

Lee Greenwood

"Voice"

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I gave pause to the world and now they complain it's
raining cats and dogs,
Leaving bloodthirsty strategists with their backs to the
red cross
The bet's lost, kiss it goodbye, lipsticky cash
exchanges hands
An explorer with pens, formative trips to the last and
greatest land
Surveyed the grave expanse of desert, started to rain
dance
Two left feet in a cottonmouth, cobras remain
entranced
Hypnotically swaying to the rhythm of words uttered
under my breath
Soulful syllables playing limbo in nerf inertia,
summoners wept
But all tear ducts were desiccated so the drought
remained
I shouted names in vain until my voice was pain,
cowards gained
A measure of courage in my futility, villainy arose
Laying siege to ramparts pillaging artilleries of prose
Bodies of work debilitated, will is faded sepia tones
Flood the coffers with syrup and please just leave me
alone
Leukemia, paper cranes dangle, from antiseptic walls
The king of Narnia and other phantom lands is left to
crawl
Chorus: Letters are the seconds, syllables are minutes
Words go by as hours and a day equates a sentence
Paragraphs can last a week and months become our
essays
So we speak for years to reach your ears with the voice
(twice)
Verbal acrobat, practice battle raps to keep the mind
groomed
Fine tuned, volley with the volume in my room
And time soon consumes all and doom falls
Like the darkness of night over the city...harvest the
light
Make shards of the mic - fragmented poetry

Leave scars when I write - ask and you know it's me
Supposedly brandishing my banished bane as
bandage
Making love with the language, languish my anguish
I think, therefore I sink further into depression
Pushed over the brink by a fink's stirring impression
Of me at my very worst...but the words murder
repression
So lack of fertile expression is sure to bring the
regression
Full circle - see, once I held the world within my sweaty
grasp
But I lost my grip and now the planet's spinning out of
control
And my life is tugged along for the ride till I take hold
Of the voice ... the siren's song speaks to save my soul
Little league parents chant with blind rape, kids are
taught discipline
The shortest fuse lit for you, take a straw sip it in
Liquid in half of it while the other share is gaseous
Postcards from the edge of phone callers beds in
happiness
Abbey is sadly sick, violin crying songs of dread
Lying under oath's electric blanket tryin not to sweat
Fearing the toll, but curiosity's addictive
Why does he keep talkin to himself, it's probably a
sickness
Busy building kingdoms with your callously discarded
words
Fallacy and farce from a galaxy afar where stars
disperse
Bards converse under the shade of olive groves,
knowledge grows
Walking down polished roads with squalid troves
But only Gollum knows how the author's conditioned
Shake the cobwebs, free glistening though in
gossamer prisons
Taught to enlist thought and factor chapters of images
Think tank caterpillar tracks leading back to the
chrysalis
Chorus twice
The passion of a lifetime is tapped within my
satisfaction
As I watch the hands go round and round and round
and...
The last time the ink spiled from my quill onto the
parchment
It stained her scarlet once it found the sound
Wed to the arpeggio, hobbled artisan apostle
Plucking feathers from the crown of Quetzecoatl
To lay before my angel as she floats across the chapel

To stand before the altar and bleed upon the gospel
My heart leaps from my chest like Asteroth swingin a
battle axe
Once the music starts...madness in my eyes
Mesmerized by murderous intent, I'm furthering the
pent
Up rage welling within my breast...until my services are
spent
Worshipping the second hand following the first to
bend
And twist around my words again...
The voice warping the clock into a whirlpool
Drowned in time till I emerge; a djinn immersed in Zen

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