

A Girl A Gun A Ghost, Spider Inside Hero

Perhaps she'll die for crimes adamantly denied.
Shape-shifting words of serpents' tongues
Escaping from the mouths of young.
Flipping through the matchbook
My fingers feel the flames.
The hangman's noose can taste our lies?
Now it wants our best.
They bred poor Annabelle in a trophy room of blackened skulls.
They held a wonderful feast where everyone dined alone.
Still wet from birth in a sinking cage,
Seventy-one floating souls
One hundred forty-two defiant stares; so brave.
Here comes the rectory licking it's chops!
Hungry for a Lamb to prey upon,
They're taking this too far.
"She will learn, or she will burn."
Will she learn?
Watch now as they skin her words alive!
The church bells ring, the choir sings, for confessions of a guiltless crime!
This textbook fire; young lies for hire;
As Annabelle recites her rosaries.
Hear her cries adamantly defied!
The children swear, their teeth are bared,
She knows this is her cross to bear.
Snow comes down tonight reflecting Anna's white?
Their vacant lord knocking down her door
Knows she has nowhere to hide.
They bred poor Annabelle in a trophy room of blackened skulls.
They held a wonderful feast where everyone dined alone.
Still wet from birth in a sinking cage,
Seventy-one floating souls
One hundred forty-two defiant stares; so brave.
She stumbles forward; they close the village gates behind her back?
Her gown's a dirty white, "She will be purified tonight!"
We watched the bodies burn one by one.
The children carried stolen lanterns filled with rotting diamonds.
Seventy-one bodies lit the valley below,
The embers dancing pirouettes above Witch Mountain's snow.
She will burn.
(She burns, she bleeds. She wants. She screams.)
She's burning bright?