

# 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