

Stairway To Hell

The Amity Affliction

For so many years I held my breath for you,
held under what became the ocean.
Struggling to find footing on what became the ocean floor,
and now, as I reflect on what became my foundation.

Who am I to say the grass was ever greener,
where my own feet struck the earth?
And that the fields, they seem much neater,
on my own side of the fence.
And who am I to question why you took the path you took?
And who the fuck am I to open this closed?
But the pages just keep turning, turning.

And my pen just won't run dry,
but my eyes they won't stop burning,
and yet you still have no reply.

I guess that in a way,
it had to be like this.
And I guess that in a way,
I'm glad it turned out like it did.
Because I couldn't stand your sight if I ran into you tonight,
and if you died right now I just don't think
I'd have too much to say tonight.

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And that the fields, they seem much neater,
on my own side of the fence.
And who am I to question why you took the path you took?
And who the fuck am I to open this closed?
But the pages just keep turning, turning.

If you hear this just forget it.
If you hear this just forget it...

Oh!

"Beating me wouldn't mean anything now, I'm all through"
"All I want is to earn your respect,
how am I meant to do that if you won't fight me?"
"Maybe you should've thought of that,
before you sucked at being a man your whole life"
"Oh my god, I hate you so much,
I just wanna smash your face in"
"Too late, I'm a dead man..."