Jezebel

10,000 Maniacs

To think of my task is chilling.
To know I was carefully building the mask I was wearing for two years, swearing I'd tear it off.
I've sat in the dark explaining to myself that I'm straining to o hard for feelings I ought to find easily.
Called myself Jezebel.
I don't believe.

Before I say that the vows we made weigh like a stone in my hea rt.
Family is family, don't let this tear us apart.

You lie there, an innocent baby.
I feel like the thief who is raiding your home, entering and br eaking and taking in every room.
I know your feelings are tender and that inside you the embers still glow.
But I'm a shadow, I'm only a bed of blackened coal.
Call myself Jezebel for wanting to leave.

I'm not saying I'm replacing love for some other word to descri be the sacred tie that bound me to you.
I'm just saying we've mistaken one for thousands of words.
And for that mistake, I've caused you such pain that I damn tha t word.
I've no more ways to hide that I'm a desolate and empty, hollow place inside.

I'm not saying I'm replacing love for some other word to descri be the sacred tie that bound me to you.
I'm not saying love's a plaything.
No, it's a powerful word, inspired by strong desire to bind mys elf to you.
How I wish that we never had tried to be man and his wife, to w eave our lives into a blindfold over both our eyes.

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