

# Fight, Gretna Greene

[Halford/Tilse/Chaussee]

A purple bruise,  
A fractured limb,  
All covered up with lies.

A swollen face,  
A bloody tongue,  
This violence denied.

Empty now and meaningless,  
Ridiculed in shame,  
Until death do us apart,  
Who should take the blame?

To live a lie  
Forgive or die.

A stricken look,  
A lowered head,  
Reflections, turning back.

A trembling hand,  
A quickened step,  
The dreaded, next attack.

Turning from the holy ghost,  
Light and spirit fade.  
Waiting for deliverance,  
Every thing betrayed.

To live a lie  
Forgive or die.

A vacant stare,  
A beat-up faith,  
The book of truth reviled.

A prayer to God,  
A plea for help,  
Held ransom with the child.

Wide awake and holding tears,  
Fear that never sleeps,  
Curled up in the bed at night,  
The virgin gently weeps.

To live a lie  
Forgive or die