

Thrice "Wood and Wire"

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14 years behind these bars
12 foot square of cold cement
I've lost nearly everything
For a crime of which I'm innocent

For all my sufferings
Lie in momentary pain
While the wait of an endless glory
Still remains to me

Dead man walking down the halls
To meet a mess of wood and wire
You lead me where men fear to tread
Towards the thing I most desire
For all my sufferings
Lie in momentary pain
While the wait of an endless glory
Still remains

Throw the switch on
I know you ain't got a choice
The dawn is coming
All is well, I will rejoice

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