

Hannah Fury, Someone Speaks Softly

Bury the switchblade a foot deep in snow
Silence is golden
She loved him, you know
Fold up his good shirts and dust off his robe
The violence is over, they told her so
Is it over? Is it over, I said, is it over? Is it?
Her mind tears asunder the heartstrings below
Years go by, still she cannot break the code
The trauma has severed the flesh from the bone
Guilt weighs so heavily on her soul
Is it over? Is it over, I said, is it over? Is it?
Veins stretched tight over a heart blue and cold
Silence is made of gold
Hurt is to have and to hold
This is what she has been told
Is it over? Is it over, I said, is it over? Is it?
Someone speaks softly through the horror and pain:
"Love has gone, but it could come again."
Spring arrives quietly, warming her skin
Her heart, now red, is beating again
Oh, it's over