

“I don’t want you to hate me when you’re older”

Those words still haunt my mind

You feared the future because you were a villain

You knew that one day I wouldn’t be blind

If I could go back, I would scream at that girl

Tell her to run from your eyes

But the devil was charming, and I was a fool

Now all I hear are her cries

How does it feel to sleep with your sin?

Meanwhile, I wrestle with mine

I weep for my purity, but it died with you

My *youth*; you drank it like wine

You tore open my chest just to steal my soul

You were a bandit, and I was your crime

Did you bury your guilt beneath my bones?

I know you’ll never serve your time

Well, now that I’m older, I know what you did

You ought’ to stay clear of my kind

If you bury a girl, a woman will haunt you

Dear Joseph, I’m no longer blind