

# My Gavel Hand

## Enchant

Running blind and out of breath  
But in the wrong direction  
I don't recall or recognize  
My own reflection Locked myself in a cell I can't breach  
My key to sovereignty lies just out of reach  
Can't set myself free Can't seem to keep down my last meal  
Can't turn back the hand I deal  
Feel like I'm caught in foreign land  
Exiled by my gavel hand A rat in a cage I'm spinning the wheel  
But getting nowhere  
The gallows my stage I'm seen by all  
Performing to no one This could have been my finest day  
A drug that expends me, the price that I pay  
Can't throw it away Can't seem to keep down my last meal  
Can't turn back the hand I deal  
Feel like I'm caught in foreign land  
Exiled by my gavel hand The cage that I'm in is formed from my own design  
No way out that I can tell  
Stay here forever trapped inside my own mind  
I know every corner so well And I fear that when I finally found the will  
The atrophy will keep me lying still But I'm tired of the darkness and I'm tired of the smell  
But I'm torn, I don't know anything else  
And I'm tired of the nighttime and I long for the day  
But I'm torn, I don't know another way Running blind, out of breath  
Spinning the wheel but getting nowhere  
Running blind, out of breath  
Spinning the wheel but getting nowhere

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