

## Soviettes, The

### "Latchkey"

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I guess you thought it would be fun to make your pain  
into a game for someone. I guess you didn't realize  
how hurt and lies would color all our lives.  
What you did to, so residual,  
my yesterday. What will I do to my tomorrow?  
Will I take on, for forsaken,  
my father's ways and I could draw my own blood's  
blood?  
I sometimes lie awake at dawn,  
though wrong, love him now he's dead and gone.  
The part that loves him aches inside.  
In deep it lies next to the the scars I hide.  
I forgave you when i gave you my wild eyed childhood.  
How ddo I fill my empty doors and frames?  
How do i get, born of his spit,  
wise and mild? When did all the colors run grey?  
My life is gray, when will I see day?

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