

## Wife Beater

### The Plot in You

this house was trashed, fists were red with the blood of his children  
her water breaks, damned a new life into theirs  
these months have blown away, your impulse shakes these walls to shame  
their hands reach out to you and leave the same  
she's lost respect for you, you died the day your son was born  
there's nothing left for you, there's nothing left for you to do  
you're just a nightmare, you're just a ghost,  
you'll wish you never had this life before  
Now your sons have turned away, the oldest takes your place  
one day he'll have the strength to take you on  
Father - "I don't know what you expect from me anymore,  
I have made mistakes but that's not me anymore"  
His fists get tighter, your days grow shorter  
Son - "You raise your hand again, you just might lose it.  
I am not playing around father.  
You better pray before you touch her, I will tear you apart."  
the nights it's darkest, the children hidden in their rooms  
this is your chance, to make her scream again  
he smells the plot in you, he knows you've waited too long  
the time has come for you to get what you want