

Trail Of Tears, Frail Expectations

Entangled in misery I was
Condemned as I still bred frustration
Worshipped and nursed the suffering
My conscience all slain
I found myself making love to the pain

Final and true was my loss
And bleak was the sight of salvation
You helped me to clean all the wounds that I wore
Through you grew my sense
To witness life through another lens

Filled up with my own poison
Dug down in my own dirt
Filled up with my own poison
Bit by my inner snakes
Making love to the pain

Dragged through a storm of misery
Through you grew my sense
To witness life through another lens