

High On Fire, 10,000 Years

10,000 years or more
In jet black meditation
Sonic Tempress hears no more
And hands me my salvation
Walking thru the piles of life
Ignore all accusation
Now I stand here hands are sore
But thats my motivation

The vision never died
The earthling walked in flight

10,000 Years or more
In jet black meditation
Now I stand here hands are sore
But thats my reputation