

Back To The Cradle

The Sheila Divine

If you were sent to prison
But prison was your mind
Would you try escaping?
Or would you do the time?

So many hard decisions
Procedures intertwine
You lose communication
With your friends outside

I'd rather have it fatal
Than a life unstable
Back to the cradle
Back to the cradle
It's as sick as life can get

I know that he can hear me
I know he understands
Well God can take your body
But the soul, well no one can

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