

# Only Child

## Young Fathers

A raven holding to narrow wrist\*  
Pull it tight  
Clothes are torn and the body twists  
A single lightThe worse the struggle the more you fail  
Strands fall down  
The more you like it the more it hurts  
Why stop now?An only child  
A winning smile  
A killing trialA broken rib and a bloody lip  
All in hell\*  
The fires gone and your pride is stripped  
A private hell\*\*\*You never know why it is\*\* this way  
Leave here now  
Live through this on another day\*  
Tonight sleep soundAn only child  
A winning smile  
A killing trial

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