

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