

# River of Deceit

## Mad Season

My pain is self-chosen, at least so The Prophet says  
I could either burn or cut off my pride and buy some time  
A head full of lies is the weight, tied to my waistThe River of Deceit pulls down, oh  
The only direction we flow is down  
Down, oh down, down, oh down  
Down, oh down, down, oh downMy pain is self-chosen, at least I believe it to be  
I could either drown or pull off my skin and swim to shore  
Now I can grow a beautiful shell for all to seeThe River of Deceit pulls down, yeah  
The only direction we flow is down  
Down, oh down, down, oh down  
Down, oh down, down, oh downThe pain is self-chosen, yeah  
Our pain is self-chosenDown, oh down, down, oh down  
Down, oh down, down, oh down

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