

Do Not

Alabama Thunderpussy

The Shakeless hand, blisters,
cracks and bleeds.
Never old, but twisted and misleading.
How can we share what is gone and lost.
Resurrected, it defeats all purpose.
Thoughtless deeds,
keep us down as we grieve.
Shackled tight to our pride.
Searching blind for the key.
All the while it lies inside.
So i try to define.
Between wrong and right.
But i can't draw the line.
Getting harder to find.
My peace of mind.
And i can't draw the line.
Still i try to make time.
Yet with each try.
I can't draw the line.