

Marietta

The Lone Bellow

Marietta,
You lost me a long time ago,
in your midnight,
the flood and the fire of my soul

And I let you in again, I let you in again,
You sleep with the lights on,
I let you in again

Marietta,
the loneliness burns at your door,
in your midnight,
she seeps through the cracks in your floor

And I let you in again, I let you in again,
You sleep with the lights on,
what you call your family are gone
I let you in again
and patiently wait for your storm.

The worry of what couldn't be,
the love for the lust of your name,
of losing, of winning, of striving, of leaving
and stealing and breaking and shame.

And I am that man

The worry of what couldn't be,
the love for the lust of your name,
of losing, of winning, of striving, of leaving, of stealing
and breaking and shame,
of fighting and failing and lying and telling yourself
that you're clean of the blame.

I let you in again, I let you in again,
you sleep with the lights on,
what you call your family are gone

I let you in again
and patiently wait for your storm.