

Your Father's Eyes

Marching Church

I heard you talking in your sleep
I heard you crying out
You were telling tales I did not know
Were living in your mind I wish I had been sleeping then
Because of what I heard
Such unspeakable cruelty
That took place when you, on your knees
Had to ingest something incomprehensible Knowing now, I must admit
That when I look at you
Sitting in the windowsill
You traits they appear changed I heard you talking in your sleep
I heard you crying out
Even though you have your father's eyes
It did not stop him, that foul night
Of having his way, right there on the kitchen floor

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