

Ah, yes....  
Ah, ah, ah.  
Last part, check it out, ah!  
Yo;

He heard somebody coming up the stairs  
- Hello granny! What's up with the tears?  
She couldn't answer. Too scared.  
And at the same time she couldn't keep this secret  
inside.  
No more lies, two minutes after that his world is  
upside down.  
But at the first he couldn't grip it - couldn't think  
the unthinkable.  
Couldn't believe that someone was so despicable.  
Thought it hurts to hear you must be aware (of what?)  
and granny  
Sat him down and made it perfectly clear. She said:

Look into my eyes. Tell me what you see.  
Look into my soul. Can you see you in me?  
Thought you're not my blood I love you as my son.  
And the hate that you come from is not what you'll  
become.

- What hate granny? What you talking about?  
And she told him the whole story leaving not a moment  
Out from the rape fifteen years ago to that murder that  
day  
Who his dad was and why his mom's in jail.  
The kid feeling dizzy and disillusioned. Cant figure  
this out.  
His dad is a rapist? They used to praise him.  
He was always on a pedestal, a true honourable man.  
Highly respected and a combat man.  
Then who's this woman calling herself his grandma?  
He's screaming inside of himself while she use his  
Hands to caress her breasts like so many times before.  
- I'm the window to the rapist dad of yours.

How could you do this to me?  
Look what you've done to me.  
How could you bring me in this life full of suffering?  
Blood thicker than water and love sicker than all the  
incest,  
His intestines out of order.

How could you do this to me?  
Look what you've done to me.  
How could you bring me in this life full of suffering?  
How could he, how could he?  
How could she, how could she?  
How could you granny?  
I don't like the way you're touching me

How could you do this to me?  
Look what you've done to me

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