

# The Portrait

## Whispering Gallery

My mother was obsessed by evil jealousy  
She didn't want nobody to even look at Molly  
She kept me locked up in this attic till I died  
Only 4 years old, my story left untold Oh, Molly  
Oh, Molly Mother was struck by this infallible idea  
If she could paint my portrait I would remain immortal  
And I could hang downstairs above the fireplace  
A little girl in lace, not a single trace of crime  
Trace of crime Each day and night she worked and autumn turned to spring  
For every stroke she painted a little life was ended  
At last I felt so weak I could not even speak  
But in that fatal portrait my spirit came to life again Oh, Molly That night I made the portrait speak in evil tongue  
You're gonna go beyond too, may pain and death bestow you  
She grabbed a book and spoke aloud an ancient rhyme  
While she burned the portrait in the candle of fate Oh, Molly I've gotta see ma

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