

Protest The Hero, She Who Mars The Skin Of Gods

"Kezia, my darling, please never forget this world's got the substance of a frozen summer silk
Said my mother through lips that were cracked with love and toil
before she added, "the warmest of blankets is six feet of soil"
She had a perfume called Pride that smelled a lot more like Shame
When she walked into the room I was sleeping, heard her curse my father's name;
It was our situation, our position, our gender to blame
It was the lonely grey of my father's eyes staring back in the mirror's frame

"Mother, I'm shaking while I write, tonight I'll stay awake and try to breathe away my fright
There's a letter waiting for me that I have yet to read cause I know it's not from you
And you're the only one I need, I'm tired and I'm cold and I want to go to bed
But there's no one here to tuck me in, so the shotgun will instead"