

# Help Me Breathe

[Sophie B. Hawkins](#)

A silent woman parts her lips to speak before she ought  
She makes a cross of her emotions and a panic of her thoughts  
Out of her mouth she comes in rages like Vesuvius in heat  
She runs ahead of her intentions though she's programmed for defeat  
By the hunger and the hatred the prostitution of her nature  
She has given and forgiven for to give her Kunt forgave her  
To the longing for a loving hand or fist or cock or spike  
But you know you cannot reach her 'til she's taken back her life  
A lonely child of fourteen finds her future in a drum  
She plays for present day omissions and for whom she must become  
Out of her passion breaks the stillness of a solitary mind  
A strict devotion to the rhythm with a substitute for time  
She looks out of her window at the changes in the sky  
She never wants to leave her sanctuary bedroom books and lies  
But she's grown up on the outside with an instinct for the pain  
That drives the men inside her wild and women wanting her insane  
Both lovers bring their cameras to the beach on New Year's Eve  
They are expecting nothing other than to see what they believe

Four feet walking toward the lighthouse in the freezing winter rain  
She flashes stately in the distance humming her somnolent refrain  
You are here now you are here now there is nothing left to fear now  
With each step the sunk is sinking though the truth is less unclear now  
They have won a thousand battles they have wrung their own demise  
Now they are standing still and weeping for a love they can't despise  
A silent woman and a lonely child have nowhere else to go  
But to the lighthouse in December before the New Year takes its toll  
They have found inside each other what they had lost within themselves  
Now they are bonded to forever in their search for something else  
Generations like the water shape the face of every stone  
A pedigree's an invitation to discover you're alone  
Out in the kitchen or the courtyard or the bedroom or the bank  
It only takes a fateful moment to become the one you thank  
And light shall lift them higher and higher  
And dreams shall carry them on and loss shall lead them  
To life's final hour where death shall overcome

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