

The Gilded Cage

The Story

Even when I was a little girl -- even then
No one could tell me why, no one convinced me,
Through the cathedral,
The high windows spilling crimson light
Cross the deceived ones, no evidence of grace in their eyes
But when I saw the father, shaken, spent like spare change,
On his knees and under the gun
Then I wondered what would become of me
You might have told me that love is not enough
You might have lied and told me that it was,
The gilded cage and the holy three
Don't tell the truth as far as I can see
And in the end you choose someone, something, and
Others fade from view
And the world outside your lives exhausts you
Therein lies the ritual, you harbor no curiosity for the
High windows, the crimson light, or the deceived ones -
Dying randomly
But when I saw the father, shaken, spent like spare change,
On his knees and under the gun
Then I wondered what would become of me
You might have told me that love is not enough
You might have lied and told me that it was,
The gilded cage and the holy three
Don't tell the truth as far as I can see