

# Trail Of Tears, Frail Expectations

Entangled in misery I was  
Condemned as I still bred frustration  
Worshipped and nursed the suffering  
My conscience all slain  
I found myself making love to the pain

Final and true was my loss  
And bleak was the sight of salvation  
You helped me to clean all the wounds that I wore  
Through you grew my sense  
To witness life through another lens

Filled up with my own poison  
Dug down in my own dirt  
Filled up with my own poison  
Bit by my inner snakes  
Making love to the pain

Dragged through a storm of misery  
Through you grew my sense  
To witness life through another lens