

Two

Every week in England and Wales, two women escape domestic violence*.

They are killed by their male partner, more often than not.

Sometimes a man's been taught, nothing better.
But he can drink and smoke and make his time his own.
He puts people in fear of when he gets home.
Darkness falls and it's as cold as stone.

And a bruise on the lip never means much more
than bumping into the bathroom door.
A shadow round the eye, never told a lie
but in the dark of her children's room, she can say goodnight.

It came down to land, that heavy hand.
If you can imagine a ship, crashing into sand.

She never felt the pride, of raising life.
She never had the chance to be a happy wife.

A broken soul can never walk away.
A heavy hand will make her stay.
There's nothing she can do, to ease the pain.
A fresh bruise will always stain.

It came down to land, that heavy hand.
If you can imagine a ship, crashing into sand.

She never felt the pride, of raising life.
She never had the chance to be a happy wife.

* Information first known by the writer in 2006. It is still the same at the time of this update - 2016.
For more information, go to www.refuge.org.uk