

Fight, Gretna Greene

[Halford/Tilse/Chaussee]

A purple bruise,
A fractured limb,
All covered up with lies.

A swollen face,
A bloody tongue,
This violence denied.

Empty now and meaningless,
Ridiculed in shame,
Until death do us apart,
Who should take the blame?

To live a lie
Forgive or die.

A stricken look,
A lowered head,
Reflections, turning back.

A trembling hand,
A quickened step,
The dreaded, next attack.

Turning from the holy ghost,
Light and spirit fade.
Waiting for deliverance,
Every thing betrayed.

To live a lie
Forgive or die.

A vacant stare,
A beat-up faith,
The book of truth reviled.

A prayer to God,
A plea for help,
Held ransom with the child.

Wide awake and holding tears,
Fear that never sleeps,
Curled up in the bed at night,
The virgin gently weeps.

To live a lie
Forgive or die