Mistress

Red House Painters

The light color in this room
The sunshine seeping in
Doesn't mix with the black of
Death's angel looming inI've had enough of the
Brutal beatings and name callings
To lose me to this bed
Bruised internally, eternallyYour praise little gifts you spent your money
And stuffed me with
Didn't amount to anything
The attention I need is much more seriousA kind of weight you couldn't lift
Even if your cheap career depended on it
I need someone much more mysterious
To be my, to be my miss
To be my mistressTo be my, to be my miss
To be my mistress
To be my, to be my miss
To be my mistress
To be my, to be my miss
To be my mistress

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