

A day on the beach, there is sand in my hair
The people I greet, they just stare
Is it blood seeping out of my yellow bag
A dark red spot which is growing big and red and the drops are
black
I TRY TO OPEN UP THE ZIPPER BUT IT BLOCKS BY HAIR
AND GOSH THAT`S TERRIFYING ME !
UP I JUMP NO BREATH, NO BLOOD PICKING UP MY LEGS
AND QUICKLY THE BAG I FLEE !
Cool down breathing speaking softly to me
Mother Mary reaches down for me and she speaketh to me
PUT THE ROOT OF THIS PLANT INTO HER MOUTH
FIX HER HEAD ON THE CORPSE
AND YOU`LL FIND HER ALIVE!
LOVE THIS LADY `TILL YOUR DEATH WITH HONESTY
TRUE HOPE AND BURNING EYES !
I DO JUST AS THE MOTHER SAID, HIDE HER IN MY ROOM
AS THE MOTHER SAID HIDE HER IN MY ROOM
SHE WAKES UP WITH HORRIFIED EYES AND I REALIZE
THAT WHAT I DID WAS DOOM MY GOD I`M DOOMED !
IT`S LIKE A MILLION ICECUBES FALL DOWN
IT`S LIKE A MILLION ICECUBES
SHE TAKES ME THROWS ME NAILS ME TO THE GROUND
OPENS THE YELLOW BAG I HEAR THE ZIPPER`S SOUND
HER AXE`S LOOKING SHARP AND THAT`S MAKING ME SMILE
`CAUSE I THINK THAT I`LL BE CAUGHT IN THAT BAG FOR A WHILE
CARRIED AROUND, HELPLESSLY FOUND WOKEN/ BROKE