

She Who Mars The Skin Of Gods

Protest the Hero

"Kezia, my darling, please never forget
this world's got the substance of a frozen summer silhouette,"
Said my mother through lips
that were cracked with love and toil
before she added,
"the warmest of blankets is six feet of soil."

She wore a perfume called
"Pride" that smells a lot more like "Shame."
So when she walked into the room I was sleeping,
I heard her curse my father's name;
It was our situation, our position,
our gender to blame

It was the lonely grey of my father's eyes
staring back in the mirror's frame
It was the lonely grey of my father's eyes
staring back in the mirror's frame

"Mother Oh Mother,
I'm shaking while I write,
tonight I'll stay awake and try to
breathe away my fright"
"Mother Oh Mother,
I'm shaking while I write,
tonight I'll stay awake and try to
breathe away my fright"

There's a letter waiting for me,
that I have yet to read,
There's a letter waiting for me,
that I have yet to read,
'Cause I know it's not from you,
And you're the only one I need,
You're the only one I need,
I'm tired and I'm cold and I want to go to bed,
But there's no one here to tuck me in,
so the shotgun will instead...
(I'm tired... I'm cold)
This shotgun will instead..
(I want to go to bed, I want to go to bed)
I want to...
(No one here to tuck me in)
So this shotgun will.