

# The Black Maria, The Concubine

So take a minute and ask yourself why  
every second you're after just seems to pass.  
Take a minute and ask why you ran away from it.  
And every moment, thereafter, is a relapse.  
From the memory before to the one that just passed.  
Take a minute and ask yourself why.  
It's easier to appease me when you are down on your knees,  
and you're begging for me.  
To take it easy on you, it's easier to  
leave you when you're down...

These are just wasted intentions.  
They're mixed up and they're all pretentious.  
Yesterday seemed so long ago,  
and the best of me is almost too hard to find...  
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Why do you face this alone?

So now you've watched the playback in your mind.  
Would you agree that you let it all slip past?  
I just had to ask why it got away from you.  
Does every regret burn from the inside?  
From the memory before to the one that just passed,  
watch it again and ask yourself why?  
It's easier to appease me when you are down on your knees and alone.

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