

DARK AGE

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Looking after him will crack me insane
It's like every message I've sent went unread
What choice do I have but to push through the pain?

He leaves me knocking, drenched in the rain
Hidden under his blankets, stiff like a corpse in his deathbed
Looking after him will crack me insane

He used to be the drug I lusted for, I couldn't abstain
Once a sparkling jewel, now stands a hot-head
What choice do I have but to push through the pain?

All night he spends muttering, fantasizing slashing his jugular vein
How much passion can I have, fearing a blood-soaked bedspread
Looking after him is starting to crack me insane

I don't tell anyone he's been belting me with grandpa's cane
Locked me up for hours, I beg, I beg, sweltering away in his tin-shed
It's getting hard for me to push through the pain

People wonder why we transformed, lovers to plain mundane
My baby's gone crazy, it's time I fled
Looking after him has cracked me insane
I can't push through the pain