

At Peace

Defeater

You've got to find her
Your mother ain't fit to be alone

Her rosary beads are gone, only one place she'd be
The sun is nearly up, put your jacket back on
And walk down the street
Feel the wind start to shift, cold and biting
Just like everything that's changed

When you do find her
Take the only family that you've got back to home

Head down, walk through the crowds, families downtown
Jealous bitter old man, just yourself you can't stand
Man that took away your wife, coward left you behind
Kill them both if you could

Head down, cigarette in hand
Concrete, cold brick and sand
To the place where she prays, she suffers her days
Sleepless nights with the dirt when the addiction hurts
Up to that old white oak door church

And that's where you find her in that last pew

You touch her cold hand
Your mother is gone
In front of her God, needle in her arm

Family plot will be filled
Perfect ending to a tragedy
Put her in cold wet ground
Finally at peace with her husband now

Lost all will
Hours strain, but months pass alone with your gun
Blue-collar shipyard, your days have gone
Lost it all for the promise of a normal life
All taken from you when you lost your wife
So you sit in that chair
Waiting for death
Barrel to your head