

Asunder

Exhorder

The seven-
year itch has come for the middle class father to some
Castle built from sand and stone is now crumbling into the dust

Evening time has come
Tuck the children in and steal the sun
Execute the plan, make no mistakes
Should we just refrain or start again?

Love is relative
But are relatives so loved that a father or mother won't take a
sister or brother
Cut bait and move on?
Carry on

Let no man put asunder
I'm gonna love you 'till you're six feet under

For seven years, bitch and moan
And coming through the door, following on
Take the time to bond and play before a tired mind gets to unwi
nd

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