

Breaking Wheel "Shoulder To The Plow"

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Progress is a myth
If not for he who suffered and gave himself away
At the hands of fools and lesser men
False idols and kings
Who came to rule through circumstance
Work him like a dog
With a ball and chain and thanklessness

The dice have been cast
No turning back
Eyes on the ground
Where he will die
Feet nailed to the floor
Reason to be
Shoulder to the Plow

Facing down the wind
He'll see the way they'll never change
Watch his slow decay

As bottles drain and days go by
Forging his demise
Through poison vice to sap the mind
Iron was a will
Now passions wane and spirits die

The weight on his chest
Aches in his flesh
Dreams of a day that never comes
Ax pressed to the wheel
Bones ground to dust
Shoulder to the Plow

Ground down into dust for a taste of their good life
Left their screams, left their souls behind

Work him dead
Let him rot

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