

# Rope Ends

## Pain of Salvation

She is still young...Another day of emptiness  
This life is wearing her down  
The room around her is a mess  
Her children safe with her momShe is still young but feeling old  
Two children with different fathers  
She sits on the bathroom floor alone  
The shower chain broke  
Her neck hurtsThen another night of emptiness to wear her down  
Naked to the world she wraps her sadness in a gown  
Her children fast asleep she sears the dark with glassy eyes  
Choosing carefully among her husband's business ties"Over!" she cries through rope ends and silk ties  
Beautiful life escaping her young blue eyes  
But life holds her hand, refusing to let go  
Leaving her breathing on the floorThey're still asleep don't hear her cry  
And she's still obsessed with rope ends  
This time she picks a stronger tie  
With Winnie the Pooh and friendsShe is still young but feeling old  
A child dying to be a mother  
Now she hangs from the ceiling all alone  
All pressure is falling from herSeeing guilt has taught her guilt she's raised on disbelief  
Merely twenty beautiful but with a taste for grief  
She has learnt all that there is to know about hopelessness  
Seeing that no effort in this world can stand her test"Over!" she cries through rope ends and silk ties  
Beautiful life escaping her young blue eyes  
And Winnie is strong, would never let her fall  
Prevents her from breathing till she's not there at all  
But life holds her hands, refusing to let go  
Leaving her breathing on the floor[Johan Hallgren][Daniel Gildenlow]Seeing guilt has taught her guilt she's  
raised on disbelief  
Merely twenty beautiful but with a taste for grief  
She has learnt all that there is to know about helplessness  
Seeing that no caring in this world can ease her stressHelpless she lies in rope ends and undies  
Unseeing eyes fixating Eeyore's smile  
"Over!" she cries as she's going unblind  
Still in this life  
Still in this troubled mind  
The ceiling let go, the old house let her fall  
Dropping her breathing to the hard cold floor  
Hitting her head - a broken china soul

Red stains on porcelain and she's not there at all  
Breathing she cries for rope ends and silk ties  
Beautiful eyes Piglet stands shy behind  
Broken she lies undead and unblind  
Beautiful life  
Beautiful crying young eyes  
Blackened and bruised, learning how to see  
Staring at her tooth - crimsoned ivory  
Hours they pass this broken china soul  
Red stains on porcelain  
And she's not there at all...

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