

Hate In The Box "Little Matchgirl"

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Light a match, but the cold never stops hurting,
She'll never stop yearning for something better.
She'll never be sorry, they sure didn't ever
Give a damn for poor little matchgirl.
Mr. Scatch is waiting, he pays her well.
She sells them her secrets and won't ever tell.
Better than the cold, better than the cold.
Better vengeance than pity and being alone.
How's a girl s'posed to live?

There's no business in matches.
How's a girl s'posed to eat when bread isn't free?
Though they look their noses down, they're not better.
Though they look their noses down, they're not better.
They want her to be, their object of pity.
They want her to die, so they can feel "sorry".
They think that their "empathy" makes them better.
They only start caring once it doesn't matter.

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