

Ross Golan And Molehead "Prologue"

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Tucked in the woods
Near North Chicago
Early November
Commences our saga
Two loved in silence
For fear of corruption
Then fate chimed in
With an evil grin and a mighty interruption

She awoke in a panic
The TV in static
She heard a voice
In the attic

Crouched behind her door
With a Swiss Army knife
She cried in silence
Fearing for her life

Protecting herself
She stabbed the intruder
The lights turned on
Her knife impaled her suitor

She'd committed a murder
While he laid there bleeding
She stared, clearly scared
Checked her boyfriend's heart for beating

It's not right
The lights get dim
And all she thinks of is him

She cried through the morning
As she read the paper
Her father told police
The boy broke in to rape her

She ran to the bathroom
Enraged and pissed
Grabbed a razor
And tic-tac-toed her wrist

She'd committed a murder
And while she laid there bleeding
She stared, clearly scared
Checked her final pulse for beating

It's not right
The lights get dim
And all she thinks of is him

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