

Sacred Mother Tongue

"Ten Thousand Eight Hundred"

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Ten Thousand Eight Hundred by Sacred Mother
Tongue I am scared, I am lonely
I remember the words that she told me
she was real, and decisive
I was holding it off though exited
I'm surrounded, in submission
story told with a perverse distortion
I'm abandoned, I'm forsaken
I'm imprisoned my will has been taken

I would never have given my time
I would never of had it inside
integrity is taken now

I feel I'm dying inside
two thousand eight hundred and
thirteen days to comprehend the lie
alone in these four walls

hear my cries, hear my mourning
in my mind it was all without warning
looks of hate, and resentment
keep my head down and make my adjustment
filled with rage, filled with hatred
truth I spoke but,
final sealing, an incision
to the back from the injustice system

I would never have given my time
I would never of had it inside
integrity is taken now

I feel i'm dying inside
two thousand eight hundred and
thirteen days to comprehend the lie
alone in these four walls
(x3)

