

November 2020

Atrophy
Quincy Flint

She waits alone in misery
In a bed the lord reclaimed
I know the joy of atrophy
And the weight and guilt of shame

Am	Am		F	Am		x2
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If I should stumble, let me fall
I ain't going nowhere, 'til nowhere calls

You don't know the joy in pain
'Til you're lonely, down, and lost
It's that feeling that comes with a heavy rain
And ends below the cross

Save your speech and your sympathy
Leave your hedone-y behind
Just join me down in atrophy
Let me waste away your mind

If I should stumble, let me fall
I ain't going nowhere, 'til nowhere calls

Now all that's left is this apathy
Where the devil left his mark
This broken life is misery
And I'm married to the dark

My lady needs some company
Down in that lonesome room
She waits alone in misery
But soon I'll be her groom

If I should stumble, let me fall
I'm going nowhere, now that nowhere's called