

# Trans-Siberian Orchestra, Misery

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  
With me  
With me