

To think of my task is chilling.
To know I was carefully building the mask I was wearing for two
years, swearing I'd tear it off.
I've sat in the dark explaining to myself that I'm straining to
o hard for feelings I ought to find easily.
Called myself Jezebel.
I don't believe.

Before I say that the vows we made weigh like a stone in my heart.
Family is family, don't let this tear us apart.

You lie there, an innocent baby.
I feel like the thief who is raiding your home, entering and breaking
and taking in every room.
I know your feelings are tender and that inside you the embers
still glow.
But I'm a shadow, I'm only a bed of blackened coal.
Call myself Jezebel for wanting to leave.

I'm not saying I'm replacing love for some other word to describe
the sacred tie that bound me to you.
I'm just saying we've mistaken one for thousands of words.
And for that mistake, I've caused you such pain that I damn that
word.
I've no more ways to hide that I'm a desolate and empty, hollow
place inside.

I'm not saying I'm replacing love for some other word to describe
the sacred tie that bound me to you.
I'm not saying love's a plaything.
No, it's a powerful word, inspired by strong desire to bind myself
to you.
How I wish that we never had tried to be man and his wife, to weave
our lives into a blindfold over both our eyes.