

## Quiet The Longing

Defeater

You sit, and you stir  
You grieve and you grieve  
The same chair as your old man  
Your mother's worse than you think  
Sunken eyes and a withering frame  
The needle quiets the longing  
That poison, it fills... it fills her veins

So quiet when the pain comes  
Your mother's rosary ain't bringing father home  
Blood rushes with cigarette burns  
There ain't no God coming to save her  
So quiet as the clouds roll  
Your mother's rosary wrapped on the bed post  
Blood rushes with cigarette burns  
On that dock every night until your head hurts

You sit, and you stir  
You grieve and you grieve  
The longer you sit at the ocean  
You lose more time than you think  
Your blood runs cold  
Wind biting under your coat  
Pull it tight to your chest  
Your mother is praying for death  
Much more than you know

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"You coward - this is your fault  
Our family has lost everything"  
(2x)

Look down at your hands and your lit cigarette  
Put it to your lips and breathe it in  
Everything starts to fade and your body is numb  
And when you wake in the morning - you're in the house all alone