

# Bury Your Dead, A Glass Slipper

Take it back  
I won't give  
One more inch

But I'm afraid to hurt you  
Hurt you what could I do  
Like I could do to you what he does  
Or half of what you have done to us

Remember when I asked you  
If you were proud  
She's proud she has enough strength  
To bruise herself  
You gave her your disease  
And he gave you hell  
She has the strength to hurt  
But not save herself

I want to write  
Days without eating  
Or even breathing  
Thanks for the asthma  
It..s all you gave me  
And all you gave her  
By always needing  
Was this dependency on human beings

Remember when I said  
We'd forgiven you  
I'd never take that back  
We believe in you  
I know you have the strength  
I know she does too  
But I can't trust myself  
Or what I might do

She has our strength  
Strength to hit so hard  
She leaves both her hands bruised  
Just like he leaves her face  
But I can't trust myself  
Or what I might do

What I might do

Take it back  
Take your life back  
Take her strength back  
Take my faith back  
Take this hate back