Bottle Dreams

Eyedea

Everyone knew she was a special young girl
From her neighbors to her teachers
Some labeled her a prodigy, others called her a genius
It was amazing the way she could play the violin
It made it hard for people to believe that she only ten
But behind every brilliant mind there lies a monster
This one just so happened to be her father
See daddy was sick, he'd get a rush by playing touchy touch
And telling her to keep it hush
It was his secret way of loving that he needed someone he could trust
Fucked her head up, saying if Momma was alive she'd be so proud of us
So she'd hide the desire to die
But if you paid close attention you could see the sorrow in her eyes
Walking around in the only real hell
No one would ever think she'd have such a story to tell
Afraid to go home, afraid to talk, afraid of crying
She was too young to even know why[Chorus]
And everyday she'd go to the river with a message in a bottle saying
'Please, God help me I don't wanna live to see tomorrow'
Each day she'd scrounge for a tiny shred of hope
Just to wish the bottle would stay afloat
But every single solitary day, the bottle seems to sink
I don't know why but the bottle always sinks
She never sees it happen, but the bottle always sinks
Now only the bottom of the river knows what she really thinksShe made that violin sing with so much pain
You could almost hear her scream through the strange vibrations
What was once sweet and innocent
Is now riding with the psychotic father
Chose to probe the flowers of the pure and sacred
Her instrument was her only tongue
To express the infinite abuse in it's depths
At night the footsteps crept to her door and she'd begin to shake and weep
And with tears rolling down her cheeks she's pretend she was asleep
When the nightmare was over, and the sun dawned its light
She'd retreat to the same place she always did
Rip a page from her diary, and write with all her might
Then send it off into the current, determined to find a way to live[Chorus]Being a victim of her daddy's hands for so long
She lost the will to move on

Sick of picking up her violin to hide from what's wrong
Exhausted, but staying strong
She tried to play the bright side, but couldn't bring herself to make
nothing but sad songs
Sick of that sick feeling that stays in her stomach
Sick of waiting for a rescue by someone who found one of her bottles
Sick of being daddy's little secret
She got up at the crack of day and smashed her violin into pieces
Then proceeded to walk towards the river with a plan
Only this time the diary and bottle was in her hand
Just walk with herself, away from the hell
Not knowing at the river bottom lied all the cries for help
It was weeks before they found her dead body
Some fisherman reeled it from the water
like something from a detective novel
Diagnosis: suicide, stemmed from desperation
Was near where she drowned they found about 500 messages in sunken bottles

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