

Enchant, Juggling Knives

(Music: P. Craddick & D. Ott. Lyrics: T. Leonard)

Cornered again, i've backed my self in and i'm fresh out of time
Too much to deal with lately i feel like i'm juggling knives

I'm predisposed to be composed
But not of late and no time soon
My list it grows by rows and rows
And leads me to an early tomb

Light in my eyes, i'm paralyzed
I've had all i can take
If we get one more drop of rain
This levy's gonna break

I've arranged my priorities
Conversely to what i need
In haste i grab a plate
And fill it with things i hate

Cornered again; i back myself in and i'm fresh out of time
Too much to deal with lately i fell like i'm juggling knives

I'm burning midnight oil or wicks but at both ends
And now the choice is juggling nine or dropping ten

Cornered again; i back myself in and i'm fresh out of time
Too much to deal with lately i fell like i'm juggling knife