

Must've been forces, that took me on them wild courses
Who knows how many poses, that I've been in
But them the main closest, hark! it gives meaning Mine
I cannot really post this, ah feel the signs
I worried about rain and I worried bout lightning
But I watched them off, to the light of the morning
Marking the slope, slung low in the highlands
Where the days have no numbers
If it's harmed, it's harmed me, it'll harm, I let it in

Oh, the old modus: out to be leading live
Said, comes the old ponens, demit to strive
A word about Gnosis: it ain't gonna buy the groceries
Or middle-out locusts, or weigh to find
I worry about shame, and I worry bout a worn path
And I wander off, just to come back home
Turning to waltz, hold high in the lowlands
Cause the days have no numbers
It harms me, it harms me, it harms like a lamb

So I can depose this, partial to the bleeding vines
Suppose you can't hold shit. how high I've been
What a river don't know is: to climb out and heed a line
To slow among roses, or stay behind

I've been to that grove
Where no matter the source is
And I walked it off: how long I'd last
Sore-ring to cope, whole band on the canyon
Cause the days have no numbers
Well it harms it harms me it harms, I'll let it in