

## **Bury Your Dead**

### **"Mother Night"**

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When you call that orphanage home  
You've settled for one step above alone  
Inside you, I think it's well known  
There's a fight strong enough to draw and quarter your  
soul

So let go

The irony of your foster home isn't lost on me and I'm  
not alone  
When you're out of the state  
When he's bruising your face  
Who's there to comfort you when you've lost your way?

The poison apple doesn't fall far from the fucking tree  
Assume the barrel is rotten and so you pick up and  
leave  
How could you dig up your roots so fucking easily?

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