

Jordan Reyne

"Sister Falling"

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My Mary bought a gun with
Her fathers violence
She's sick of finding words
From other peoples silence
The pain won't ease in the air now
Sick of the sin that sleeps in her bed now.
So what's it going to be girl?
You could spend your life pretending
That things are going to heal now
With at least some sort of ending.
The blood won't wash out in water
Thicker than rope you hang from the rafters
Now I'm alone.
Here stands resounding silence
After storms of anger
The tide runs, red and greedy
Peace is it's passenger.
Sister your black God is calling,
Bleed the family tree in mourning
Splash the tear that
Breaks on falling.
Now I'm alone
My sister Mary.
Why couldn't you talk to me.

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