

...Discipline Your Daughters

Norma Jean

I can't recall that last day of sun
Curtains closed
And sitting with the lights out
An uncertain emptiness surrounds me

I'm numb and my judgments
Have switched to autopilot
Nothing left but echoes
And thoughts of moving on

Don't stay away
Don't stay here

Tell me all your secrets
I promise I'll be listening
And if you ever come back home
I'll be waiting patiently

Tell me nothing sacred
I promise I won't hear a word
And if you ever come back home
I won't act so patiently

Black feathers
And an unannounced call.
These things go hand in hand

Like talking to you
And the intake of glass
I hope this knife in my hand
Speaks for itself...

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She's not coming back

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