

## White Oak Doors

Defeater

Lost in your own head  
But then a knock at the door  
Put down that drink  
Your steps creaking the floor  
Go and get the gun  
Distract yourself from death  
Back against the door  
Your hands are starting to sweat  
Slowly cock the gun  
Slowly move to the side  
Slowly turn the handle  
Slowly open it wide  
Catch a glimpse of his face  
Your heart sinks in your chest  
Your hands start to shake  
Because you know it's him  
Just the coward and you  
Standing silent, dead air  
So you pull him inside  
Into your father's chair  
"Your mother is dead  
All thanks to you  
Her addiction got worse  
After you left, you damned fool  
What you did to our father  
I promised you'd pay up  
I'm going to take your life  
It don't feel like enough"  
Cold steel to his head  
Walk him to his death

Walk him down past the white oak doors  
Walk him out past the boardwalk, your old shipyard  
Pistol in his side, make him pay  
On the outskirts of town, pass the quarry now  
Walk him down to those cold steel tracks  
You stumble drunk with the gun in his back

"Now get down on your knees  
On the tracks where you shamed me  
But this time, the dodge ain't going to end so pretty  
Either a bullet or that train  
Steaming just ahead  
Is going to end your days  
You coward little kid"

You sit and you stir  
While he waits for his death  
You'll never forgive him  
And you never did forget  
He'll never see the sun again  
Make him pay off his debt  
Stand on those tracks, cold steel under feet  
Barrel to his temple "Your addict mother, you will soon re-meet"  
Whisper in his ear, feel his whole body shake  
In an instant he's got your arm, got your gun, held by his weight  
You feel the cold steel above and below

Your stomach tie in knots as the train whistle blows  
Feel the warm of the blood where the barrel digs in  
From your cheek to your mouth, you taste the sweat and the tin  
You don't cry, you don't beg  
You've been waiting for this  
For the coward, or for death  
Just to see your wife again

That train is so close, so loud and so clear  
Your hands stop shaking and it's all that you hear  
Just like father  
"You took him  
If this is how it's going to be  
I'd rather die... at the hands of... my own... family"