

Cursive, Bloody Murderer

There's a ghost in my bed
she cries in her sleep
she says I won't let her leave
I lie perfectly still
as she stifles her tears
I don't want to disturb her

'Let go, let go - please let me be
Look at the ghost you've made of me'

Dusk dropped her starry gown
I whispered out
"Sweetie, are you here with me?"
the mirror crashed on the dresser
and she began to scream
"Bloody murderer! Let me rest in peace!"
"When I was yours, you fled the scene,
now you can't wash your hands of me."

Bloody murder
You can't hear the screams