

Paraquat "Message On A Cold Hand"

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I remember painting pictures made of sand of dust.
I put my faith in god because I was told to trust him.
Soon there was no one left to teach me another lesson
And they weren't there long enough to tell me how to
ask questions.

If there is really something else why does nothing ever
change?
And even though I'm not an expert I think it's quite
irritating
How this world is moving but nothing here is changing.

You were one of those who never had to deal with me.
And so you never did instead you raised a family.
Met a guy and married him, born and raised two kids,
Never left this hellhole, but spent your days wondering.

She said my body's not his temple before she hung
herself.
No man of god will ever touch, own or exorcise me.
I'd rather marry the devil and live with him alone
Than to get along with this man and our bastard son.

It didn't hurt that much since I wasn't old enough
To understand she never loved me and she'd never
come back.
So I stole money from old ladies and had a job or three.
Never left this hellhole but spent my days wondering.

Playing by her feet while dad taught people manners,
Trying to forget her but I will still remember.

There's a message on a cold hand.
It says there might be love in the heart of every man
But there's also the chance that he's just looking for
revenge
And who are you to stop him? who are you to judge?
Because when his day has come and he goes to where
he came from,
Someone will remember and send him to his place.

