Battle Lines

The Temperance Movement

Raise my eye, to lie beyond the surface
Stretch my fingers, upon the virgin sand
Drag my belly, across the open danger
Stimulation few could understandBlood stain in my moral fiber
Reached out, but its never been back
Reclaimed by a high grade hipster
Reaching for his bitter sideWho knew about the famed grey gangster
Heart beating bout the only thing
Winning money ain't winning the war
You redraw the battle linesFurther over, I spied the weaker brother
Suicidal eyes on design
Raised his head up, and cried when they had caught him
The blues remain the same as mineHurricane in the natural order
You best dive if you miss the hive
When the high tide bringing you down
You swim like a tiger sharkWho knew about the famed grey gangster
Heart beating bout the only thing
Winning money ain't winning the war
You redraw the battle linesBlood stain in my moral fiber
Reached out, but its never been back
Reclaimed by a high grade hipster
Reaching for his best sideWho knew about the famed grey gangster
Heart beating bout the only thing
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You redraw the battle lines

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