

## Strike The Slate

### Shaman's Harvest

Strike the slate and measure out the damage done  
Tie the needle right through the bone  
I am lost to mothers only son  
And I have sung my final song  
in this house of failing grace

And I've sang for the patient mother  
Naive and child like lovers  
Sang to get out of this place.  
And I'm drawn to the sound of silence  
Cracked whip and peal of sirens  
Drawn to this cold empty space.  
Filling with white noise.

And I'll be your prophet while  
you'll be counting ships,  
Followed by hurricanes blown straight from  
Poseidon's lips,

You know my dreams  
they have fed a fire for so long,  
This is my final song sung by... sung by sirens.

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Naive and child like lovers  
Sang to get out of this place.  
And I'm drawn to the sound of silence  
Cracked whip and peal of sirens  
Drawn to this cold empty space.  
Filling with white noise.