

Trapped

The Gone Jackals

Trapped inside my body.

Trapped inside my time.

I try to talk, but words collide.

I want to fly, but I can hardly walk. Backed into a corner.

Smacked to holy tatters. I grab for God, but he's out of reach,

I ride the tide back to the beach. I pluck a horn from Satan's head,

I sit in with The Grateful Dead.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>