

Intractable (Words That Go Unspoken Part 2)

Akercocke

If I could catch a glimpse
Of your grand design
I'd see the truth and be repelled
Through your facade
I see your putrid lies
But grace you not with my disdain
Arrogance betrays you
Your weakness on your sleeve
I force myself up through the mire
To you my loves
This is intractable
I'll play my hand and always win
Always.....
As the morning star
Who fell into the dance
I know my anger shall prevail
I always win!
Win!
Your cards on the table
No chance!
I always win
My anger will always prevail
I always win
And I always will