

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 howThis happened to me, for I still can't believe
That my life is now constantly pulsed in three

And now I can seeThis 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 horrorI 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 apartHarmony, 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 meOh 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 amputeeYou've used every moment to torment me
Now severed and screaming, I will at last be free

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