

# 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: