

# Walls Of Jericho, Welcome Home

A mother of three  
A woman buried somewhere underneath  
Sings a sad lullaby forever burned inside their minds

Her nights are diseased another one full of whiskey  
And men  
To uphold her complacency

As she's down on her praying hands and crying out

With her key in hands she opens where her real night  
Begins  
Who could have known that he had pushed the pain this  
Far  
With a gun and venom in his veins he screamed, "try  
Your best"  
Save her kids, give her life; rip open his wrongs that  
Will never be set right

As she's down on her praying hands and knees crying  
Out  
Her daughter pleads, "daddy don't";

With an itchy trigger  
He focused on her instead, straight to her head  
Shooting straight to her heart

How will this horror end  
Face down she holds her head  
If she had to relive this could she do it again