Who Maimed You

Anna Aaron

Concerning you I am broken. I try not to be seen.
Sometimes I wish I could open your head in bed when you dream.
And even if its all my love it could never be enough.
Of that Im very well aware. I hate the monster who maimed you.
I hate his ugly guts. I built an army to kill him but they dont have enough strut.
And even if it were true love it could never be enough.
And I know what youre thinking honey. Ive red books about the devil too.
And I know that its tempting honey to think its he who directs our shoes.
For some things theres no comfort honey. A these days Ive had a lot to lose.

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