Blood In the Water

Shaman's Harvest

My head is spinnin. From the doom that is proclaimed of a tolling bell.
There goes your man all curled up shaken like a leaf tormented holding on to. His personal hell.
I'm not runnin' for the hills, I'm not runnin' outta fear. I'm just runnin.

Well damn your stubbornness and damn your pride.
To hell with your truths and heavenly lies.
Blood in the water blood in the sand.
Hounds of hell been doggin' this man.
Put my grave next to daddy's stone.
If I lay dead 'fore I make it home.
It's been so long cuz I've been runnin.
With a smokin' heart and a broken gun.
Yeah!!

My head is ringin. From shit that you propagate. By your American lies.
There goes your man all curled up shaken like a leaf tormented holding on to. His American Prize.
I'm not runnin' for the hills, I'm not runnin' outta fear. I'm just runnin.
Runnin' with a smokin' heart and a broken gun.

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