

Wife Beater

The Plot in You

this house was trashed, fists were red with the blood of his children
her water breaks, damned a new life into theirs
these months have blown away, your impulse shakes these walls to shame
their hands reach out to you and leave the same
she's lost respect for you, you died the day your son was born
there's nothing left for you, there's nothing left for you to do
you're just a nightmare, you're just a ghost,
you'll wish you never had this life before
Now your sons have turned away, the oldest takes your place
one day he'll have the strength to take you on
Father - "I don't know what you expect from me anymore,
I have made mistakes but that's not me anymore"
His fists get tighter, your days grow shorter
Son - "You raise your hand again, you just might lose it.
I am not playing around father.
You better pray before you touch her, I will tear you apart."
the nights it's darkest, the children hidden in their rooms
this is your chance, to make her scream again
he smells the plot in you, he knows you've waited too long
the time has come for you to get what you want