

## Still Waters

### Alternative 4

When I fell, I'd grown tired of treading water,  
Folk changing like the weather,  
Begrudging what was mine

At the tolling bell, oh they huddled undercover,  
Played us off against each other,  
We took the bait and crossed the line

In the midst of all our dreaming  
Catch a glimpse of where we're heading  
Walk away from past redeeming  
As we know that paths misleading

Disdain sold me up the river  
Stole a part of me forever  
Made this compromise together  
I was trading trust for never  
...yet little did I know

At the turn of the day  
I didn't feel the last hour burning  
Saw no need for shallow yearning  
God you'll miss it when you're turned in

So far away  
Over mountains of persuasion  
Paved a gateway for the vermin  
To the sycophant communion

Came a heartless violation  
From pathetic opposition  
A deep and meaningless oppression  
Had to smother out those lies

Six degrees of defamation  
Prolonged years of degradation  
Despite tears and reformation  
I was there to rectify

Yet little do you know