

Mummy

Madison Cunningham

Wrapped like a mummy
Under the white bed
Your hair brown leaves
Out the top of your head
Little dog stirs make
Sure you weren't dead
All in time and suddenly

Would've been six
But we made it to five
The worst kind of crash
Someone could survive
Keep dreaming of you
Young kids, and new wife
All in time and suddenly

I never could explain myself
The hurt that I feel
The hurt that I cause
And when I turn to face myself
Is hurt that I feel
And hurt that I cause

I'm the oldest of five
The first to be torn
In your mother's eyes
You were the firstborn
Just seventeen
When I said I'd be yours
With all my might and without course

Those arms came swinging
As if from the black
Learned to shift your weight
Away from glass
'Til you got tall enough
To start hitting him back
All in time and suddenly

You always could explain yourself
The hurt that you feel
The hurt that you cause
And never turned to face yourself
The hurt that you feel
The hurt that you cause
The hurt that you cause

Some days my arm
Just won't lift the phone
Keep saying the words
'Til they're part of my bones
Like a backwards prayer
Or a gentle command
Some days I hate you so much
I want you back

Can only hold what's mine

And you what is yours
Is that the origin
Meaning of divorce?
To separate yourself
Or shatter into form
Some days you fall away with little force

All in time and suddenly
All in time and suddenly
All in time and suddenly