

Story

"The Gilded Cage"

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Even when I was a little girl, even then
No one could tell me why, no one convinced me
Through the cathedral, the high windows spilling
crimson light
'Cross the deceived ones, no evidence of grace in their
eyes

But when I saw the father shaken
Spent like spare change on his knees and under the
gun
Then I wondered what would become of me

You might have told me that love is not enough
You might have lied and told me that it was
The gilded cage and the holy three
Don't tell the truth as far as I can see

And in the end you choose someone, something, and
others fade from view
And the world outside your lives exhausts you
Therein lies the ritual, you harbor no curiosity for the
high windows
The crimson light or the deceived ones dying randomly

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Spent like spare change on his knees and under the
gun
Then I wondered what would become of me

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