

# 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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