

## **Illuminata**

### **"The Hand On The Doorledge"**

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Little Girl  
Lying on the cold stone floor  
Her body distracted with pain  
Bruises on fragile arms  
The molestor finally went away

Everyone  
Said: 'Take care'  
No, she's not responsible for that  
She fought it tooth and nail  
But this disgusting bastard carried on

The child in her finally kicked the bucket  
To lose sight of it, is all she's begging for  
What a pack of lies! Kill, just kill this monster...

Death  
Sneaking and quietly... comes closer  
Touches softly... her small and destroyed body  
'Everything's alright...'  
'Come Sweetie, come and take my hand...'

Little Girl  
Lying in the cold grave  
Mummy and Daddy standing in front  
Tears of grief and despair  
Running slowly down their frozen faces

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