Enchant, My Gavel Hand

[Music - D. Ott / Lyrics - T. Leonard]

Running blind and out of breath But in the wrong direction I don't recall or recognize My own reflection

Locked myself in a cell I can't breach My key to sovereignty lies just out of reach Can't set myself free:

Can't seem to keep down my last meal Can't turn back the hand I deal Feel like I'm caught in foreign land Exiled by my gavel hand

A rat in a cage I'm spinning the wheel But getting nowhere The gallows -- my stage I'm seen by all Performing to no one

This could have been my finest day A drug that expends me; the price that I pay Can't throw it away:

Can't seem to keep down my last meal Can't turn back the hand I deal Feel like I'm caught in foreign land Exiled by my gavel hand

The cage that I'm in is formed From my own design:
No way out that I can tell
Stay here forever trapped
Inside my own mind:
I know every corner so well

And I fear that when I finally find the will The atrophy will keep me lying still

But I'm tired of the darkness
And I'm tired of the smell
But I'm torn; I don't know anything else
And I'm tired of the nighttime
And I long for the day
But I'm torn; I don't know another way

Running blind, out of breath Spinning the wheel But getting nowhere: