

Neva Dinova, Can't Wait To See You

When i go will my mother know?
Will my brother know I tried?
Will the government send them my old pens
And the letter I tried to write?

Will my dad as he cries all night
Will he still believe we're right?
As I'm drinking blood from a silver cup
With these men who chose to die.

When I go will my mother cry?
Will my brother want to die?
As i'm drinking up an amber stout
With this god I've heard so much about.

When I go will you be ashamed?
Will you still recall my name with pain?
Can't wait to see you hang,
See you hang.