

The Most Cursed of Hands / Who Am I

The Dear Hunter

The devil went down to the river
And he came to fall, to lose it all, to fool the fool too quick to come
While the gambler's stacks grew bigger
He had lost his sights, the narrowed eyes, too tempted by his wry desires
Damned to cross fated paths
The time to fold had come to pass With the gambler's glory delivered
He had thirst for more, a bigger score, a trophy no one could ignore
And the devil's wealth had withered
So with cunning class, he offered fast, a soul the wager had been cast
The gambler called, the river fell, and now the hand from out of hell
The devil smiled, looked in his eyes, he new the loss was glorified The devil said, "revel in your victory, you've
earned your damned reputation, leave"
But the gambler only stood and stuttered, stammering on words of disbelief
"Now you've won a new vacation, bring to me that you can stand the heat"
And then the gambler saw that he had not, in spite he set the devil free Damned to cross fated paths
The hand he played would be his last
Who am I?
Who am I?
Just a gambler holding aces in the devil's eyes
What is wrong?
What's the sin?
Where's the answer?
Where the hell do I fit in?
It could it be there's just a little demon lost in the debris
And I should idly bide my time until the wager releases me
Hey
It can't remain unknown
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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