

It's Too Late

By Et Al

A small child hides in a bathroom corner
Waiting for a bath or the shower
He hears his drunken father ranting and raving
As his mother screams in fear
While he hides even further into the corner.
He fears every moment
He fears the showers burn
As he waits to feel his turn

How much more can they take
How much love can she fake?
Before her heart breaks
For God sake
Before it's too late
The cruelty will relate
It's too late

His life hides in a corner
He's a jester in a corner
Never much more than unsure
With too sharp a retort
With the bitterness and anger
For the unpunished crime that was
Always out of time
And no word to fit the crime.

The yelling and the screaming
The back hand slaps the beatings
Neighbours looked the other way
Don't make trouble in that way
We all need to survive
So we tend to hide
From the truth and torment inside
From the truth and torment inside

How much more can they take
How much love can she fake?
Before her heart breaks
For God sake
Before it's too late
The cruelty will relate
It's too late

An old drunk dies on a corner
His broken life behind him
Still nobody cares or knows
How deep the story goes
We all need to survive
So we tend to hide
From the truth and torment inside
From the truth and torment inside