

The Pit

Panopticon

The earth is soaked
Low hanging mist
Ghost of last nights storm
And I went to my tools
And I did choose
A shovel along the wall
It was packed with rust
With a splintered handle
It suited me just fine
In this stage
In my decay and uselessness
It seemed a friend of mine

I set off to the woods
For a hill to die upon
For worth in a worthless world
Only to discover loss
On first strike
My shovels blade
Is blunted on stouted slate
I can't even seem
To bury myself
Another damn mistake

With every shovel-full
Another memory
Floated through my mind
And I would fill this pit
Back up with my tears
Had I nothing left to cry
Deeper I dig
More that I regret
Ever starting to dig at all
I was so alone
I did dig a hole
Just to have a place to fall
Just to have a place to fall

As the rain fell down
I hoped I drown
Rid this world of my misery
I would be better off
Floated face down
People having to deal with me
For a moment I climbed
All the roots and rocks
And all the walls came loose
Sent me crashing down
Back to the bottom
This watery grave that I did choose

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Panopticon
All Too Well (10 Minute Version) (Taylor's Version) [Live Acoustic]

Taylor Swift

All Too Well (10 Minute Version) (Taylor's Version) [From the Vault]

Taylor Swift

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