

Bryanna Rain

"Blameless?"

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Souvenirs of pain
Non-physical
Colour me again, "Mr. Miserable"
Voodoo that you do
Weaponized
Not until you're through
Have I realized
I've only got myself to blame
In name.
There's plenty of blame to go round
You cast my name into the ground
Poison me, with food fit for a moron
Plain to see, the hate we share in common
Pouring again
Worms begin to turn.
I'm gasoline, and it's your time to burn.
My vengeance stokes the flame, it's a shame
There's plenty of shame to go round
I burnt your whorehouse to the ground
Hooray for me
You go back to Manchester, I will stay in New York
Now you're the queen of England
Calling me a serf.
I'm given cause to wonder
Can arson lead to murder?
You would be so pretty
Beneath a peck of dirt.
Accusations, burn through my brain
For homicide, was I really to blame?
Blame
Blame
Blame
Blame
Blame
Blame...

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