

Sam Phillips, Remorse

Pulling the trigger
a shot would fire then he'd wake
To red lips above him smeared
with scorn and stale restraint
She covered him with pity
like a snake about to strike
And then pronounced him hopeless
When he wouldn't do as she would like

He's so sorry he can't feel remorse
He tries to keep the helpless ship on course
The blameless sky pales as a storm comes
Taking it by force
He's so sorry

Flashes of justice
after all she'd done for him
For the first time she was quiet
As he touched her moon pale skin
They found him hours later
He was talking to the gun
Saying Father please forgive her
She has killed her only son