

The Most Cursed of Hands / Who Am I

The Dear Hunter

The Devil went down to the river (river, river)
And He came to fall; to lose it all
To fool the fool too quick to call

While the gambler's stacks grew bigger (bigger, bigger)
He had lost his sights through narrowed eyes
Too tempted by his wry desires

Damned across fated path
The time to fold had come to pass

With the gambler's glory delivered (delivered, delivered)
He had thirst for more; a bigger score
A trophy no one could ignore

And the devil's wealth had withered (withered, withered)
So with cunning class, he offered fast
His soul; the wager had been cast

The gambler called, the river fell
And now the hand from out of hell
The Devil smiled, looked in his eyes
He knew the loss was glorified

The Devil said, "Revel in your victory;
You've earned your damning
Pack your things and leave"
But the gambler only stood and stuttered
Stammering on words of disbelief
"Now you've won a new vocation.
Pray to me that you can stand the heat."
And that, the gambler saw,
Meant he had gone and finally set the devil free

Damned across fated paths
The hand he played would be his last

Who am I? Who am I?
Just a gambler, holding aces in the Devil's eyes
What is wrong? What's the sin?
Where's the answer? Where the hell do I fit in?
Or could it be, there's just a little demon lost in the debris
And I, should idly bide my time, until a wager releases me?

It can't remain unknown