

Watch Her Die

John Smith

Feels as though cold is getting right into my bones
Hungry babes bicker on a wife inside my home
Let them cry
Let them cry

An empty skin is all I have to burn on my old flame
Tiny cache feeds us for a day but who's to blame
Let me die
Let me die

I ran her down then it took a day, to find, my shame
Held her tight, blood let out to run, into, the rain
And I watch her die
Watch her die