

# 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