

Margaret's Injection

Kitchens Of Distinction

Love is our large concern
But that's become difficult to share
She cannot open her eyes
They've been glued by greed
I'm not in the habit of hurting a person
Never relished violence
Margaret, it's time for your injection
Should I fetch a priest and gun?
Her trip is now beginning
She dies unloved
She'll never be forgotten
She made sure of that
Selling back to people
What they'd already got
I wish I missed you more
Not never a wound to heal
I wish I'd hurt you more
Pain is your just reward
I wish I missed you more
Not never a wound to heal
I wish I'd killed you more
Pain is your just reward
Time is now mine to kill
Her corpse is threatening to smell
I watch her blood congeal
Just skin and bones
She'll never be forgotten
I'll paint on her grave
Taking from her kind
Any love that they'd made
I wish I missed you more
Not never a wound to heal
I wish I'd hurt you more
Pain is your just reward
I wish I missed you more
Not never a wound to heal
I wish I'd killed you more
Pain is your just reward