

Parricide

Razor

Late at night you open the door
Your old man's drunk and madder than hell
Another violent conflict, you never asked for this
The place that you call home is now a cell
He's punching out your mother, and now he turns on you
This always seems to happen every night
You're heading for the kitchen, you grab a butcher knife
This time you know you're gonna have to fight

You warn him that you've had enough
This time he's gonna get what he deserves
He charges. you knife him
You wasted him before you lost your nerve

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You stabbed him twenty times, it only seemed like once
Your family's in a state of shock
The bastard lies there lifeless, your mother starts to scream
You know you're gonna have to call the cops

You warned him, that you'd had enough
This time he had to get what he deserved
He charged you, you knifed him
You wasted him before you lost your nerve

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The cops are knocking on your door. the neighbours crowd outside
An ambulance is wailing in the night
They put the cuffs on, read your rights and lock you in their car
They question you about the violent fight
Neighbours start to glare at you, the ambulance arrives
They bring the bloody carcass out in sheets
You had to kill in self-defense you didn't have a choice
You had to carve him like a piece of meat

Seventeen days later, you're sitting in the court
They set you free they knew they should acquit
In spite of how you killed him, your self-defense was just
The punishment you dealt him seemed to fit

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Parricide
Justified