

Boysetsfire, White Wedding Dress

Every day she fears her life will end
Every time the call rings they are late
They never come quite in time to see his fist
Leave its mark on the side of her disgrace
They'll never charge him anyway and you know it
Say we can't get involved today
So where's the choice and who protects her now
Bruised and battered the blood has stained her gown
Useless screams for help can't save her now
Choices rendered the house is burning down
No one will ever understand cause they don't have to feel his crushing hands
And the ears that ignored her screams before are now wondering what she did it for
But with a bottle of kerosene she found her freedom
And then burned the bastard to the ground and ran
The fire will now wash away the blood on her white wedding dress