

Jill Tracy, The Proof

Dear old Mattie Burton
She was always so uncertain
The moment that would end her life
Came with her husband's hunting knife

The precocious Phineas Ray
Never felt the need to pray
Knelt with a bullet to his head
Had a note pinned to the bed
That read...

I want to believe in something
I'm still searching for the truth
I want to believe in something
I've finally found the proof

Agoraphobic Walter Strauss
Never ever left the house
Looking for salvation there
He threw himself down the cellar stair

Little Anna would not eat
A skeleton from head to feet
Afflicted with society's ills
Sometimes it is only the mirror that kills
It hangs there still...

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They thought Reginald was fine
Despite the voices inside his mind
He silenced them with the roar that came
As he locked eyes with the northbound train

Far beneath the angry sea
Edward saw tranquility
Sweetly smothered by the waves
He submerged to his watery grave
Where he remains...

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