

Tortured Tears

Electro Hippies

A tortured scream at midnight, the moon sheds another tear,
a tear thats filled with sorrow, for the child that cries in fear,
fear of both its parents, whos lives are so frustrated
the child was not a child of love, through lust it was created. They whip it with a leather strap, burn it on the red
hot grill,
cos mother didnt want this child, she wished she was on the pill,
and father cant go out at night for drinks with all the boys,
cos booze money goes on nappies, baby food and toys. With baby crying, day and night, tears on tormented
breath,
something must be sorted out, before it dies a violent death.
The parents have a another row, which ends up in a fight,
and baby screams in terror as it senses hatred in the night,
a hatred so intense it cuts through the atmosphere,
an atmosphere so razor sharp, that breaking point is near.

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