

InÂ The End

Shaman's Harvest

In the end, could you say you won with certainty.
Or did time, drag you through the mud with gravity.
All I know you never really get the feelin' that it is over.
In the end.

Your words crush like a hammer,
on the anvil in my heart.
Any thought of a compromise,
turns to shrapnel in my mouth.
You were so fuckin' heavy
when I was getting off the ground.
I carried you to the finish line,
you disappeared into the crowd.

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The stars seem so far away,
like the the distance in your eyes.
Glazing over the moment,
I gave in without a fight.
I have no regrets for following desire.
But now the roses in the window sill,
have grown into barbed wire.

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As the world slowly dies from a broken heart.
We were shot down from the start.
Never could quite pass out from the pain.
Is this supposed to be a second chance.

Will we remember how to dance.
Turnin' circles over all our days.
All our days,
our days
All our days,
our days
All our...

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