

Harrow

Torch Runner

having my eyes ripped out would be a blessing-
to never have to see what i cannot reach.
why is it so hard for me to turn my back on myself?
forever stuck under the weight of this world,
and only because of my resistance.
I have the power to find my feet,
to stop this eroding earth.but to rise in this would be an empty action-
as a dead tree still stands unaware.
is that truly power, or my fear?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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