

Wicked Web

Waterdeep

You told me you had money coming down the way
"Can I borrow fifty bucks, man, just to get me through the day"
You promised you were free this time of all of your old ways
But I bought your story last time, and I can't afford to buy to
day

And I think I see the drummers now
They're coming down the road
They're striking up a funeral beat
They heard you're getting old

I know you. You ain't fought 'em
You let 'em play the song
Then you fell in step when they asked you
If you wanted to come along

What a wicked web we weave
When first we practice to deceive
Spinning out a house of make-believe
We're like a serpent on the ear of Eve

Well, brother if you mean to tell the truth
You better improve your diction
Cause the words that you been letting slide
Are definitely fiction

I been looking for a place
To lay my sorrow down
And I found out where to lay your lies
Up on that dying ground

God knows what your debt has cost
It's already been paid
On a Roman cross, a screaming man
And a cave where He was laid