turn without you.

Espousing sober facts
Despising those who jump the tracks
Saying they can never have their innocence back

Seeking out forgiving ashore when doctrines don't make sense anymore
A stranger opens up his door to let you in
Come in my friend.

Who will it be to fill your room?
What will it take to make you?
What will they say about you?
This wheel will turn without you.

Lyrics submitted by Kelly Melton.

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