

Olde English 800

The Amity Affliction

When your aspirations crumble
at the feet of your tormentors
and your jaw feels like it's breaking
on the cold hard tile floor;
and you're holding onto something
that does far more harm than good;
well then you've reached the pits of hell
and there in hell you'll find the steel...To smash your skin until it's calloused,
to grind your teeth down to the bone,
to tear your tongue out from its shelter
and bleed out all alone.
And when you get there we'll tread heavy
through the boneyards and the filth.
We'll grace the presence of the vultures
and spit fire of the gods.
We'll both sit in our skin
and hate the places we have known,
when your back feels like it's breaking
and your skin has turned to stone.
And you are standing in the fire
and you are wishing to go back -
Well then you've reached the pits of hell
then you've reached the pits of hell...I took this journey through the mirror;
took a chance to take my time.
Just to watch the cold hard steel of burden
come and break my heart and spine.
I took a blade, a glass, a noose
and then I split my mind in two,
with a bottle, pills and notion that I
could drink my problems dead;
I reached the cold pits of hell
and then I split my mind in two...
And dragged my cold heart through the snow
and felt the coldest burn
of all the grief I've come to know
of all the grief I've come to know.I took this journey through the mirror,
took a chance to take my time,
just to watch the cold hard steel of burden
Come and break my heart and spine.I took this journey through the mirror,

took a chance to take my time,
Just to watch the cold hard steel of burden
come and break my heart and spine.I've got a story here to tell you!
Best you listen or grow cold
'cause if you chonse the path I've chosen,
chances are you won't grow old.

Won't
grow
old!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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