

Harem Scarem, Breathing Sand

(Hess)

Walking on the coals til you can't feel your feet
Another foot further is just a stone's throw from misery
Now there's a better way than living your life
Without "charity case";
Tagged on you before you're breathing sand
Now the wall breaks all ties
You've tripped chasing time
To chip away and step inside this old man
The foul rain of time has dripped through your mind
And you slip away
The rest is feared by all men
To rot in a state of nowhere is life's worst disease
To never really notice is a divine lack of luxury
Sure we'll all recount the miracles
But less revealing wounds will have captured the prize
Kingdoms falling down fertilizing weary seeds
Passing tortured crowns to the souls that lonely bleed
There's no rest in denial
I can't heal the land, I can't breathe the sand
Everybody's life is a love/hate affair