

# Mistress

## Red House Painters

The light color in this room  
The sunshine seeping in  
Doesn't mix with the black of  
Death's angel looming in I've had enough of the  
Brutal beatings and name callings  
To lose me to this bed  
Bruised internally, eternally Your praise little gifts you spent your money  
And stuffed me with  
Didn't amount to anything  
The attention I need is much more serious A kind of weight you couldn't lift  
Even if your cheap career depended on it  
I need someone much more mysterious  
To be my, to be my miss  
To be my mistress

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