

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.]