Galactic Cowboys, The Struggle

Cover my eyes, too bright for night
Path that I run, too small for some
Take a step and try to walk, I fall
Plant my feet and try to stand
The struggle never ends

Chains made of flesh, shackles of death
Peace to my right, Spirit of life
Just a slave to something I can't stand
It's gonna kill me, kill the inner man
Like a pyre burning up and down
It's gonna burn this temple to the ground