

Come Hell or High Water

Native Construct

I still think to myself and wonder if this was worth it
For it seems that these days I can't stand still for a moment
(I'm sick of drifting)
And my feet won't rest or re-oppress their pivoting
Oh Misery, your familiar face still lingers around
(Oh Harmony, I never see your face around)
Needless to say, I'm a victim of Lunacy
but that can't begin to explain how This happened to me, for I still can't believe
That my life is now constantly pulsed in three
And now I can see This vast devilry you've cast upon me
I'll be stuck in these steps for all eternity
And who would it be if it were not me?
My life once worth living is enslaved by treachery
It seems to be that Hell's high waters
Have brought forth to me an unspeakable horror I can't seem to just stand in one place
And Misery won't loosen her callused grip
But if I trip, perhaps her hand could start to slip
And I've tried my best, but my feet, they will not rest
I'm oh so conscious and that's why Lunacy will tear me apart Harmony, an unfamiliar face that now lingers
around
Needless, so needless to say
That we're only victims after all
You help me keep these cursed legs from swaying all around
But this time, they'll agree with me Oh surely this will contend with my misery
So I begin hacking through flesh and bone with fine cutlery
Now surely this will amend all my dignity
(I'm sick of drifting)
And as this weight is lifted, I'm now content as an amputee You've used every moment to torment me
Now severed and screaming, I will at last be free

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