

Repo! The Genetic Opera, Chase the Morning

Mag:

Shilo?

Is your name Shilo?

Can I talk to you?

Can you come down please?

Shilo:

Why?

Mag:

So we can speak.

I saw you at the show.

I thought I'd seen a ghost.

Your resemblance is striking.

You have your mother's eyes, her hair

I was told you died with her

All these years have come and gone

How do I put this?

I'm your... Godmom.

Shilo:

State your business.

Mag:

Business?

Shilo:

What do you want?

Mag:

I want, I want to finally meet you

Something real to cling to, leave you

With the hope that you will go to

All you're meant to, all I failed to

In you is a world of promise

We have both been kept in bondage

But you could learn from all my failures.

Shilo:

I'm not suppose to talk to strangers...

Mag:

Or let them through the gate?

Shilo:

That either. A big risk.

Mag:

A big fence.

Shilo:

A big mistake.

Mag:

A new friend.

Marni:

Chase the morning

Yeild for nothing

Chase the morning

Yeild for nothing

Shilo:

Oh my god, mom!

How'd you do that?

Mag:

Do what?

Shilo:

That. That eye thing.

Mag:

These eyes can do more than see.

Shilo:

I know. I mean, I've seen you sing.

Mag:

Where?

Shilo:

From my window. I can see the world from their.

Name the stars and constellations.

Count the cars and watch the seasons.
Mag:
I wish we could have watched together.
Shilo:
I can't have guests.
Mag: Never?
Shilo: Ever.
If Dad found out that I'd been let out
Or that you'd been let it
Mag:
I should go, then, before I do
Promise me you won't
Shilo:
Better that you don't.
Mag:
Don't forget a sheltered rose
Needs a little room to bloom
Outside her bedroom
(Shilo: It's best if I resume my life
Inside my bedroom.)
Marni:
Chase the morning
Yeild for nothing
Chase the morning
Yeild for nothing
Mag:
Let your life be a dream
Integrity, honesty
It's too late for me
Don't look back
Till you're free to chase the morning
Marni:
Yeild for nothing
Chase the morning
Yeild for nothing
Yeild for nothing