

The Story

Julia Marcell

I remember there's a story
Of a woman sentenced to death
She called up her kids and husband
 Said I won't come home today
And I won't come home tomorrow
 No I won't come on Saturday
And I won't get there on Christmas
No I won't come on Mother's day. So they burned all her belongings
 To kill loneliness when night falls
 And the room they used to sleep in
 Stood there blushing from the naked walls
 And with every dress thrown into fire
 He would want her more than he ever did
 And with every ruby lipstick
He felt trapped in his own guilt. So he wrote an awkward letter
 From the bottom of his fragile heart;
 See, I never thought I loved you
 But the silence tore me apart
 With your death in all it's glory
 There's no time for me to live
 I remember there's a story
 Of a man sentenced to grieve..

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