

Kyss 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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