

# Amity (2000)

## The Gathering

The torture won't part you  
Motherly breast won't warm you  
You fail and foam from your mouth  
why is it so loud, this sound? All the sense you are capable of  
does not seem to save you  
You heed the glance of a smile  
Was it impossible to float for a while? Restless is carrying fever  
burning you to pieces  
In search and need of a friend  
Will I bow down to this in the end? I lay in the hands of my maker  
and I want to spend the rest of it awake  
Why do I get the feeling they'll break it  
It's a fight... it's a fight... The torture won't part you  
Mothers lap can't seem to warm you  
You strain, stand up and frown  
Why is it so loud, This down? All the sense you are capable of  
does not seem to save you  
You heed the glance of a smile  
Was it impossible to float for a while? I lay in the hands of my maker  
And I want to spend the rest of it awake  
Why do I get the feeling they'll break it  
It's a fight... it's a fight

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

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