

Murder By Death, Shiola

I steal a look between the blinds, I unwind
she sleeps in comfort in my arms
she is plain, but she is mine

Our child is silent but awake
I run my hand through his hair
I teach him manners and how to
stick up for himself when things get bad
I tell him "son, never throw the first punch
and if you must fight, make it clean";

Shiola, will all be forgiven?
Shiola, am I strong enough to start again alone?
The taste of home is filling up my mouth
is it wrong to love a family of ghosts?
Her door is open, the windows are all up
she says "come inside";

I live alone, more or less
I summon wife, child, and happiness
build them up from the dirt and clay
I have to believe that all will be forgiven

My heart is overflowing
the love and anger coiled into one
they take and take, but never get their fill
I try and try, but fail against my will
I wait and wait for that hand to sweep me up
and take me down the road home.