

# Silence, Baby

Violets are blue  
and blood is red  
I always knew  
you'd end up dead  
You drowned in tears  
accidentally  
Cut your wrists  
on apathy  
You jumped  
and landed on your knees  
Baby

You practiced  
hanging  
by a thread  
Baby  
My almost living  
Nearly dead  
Baby  
From Russia  
with a nice roulette  
Baby  
A matching bullet  
for your head  
Baby

A set of pills  
for every meal  
Ten for every  
itch you feel  
You found reality  
could be bent  
You checked out  
and left for rent  
a vacant seat  
behind the wheel  
Baby