

# Waterdeep, Razor Light

You set the table in your spirit  
entertain the devil for a while  
And then you laugh at all his jokes  
insisting it's alright-  
it's okay to smile  
but you are

Dancing with the demons  
and walking on the wall that borders hell  
thinking "Right now, I'm not testing God,"  
but always wondering how you'd feel if you just fell?

I'd like to say that it was simple  
like a dog you don't want pregnant so you fix her  
But it's a matter of unconscious sin  
I don't know if you know it, but you're been brewin' up a strychnine elixer  
because you're

Are you walking darkly  
to avoid the razor light?  
Did you lose the taste of flesh and blood  
when you threw up late last night?  
Is your soul in some fine limbo  
between bitterness and lust?  
Can you talk about the cross these days  
without wincing in disgust?