

# Misery

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

THERE IS A CHILD AND SHE SLEEPS IN THE GUTTER  
DON'T CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SHE'S EASY TO SEE  
SHE IS NOT YOUR CHILD  
SHE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER'S  
AND THOSE YOU ABANDON  
THEY ARE LEFT TO ME  
AND KNOW I WILL IMPALE HER LIKE A KNIFE  
LEAVE HER TWISTING DAY AFTER DAY AFTER DAY OF A VERY SHORT LIFE  
WITH ME  
LISTEN NOW CLOSELY AND HEAR HOW I'VE PLANNED IT  
PLEASE LET ME TELL YOU JUST HOW IT WILL BE  
SHE'LL FEEL THE PAIN BUT SHE WON'T UNDERSTAND IT  
SHE'LL THINK IT'S HER FATE  
BUT WE'LL KNOW IT'S ME  
AND KNOW I WILL IMPALE HER LIKE A KNIFE  
LEAVE HER TWISTING DAY AFTER DAY AFTER DAY OF A VERY SHORT LIFE  
WITH ME  
SO LET ME KNOW  
HAVE I BEEN CLEAR  
THAT I WILL MAGNIFY EACH CUT AND EVERY BRUISE AND EVERY SINGLE  
CHILDHOOD TEAR  
I'LL PICK HER SCABS  
CRIPPLE A HAND  
PUSH A FINGER IN EACH WOUND I MAKE  
NOW TELL ME THEN  
DO YOU UNDERSTAND  
YOU UNDERSTAND?  
YOU UNDERSTAND  
YOU UNDERSTAND?  
YOU UNDERSTAND  
AND KNOW I WILL IMPALE HER LIKE A KNIFE  
LEAVE HER TWISTING DAY AFTER DAY AFTER DAY OF A VERY SHORT LIFE  
WITH ME

[Beethoven immediately turns away, determined to give a firm and final no. But before the word can leave his lips he finds himself looking back out the window. He tries to convince himself that the child means nothing to him, especially when compared to the Tenth Symphony. But with every word disclaiming her, she digs deeper and deeper into his soul.]