

Ten Million Voices

Shaman's Harvest

Are the whispers turning your mind.
They're the wolves nipping at your heels.
Trying to drag you down when the light is gone.

And now winter is coming she preys on us all.
Watch how they're mocking ready to fall.
And our pulses are pounding to the sound of the drum.

When it feels like your heart has been bled.
And there's no more left to be said.
Trying not to fall.

There are ten million souls
who are feeling like you.
And ten million more who are finding the truth.
Then it feels like you're right where you belong.
When ten million voices are one.

If you've finally had enough.
Turn your fist to the sun.
It's time to raise your voices and become one.

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Lay down this crutch and bleed for us all.
Will you have the stones to weather the storm.
Open your eyes.
Cuz you got to make up your mind.

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