

Folly, Contrite

You find this easy to kill her mind when everything you took was irreplaceably mine.
You'd still expect her to know what to say?
When all the time she spent scared of you.
You weren't even there, just in her dreams impending doom,
and every day she cries because she can still f**king see your eyes.
What right gives you the chance to erase a beautiful face?
What right gives you?
In her inner most thoughts you come from behind,
she suffered your rape, she suffered your kind.
You'd still expect her to know what to say?
You call her up late at night when she's forgotten all about you and everything's right.
Now she comes to me, like she did before.
Because of you.
Scared because of you.
You're not sorry. You're not right.
Her vanity you've taken.
She can't hold it inside.
And she can still f**king see your eyes.