

My Gavel Hand

Enchant

Running blind and out of breath
But in the wrong direction
I don't recall or recognize
My own reflection

Locked myself in a cell I can't breach
My key to sovereignty lies just out of reach
Can't set myself free:

Can't seem to keep down my last meal
Can't turn back the hand I deal
Feel like I'm caught in foreign land
Exiled by my gavel hand

A rat in a cage
I'm spinning the wheel
But getting nowhere
The gallows -- my stage
I'm seen by all
Performing to no one

This could have been my finest day
A drug that expends me; the price that I pay
Can't throw it away:

Can't seem to keep down my last meal
Can't turn back the hand I deal
Feel like I'm caught in foreign land
Exiled by my gavel hand

The cage that I'm in is formed
From my own design:
No way out that I can tell
Stay here forever trapped
Inside my own mind:
I know every corner so well

And I fear that when I finally find the will
The atrophy will keep me lying still

But I'm tired of the darkness
And I'm tired of the smell
But I'm torn; I don't know anything else
And I'm tired of the nighttime
And I long for the day
But I'm torn; I don't know another way

Running blind, out of breath
Spinning the wheel
But getting nowhere: