

# Watch Her Die

John Smith

Feels as though cold is getting right into my bones  
Hungry babes bicker on a wife inside my home  
Let them cry  
Let them cry

An empty skin is all I have to burn on my old flame  
Tiny cache feeds us for a day but who's to blame  
Let me die  
Let me die

I ran her down then it took a day, to find, my shame  
Held her tight, blood let out to run, into, the rain  
And I watch her die  
Watch her die