

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