And Then They Run

Raised Fist

There is a story that I want to tell A little story from the inside of hell There wasn't anything that she could do She was trapped to the shit like glue Infuriated by the problems at his work The fucking jerk went berserk and let his anger Run the way up her back, a disgusting attack And then everything went black

Shut your mouth and feel the pain You're a prisoner at your own domain Where no one can hear you complain You're locked away in chains and emotions Doesn't help you Shut your mouth and feel the pain You're a prisoner at your own domain Where no one can hear you complain You're locked away in chains and emotions Doesn't help you now

When he promises it won't be the same It takes a couple of days then you feel Ashamed again, but the worst part of the Game is to be afraid all the time, in good or bad And I feel so sad when he treats you like a punching bag And your so called friends pretend like they can't see it They defend the bastard until the end And when it hurts me I can only imagine how it hurts you

And you can't feel free, like me, and you can't run And people act like they don't see this and then They run away from what they can't handle But no one thinks about how you handle this