

Quiet And Cold *(by Menno Terpstra)*

Grief, her sole companion, for many years she
tried, her soul, her heart, drowned in tears of
tragedies by night

She knew it would be coming, she'd never
sleep again, the shadows would be haunting, as
sure as blood in veins

She never spoke a mouthful, she'd never look
at you, always was the quiet type, so no one
ever knew

Of how it kept returning, to the place she
stayed, her chastity was dying, with every
wound it made

*A shroud I need of the darkest night,
sheltering me and mine*

*Please wash away the pain with time, warm my soul with light
And bless my feet with a holy might, leaving the past behind*

When hope would come to visit, once in every while
She could stop the strain of thoughts, of how she'd been defiled
And making plans of running, away to far off lands
One day she'd take her life, take it in her own hands

Persuasive ghosts would whisper, please don't go away
Thinking of the life she'd leave, it only made her stay
It kept her in her prison, it tied her up real good
She carved in vain for freedom, like it knew she would

Years of molestation, leaving only pain
Froze the warmth out of her heart, broke her soul and chains
Then, silently she left, without a single word
She took along her baby and that's all we heard

