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

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