

## Hardened

Waterdeep

There's a little child drowning in a pond  
And you would have me throw a blanket on  
the surface of the water  
even though she was your daughter  
and watch just how helplessly she dies  
for the sake of how it looks  
cause it's like you've read in books  
It's a symbol of the way you see this life

And if a savior came upon a tray of gold  
you'd insist that he had already been sold  
even though you knew he hadn't  
You're afraid to trade the bad in  
for a good you don't know  
Like a certain generation  
in a proud and headstrong nation  
who expects God to dance whenever she plays the fife

And if you want to talk in terms of the survival of the fittest  
then take a look at the soul's auction house and whose the highest bid is  
You understand the fear of man  
but you forgot about the fear of God  
And to the bloody ransom  
that makes an ugly soul turn handsome  
you give a condescending nod

There's a sense of desperation in your touch  
and you say out loud you hate it very much  
but you're addicted to your sadness  
cause it creates the touch of madness  
The kind you like inside your veins  
Oh, why are you so hardened?  
You know you could be pardoned  
I guess you just will not let go of the reins

The lexicon of death is all you know  
You feel suffocated by the falling snow  
Cause you miss the beauty there  
in the quiet holy air  
and start looking for a desert you can roam  
Your eyes too closed to see  
the secret ministry  
of the frost upon the window of your home  
Oh, why are you so hardened?  
You know you could be pardoned  
and then you would not feel so alone  
You're not alone.  
You're not alone.  
You're not alone.