

## Gypsy

### "Hung By A Thread"

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So here I stand : Face to face with the world  
So curled up in reality : Suffocating in the womb of  
moral receipt  
Often I feel the blood as it flows through my veins  
Gushing life through my heart. Pumping thoughts to my  
brain  
Hang myself out like a sheet soaking wet  
For I long to feel winds that I haven't felt yet  
Sometimes I feel I'm hanging by a thread  
Burning candles at both ends  
Close to falling off the edge  
Sometimes...  
I don't know if I can hold on anymore  
Now, I stand accused of all the things that I've done  
But my violence here is in protest : For I'm not a guilty  
one  
I only believe what I see fit to believe  
I pretend to be desperate to get what I need  
And I'd raise my fist to the injustice I'm faced at  
But, I'm unable to fight with my hands tied behind my  
back  
So hang me up high, in a tree, facing north  
I'll be burning my bridges as you're slapping the horse  
It's too late to run  
And it's much too late for running away  
You see it in the eyes of caged animals  
You see it in the faces of women scorned  
It's not anger that makes the cobra strike  
It's fear and only fear through which hatred is born  
You see, it's sitting here in silence where bitter  
thoughts are sewn  
It's one free life and sanity we want sacred as our own  
But there are other planes I'm looking for in my search  
for peace & truth  
It's the shadow of fear and hatred that has put me in  
this noose

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