

King Diamond, Mother's Getting Weaker

Tonight would be the last night that
we had our tea
That bloody tea, which sent us into
ecstasy
Yesterday Mother complained, feeling
dizzy, all in pain

Mother's getting weaker, looking
paler day by day

As morning came, she could not make
it out of bed
And Grandma's spell was getting
straight into her head
Not a single word, she didn't seem to
be alive

Getting weaker, looking paler day by
day

Then Missy came in and she led me by
the hand
I didn't want to go, Oh but I should
have known
Mother was barely conscious, why
should I care
Just looking forward to the next
ordeal

I think I heard My sister begging me
to stay
She gave me the phone, so I could call
someone for help
I simply let go of her hand, then I cut
the wire

Missy was crying as I left them both
behind
And Mother's getting weaker, Missy
shouted at My back
"I hate You"