Exploitation

The Silent Comedy

Contessa, little darlin', they're gonna love your limbs
So feeble, so flawless, you will be broken
Theyâ€™ll dress you in violet, theyâ€™ll touch your tender hair
Those demons, the silence, youâ€™ll learn to block them

So pick a spot on the wall, stare at it with all the strength you've got
And if the lighting's right, seein' shapes so you won't think at all
In the dark, wide awake when all those men have gone
You cry for mother's God, swear at him and say Iâ€™ve had enough

The pressure, it's risin' to let the shadows in
The face of your father, is in the darkness
Youâ€™ll fake it, youâ€™ll fight it, youâ€™ll scrape and scrub your skin
The stain and the fire, your fate's decided

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Lyrics submitted by Jay Rigal.

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