

Exploitation

The Silent Comedy

Contessa, little darling,
they are gonna, love your limbs.
So feeble, so fawless,
you will be broken.
They will dress you in violet,
they will touch you your tender hair.
Those demons, the silence,
you will learn to block them.

So pick a spot on the wall,
stare at it with all the strenght you have got.
And if the lightning's night, seeln shapes,
so you won't think at all.
In the dark, wide awake when all those man have gone.
You cry for mother's God, swear at him
and say I have had enough.

The pressure, it's risin to let the shadow in.
The face of your father, is in the darkness.
You will fake it, you will fight it, you will scrape and scrub
your skin.
The staln and the fire, your fate's decided.

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