

# Bottle Dreams

## Eyedeas

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 thinks  
She 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 its 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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