

Defeater

"White Oak Doors"

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Lost in your own head
But then a knock at the door
Put down that drink
Your steps creaking the floor
Go and get the gun
Distract yourself from death
Back against the door
Your hands are starting to sweat
Slowly cock the gun
Slowly move to the side
Slowly turn the handle
Slowly open it wide
Catch a glimpse of his face
Your heart sinks in your chest
Your hands start to shake
Because you know it's him
Just the coward and you
Standing silent, dead air
So you pull him inside
Into your father's chair
"Your mother is dead
All thanks to you
Her addiction got worse
After you left, you damned fool
What you did to our father
I promised you'd pay up
I'm going to take your life
It don't feel like enough"
Cold steel to his head
Walk him to his death

Walk him down past the white oak doors
Walk him out past the boardwalk, your old shipyard
Pistol in his side, make him pay
On the outskirts of town, pass the quarry now
Walk him down to those cold steel tracks
You stumble drunk with the gun in his back

"Now get down on your knees
On the tracks where you shamed me
But this time, the dodge ain't going to end so pretty

Either a bullet or that train
Steaming just ahead
Is going to end your days
You coward little kid"

You sit and you stir
While he waits for his death
You'll never forgive him
And you never did forget
He'll never see the sun again
Make him pay off his debt
Stand on those tracks, cold steel under feet
Barrel to his temple "Your addict mother, you will soon
re-meet"
Whisper in his ear, feel his whole body shake
In an instant he's got your arm, got your gun, held by
his weight
You feel the cold steel above and below
Your stomach tie in knots as the train whistle blows
Feel the warm of the blood where the barrel digs in
From your cheek to your mouth, you taste the sweat
and the tin
You don't cry, you don't beg
You've been waiting for this
For the coward, or for death
Just to see your wife again

That train is so close, so loud and so clear
Your hands stop shaking and it's all that you hear
Just like father
"You took him
If this is how it's going to be
I'd rather die, at the hands of, my own, family"

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