

She Who Mars The Skin Of Gods

Protest The Hero

"Kezia, my darling, please never forget this world's got the substance of a frozen summer silhouette,"

Said my mother through lips that were cracked with love and toil

Before she added, "the warmest of blankets is six feet of soil"

She had a perfume called Pride that smelled a lot more like Shame

When she walked into the room I was sleeping, heard her curse my father's name;

It was our situation, our position, our gender to blame

It was the lonely grey of my father's eyes staring back in the mirror's frame

"Mother, I'm shaking while I write because tonight I'll stay awake and breathe away my fright

There's a letter waiting for me that I have yet to read because I know it won't be you

And you're the only one I need, I'm tired and I'm cold and I want to go to bed

But there's non one here to tuck me in, so the shotgun will instead"

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written by ARIF MIRABDOLBAGHI, MOE CARLSON, LUKE HOSKIN, TIM MILLAR, RODY WALKER

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