

10,000 Years

High on Fire

Ten thousand years or more
In jet black meditation
Sonic temptress hears no more
And hands me my salvation
Walking through the piles of life
Ignore all accusation
Now I stand here hands are sore
But that's my motivation

The vision never died
The earthling walked in flight

Ten thousand years or more
In jet black meditation
Now I stand here hands are sore
But that's my reputation