

Shael Riley, The Villains

Maryanne, soul survivor of
a mass homicide.
She gets up
off of the ground.
She inhales deeply and sighs.

She gets all up,
all up in arms.
She gets all over herself.
She get tore up,
tore up hard,
when she gets back from the fields.

And on her own volition,
she's taking all the blame.
She wants to be the villain
in her own play.

We got designed as angels.
We got maligned instead.
We got to be the villains,
in our own heads.

Boyfriend Dan,
back back in the states.
He gets all the bad news.
He's all alone, got
no one to fuck with,
so he pretends he could choose.

And if I'd only been there.
If it'd been me instead.
I wouldn't be the villain,
in my own head.

We got designed as paragons.
We're undermined instead
and with our virtues real gone,
we can hang our heads.

God said "let there be headlights."
&"let there be dead life."
All of the way I'm feel'n it.
God don't let me be unkind,
when everyone I meet
is fighting an uphill battle.

We got designed as angels.
We got maligned instead.
We got to be the villans
in our own heads.
We got designed as paragons
We're undermined instead.
And with our virtues real gone
we can hang our heads.

Maryanne, no survivor of
the last homicide.
She gets up
out of her room.
She exhales deeply and sighs.