

## The story

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I remember there's a story  
Of a woman sentenced to death  
She called up her kids and husband  
Said I won't come home today  
And I won't come home tomorrow  
No I won't come on Saturday  
And I won't get there on Christmas  
No I won't come on Mother's day.

So they burned all her belongings  
To kill loneliness when night falls  
And the room they used to sleep in  
Stood there blushing from the naked walls  
And with every dress thrown into fire  
He would want her more than he ever did  
And with every ruby lipstick  
He felt trapped in his own guilt.

So he wrote an awkward letter  
From the bottom of his fragile heart;  
See, I never thought I loved you  
But the silence tore me apart  
With your death in all it's glory  
It's no time for me to live  
I remember there's a story  
Of a man sentenced to grieve...