

Drawn By The Sirens

Shaman's Harvest

Drawn by the sirens
We crash into the shores
Of this house full of envy
How could we know when
The numbness is over
No time for panic now
Tearing the truth from disguise
What now
Experience dies

They close a [?]
Three hundred strong
With mouths left to feed
All two hundred are weak
And a few ships
Come onto shore
In this house full of empty
How could we know

Twisting your [?]
Steady your mind
Relax a little
You can rewind

And I'm more for the testing
But how can this end
So much for bread that we all depend
Just when towing this line had become too much of a strain

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