

Rope Ends

Pain Of Salvation

She is still young...

Another day of emptiness
This life is wearing her down
The room around her is a mess
Her children safe with her mom

She is still young but feeling old
Two children with different fathers
She sits on the bathroom floor alone
The shower chain broke
Her neck hurts

Then another night of emptiness to wear her down
Naked to the world she wraps her sadness in a gown
Her children fast asleep she sears the dark with glassy eyes
Choosing carefully among her husband's business ties

"Over!" she cries through rope ends and silk ties
Beautiful life escaping her young blue eyes
But life holds her hand, refusing to let go
Leaving her breathing on the floor

They're still asleep don't hear her cry
And she's still obsessed with rope ends
This time she picks a stronger tie
With Winnie the Pooh and friends

She is still young but feeling old
A child dying to be a mother
Now she hangs from the ceiling all alone
All pressure is falling from her

Seeing guilt has taught her guilt she's raised on disbelief
Merely twenty beautiful but with a taste for grief
She has learnt all that there is to know about hopelessness
Seeing that no effort in this world can stand her test

"Over!" she cries through rope ends and silk ties
Beautiful life escaping her young blue eyes
And Winnie is strong, would never let her fall
Prevents her from breathing till she's not there at all
But life holds her hands, refusing to let go
Leaving her breathing on the floor

[Johan Hallgren]

[Daniel Gildenlow]

Seeing guilt has taught her guilt she's raised on disbelief
Merely twenty beautiful but with a taste for grief
She has learnt all that there is to know about helplessness
Seeing that no caring in this world can ease her stress

Helpless she lies in rope ends and undies
Unseeing eyes fixating Eeyore's smile
"Over!" she cries as she's going unblind

Still in this life
Still in this troubled mind
The ceiling let go, the old house let her fall
Dropping her breathing to the hard cold floor
Hitting her head - a broken china soul
Red stains on porcelain and she's not there at all

Breathing she cries for rope ends and silk ties
Beautiful eyes Piglet stands shy behind
Broken she lies undead and unblind
Beautiful life
Beautiful crying young eyes
Blackened and bruised, learning how to see
Staring at her tooth - crimsoned ivory
Hours they pass this broken china soul
Red stains on porcelain
And she's not there at all...