Yvette

Kult

I can barely make out a little light from the house on the cul-de-sac
Bedroom upstairs, it's a family affair.I've watched you in class, your eyes are cut glass and you stay covered upstairs
Head to your toe, so nobody will know it was youI might not be a man yet,
But that bastard will never be,
So I'm cleaning my Weatherby
My sight and my scope
And I hope against hope.
I hope against hope.Your mother seems nice, I don't understand why she won't say anything.
As if she can't see who he turned out to be.I might not be a man yet,
But your father will never be,
So I load up my Weatherby.
I let out my breath
And I couple with death.
I couple with death.Saw your father last night in the window the light made a silhouette.
Saw him hold you that way, he won't hold you that way anymore, Yvette.

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