

# A Static Lullaby, The Turn

The scene is a slaughter. Another young female cadaver.  
The boys tapped up the scene. This couldn't be imagined in your darkest dreams.  
Sgt., this job's not cut out for me. My daughter just turned eighteen.  
I must keep her from this beast. Must keep her from. Slow down boy.  
Your monster is still on the streets. And yet we don't have shit but these bloody limbs.  
This curse is all of me. They might think that daddy had his way with me.  
Or mother never said I love you. My father is a scholar. And my mothers a saint.  
The truth is. Forever came crashing when I said I do. Your girl is safe with me.  
Bound and bleeding the way they all should be. And all I've heard is daddy save me please.  
Confess to the father. This blood on your hands will burn your soul. You've lost control.  
The moment you cut her. You look to the sky with eyes half closed.  
I'm letting go. I'll kill you, you bastard! Don't touch a hair on my daughter.  
I'll find out where you sleep. You think your sick. I'll show you a fucking beast.  
The church is where we meet. Twenty flat or she'll die you see.  
Your only chance to stop this bleeding disease. Mom should've aborted me.  
And so my dear your end is finally near. It's a shame you have her blonde hair.  
Confess to the father. This blood on your hands will burn your soul. You've lost control.  
The moment you cut her. You look the the sky with eyes half closed. you let him go.  
You've poisoned my brother. The thoughts that we think have made us whole.  
Now I'm letting go. Requiem of the fallen dove and the murderous twin. Funeral hymn.  
Sings detective the killers within.