

Strike The Slate

Shaman's Harvest

Strike the slate and measure out the damage done
Tie the needle right through the bone
I am lost to mothers only son
And I have sung my final song
in this house of failing grace

And I've sang for the patient mother
Naive and child like lovers
Sang to get out of this place.
And I'm drawn to the sound of silence
Cracked whip and peal of sirens
Drawn to this cold empty space.
Filling with white noise.

And I'll be your prophet while
you'll be counting ships,
Followed by hurricanes blown straight from
Poseidon's lips,

You know my dreams
they have fed a fire for so long,
This is my final song sung by... sung by sirens.

And I've sang for the patient mother
Naive and child like lovers
Sang to get out of this place.
And I'm drawn to the sound of silence
Cracked whip and peal of sirens
Drawn to this cold empty space.
Filling with white noise.