

Forever Slave, Dickhead!

That story cross the threshold.
The scenes go back to my mind.
He inspires respect.
In that town.
He's a priest and she's his wife.
Me, a poor girl who lives in their house.
I clean their home and warm his bed up.
"Dickhead!
Leave me alone.
Don't get my skin dirty.
"Dickhead!
Let me go
I won't talk to anyone.
I feel hate when he touches me
Only I'm sixteen...
He's stealing my life.
He sits down near me,
While his wife is watching TV.
When her glance is far away,
He plays with his hand under my skirt.
It's my truth.
It's my chance.
The end of a nightmare.
Take a car now.
Park it near his home.
Two shoots and fire in their house.