

The Razor Light

Waterdeep

You set the table in your spirit
entertain the devil for a while
And then you laugh at all his jokes
insisting it's alright-
it's okay to smile
but you are Dancing with the demons
and walking on the wall that borders hell
thinking "Right now, I'm not testing God,"
but always wondering how you'd feel if you just fell? I'd like to say that it was simple
like a dog you don't want pregnant so you fix her
But it's a matter of unconscious sin
I don't know if you know it, but you're been brewin' up a strychnine elixer
because you're Are you walking darkly
to avoid the razor light?
Did you lose the taste of flesh and blood
when you threw up late last night?
Is your soul in some fine limbo
between bitterness and lust?
Can you talk about the cross these days
without wincing in disgust?

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