

Raised Fist, And Then They Run

There is a story that I want to tell
A little story from the inside of hell
There wasn't anything that she could do
She was trapped to the shit like glue
Infuriated by the problems at his work
The fucking jerk went berserk and let his anger
Run the way up her back, a disgusting attack
And then everything went black

Shut your mouth and feel the pain
You're a prisoner at your own domain
Where no one can hear you complain
You're locked away in chains and emotions
Doesn't help you
Shut your mouth and feel the pain
You're a prisoner at your own domain
Where no one can hear you complain
You're locked away in chains and emotions
Doesn't help you now

When he promises it won't be the same
It takes a couple of days then you feel
Ashamed again, but the worst part of the
Game is to be afraid all the time, in good or bad
And I feel so sad when he treats you like a punching bag
And your so called friends pretend like they can't see it
They defend the bastard until the end
And when it hurts me I can only imagine how it hurts you

And you can't feel free, like me, and you can't run
And people act like they don't see this and then
They run away from what they can't handle
But no one thinks about how you handle this