

Violence

Against Me!

Lock the door, to your room.
Pray they don't find us, pray they don't kick it down.
Oh you've been keeping secrets,
and these kind of lies have consequences.
So many possibilities for this to all end badly.
It's almost guaranteed.
Nothing but shame and paranoia.
A slightly desperate feeling to calm you to sleep.

What could we have done to deserve the violence like this?
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And we'll watch the light, coming under the door.
Listen for footsteps coming down the hall.
Are you gonna wake up screaming through a slit throat?
Young flesh searing on a twin mattress.
But it doesn't have to be, the way things end.
We don't have to give up just yet.

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