## Wolfgang Press ''Chains''

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Chains
Chains
We console now, you and I
I said hold me there, hold me
Make the night roll magic, I will not fly away
So now make it, make it rain
Chains
Chains
I have wandered and I have found
No reason that I can understand
Why all these boundaries return to where I am
So please break them, make them break down into
Chains
Chains
Make the night roll
And hold my hands up to your own
I'm like a man pitied and maimed
Sorrow won't lift our shame like these
Chains
Chains
Chains

Chains

Chains

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