

The story

Julia Marcell

I remember there's a story
Of a woman sentenced to death
She called up her kids and husband
Said I won't come home today
And I won't come home tomorrow
No I won't come on Saturday
And I won't get there on Christmas
No I won't come on Mother's day.

So they burned all her belongings
To kill loneliness when night falls
And the room they used to sleep in
Stood there blushing from the naked walls
And with every dress thrown into fire
He would want her more than he ever did
And with every ruby lipstick
He felt trapped in his own guilt.

So he wrote an awkward letter
From the bottom of his fragile heart;
See, I never thought I loved you
But the silence tore me apart
With your death in all it's glory
It's no time for me to live
I remember there's a story
Of a man sentenced to grieve...