

Lend a Hand

by Calvin Campbell

I have stood on rocky prominences that simply don't care
Stung by sorcery and sorrow, I'm the gloom in the air
Keep my thoughts close to my knife because that's why it's there

Melancholy moments when they're laid end to end
Make a dance hall for the many with no plans to attend
Just a poorly acted tragedy which I in dreary darkness penned

Now how do you feel about that,
My future graverobber friend?

I've got one night remaining
And I've got the answer
Lend a hand

I did not have a coffin, just a handful of nails
Which I used to build a vessel, solid crew, billowed sails
Charted unknown waters, learned why everybody fails

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