

The Pygmy Tribe

"Hands Of Time"

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you go, carrying the hands of time
a phenomenon, so peculiar
they say, we're buried in the weight of god
down the drain, why so bitter?
cause it feeds her,
from the palm of my hand

i suffer from the worst hypocrisy
i beg to differ all the time,
perhaps it gives us all a way
do i confide? well never mind!
ill leave it for their souls
to bring to light,
arriving here just in time
falling in to place
i'm feeling mightier than my old man did

those eyes, remind me of an early night
a castaway, wears me deeper
surprise, the word of god has
never lead a clean life,
i will pray it's not so filthy
it gets filthy, so quickly now

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i beg to differ all the time,
perhaps it gives us all a way
do i confide? well nevermind!
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