

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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