

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.

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