

I Hate Sally "Bathsheba Of Seven"

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Passing through the radio
Time was talking, time was pointless
Time was in a paper bag
My hands are tied
Unity recognizing free fall religion

Plant the seed, watch and grow
Understand
Love hero the dare
Take the shame upon yourself
Dancing in the slow dance flame
Lost hero's to blame
My hands are tied in faith
My body soul sucking

Drown the seed
Watch it slow
Understatement
Love hero to blame
Take the pain all myself
Dancing in the heated flame
Love hero the dare

Don't you think we shall become elated?
Bridging gaps between the sane/insane
Dropping to my knees in the middle of the room
Forcing all the words from my dry sarcastic mouth
Shouting at the demons who stand tall in control
Forcing out the diaries, opening up the journals
All hands are tied
All hands will bind

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