

If a stone holds you down  
Keep your head above ground  
Though the foothold can be merciless  
In a world not your own  
It's the weight of the stone  
Holding me, holding you  
Very fast, quite fast  
It's not the weight of the stone that's holding you down  
It's the way it fascinates your mind  
And just because it causes you to fall  
Don't mean it tempts me very much at all  
I can see that it feels like a millstone is tied around your neck  
But if you come clean and say, "I don't have it together"  
You can still keep your faith in check  
3, 7, 9, 10, 12, 14 feet  
No spineless fellow here  
Down below 100 more and not a sign of fear  
X marks the spot at 145 a stone dislodged held him fast  
How could he know while now alive  
13th day would be his last  
They tried and tried to bring him to the surface in vain  
If a stone holds you down  
Keep your head above ground  
Though the foothold can be merciless  
For 12 more days the foothold was merciless  
With no possible means of ingress or egress  
In the end a paradox was found  
The beast that held him was a 10 pound stone  
Are you afraid - are you afraid?  
That where he takes you is a cold, dark lonely place  
Where it's hard to find his face - hard to find his face  
In a world that is not your own  
In a world not your own - it's not the weight of the stone [Repeat Line]