

Slow Kill

Impellitteri

In the papers I read how they found her
On her face was the look of death
In this house from hell

In the papers I read how they had found her
On her face was the look of death, a forgotten prisoner
In a small space under the stairs
Hidden away for so many years
No one would miss her

In this house from hell
Was an evil pill
For this mother's baby
Such a sweet slow kill
Slow kill

As they took them away, still said they loved her
But they both had abused their child, it was a murder
Dear Mom and Dad slightly insane
Their little girl locked up in chains
To be theirs forever

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