

Rain pelts down all over the city  
Tearing down its merciless streets...  
A woman desperate for some answers  
The empty years and wretched blues...

Passed with some recent news  
But the fear of the unknown still stalks her mind

There's a house way down the road - and fate's door  
It's a house - not a home - Death awaits - on its own  
There's nothing more...  
Just a half dead kid and his father's corpse

The boy was tortured here  
The evidence all makes that clear  
Mommy kneels n'  
holds him terribly near

Every question needs a word - for comfort  
December's door's ajar - and it's the only path  
The rhythm of the past - won't get you very far  
December's door's ajar - no light shines in it's path  
It's increasingly harsh - and increasingly daft  
While the door is still ajar - I'm frightened!!

You saved me  
from my worst nightmare  
Save me from myself!