

Scavengers

Shaman's Harvest

Ain't no use in tryna save me
For death is here won't keep her waiting
Like a moth to a flame I keep coming
On my two feet, I'll go down gunning
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Ain't no way that I can hold on
To this paper will that I've emboldened
Every night my ambitious mind starts churning
With the rising sun, it's set to burning
Yeah, every day this table's turning

Please don't wake me
Fall asleep between the notes
In this house beset by ghosts
Ravaged by internal hopes
On pins and needles
This thunderous quiet

Please don't wake me
Falling asleep between the notes
In this house beset by ghosts
Ravaged by internal hopes
On pins and needles
This thunderous quiet
This thunderous silence
Thunderous quiet