



I Know Who You Are

Worrying, wondering, guessing the times.
Watching the clock or the empty glass,
He knows that's going through my mind.
It doesn't matter to him if I'm afraid.
It doesn't matter to him what game he'll play.
He chose the winner, he knows who'll lose.
I'm sitting here wondering, will I make it through?
The deadness in his eyes, the empty stare.
I'm sure there will be hell to pay once he gets me there.
This place he goes is all his own.
He has the control, no else knows.
He likes this place, the place he's made.
Torture and torment are the names of his game.
I will say nothing, hoping he'll change,
But instead of leaving me alone, he pulls me into range.
Trapped is what he wants, helpless and alone.
For no one knows what he's doing in his happy home.
He is the animal and I am his prey;
A vicious struggle, I can't get away.
I am confined now, in his room, doors closed.
He thinks no one knows.
He puts on such a show for people to see,
But only one knows the real him, and that would be me.
As knots are welling on each side of my head,
I am praying to God that this time won't leave me dead.
He threatens to kill me and claim self defense,
But the good Lord knows he'll get his in the end.
As the hours pass, and it's been four, he finally opens the door.
Pulling me from the floor and onto our bed,
He stares at me and says "It's time for bed."
I turn my back to him and his arm goes around me like nothing had ever been.
I lay there and cry; I thank God once again.
As my head is pounding and my body is sore,
I tell myself, this will be never more.

Written by Marcie