

Mother, there's a fire outside

Mother, there's a fire outside!

Don't worry, my child.

But, it's coming closer...

It's a good one, I tell yah.

But, the fire...

No, child, it's the white dress I fear.

Like the fairy tales -
for one day of your life,
you'll be a princess.

Mother ...

That ring on your finger?

Those bangles around your wrist?

Gold-plated shackles, my child.

Just goddamn shackles.

Mother, there's a fire outside

He may call you his most precious,
his jewel, his treasure, his charm.

Always his, and his, and his.

Never yours, yourself.

The fire's licking the door

It's a good one, I tell yah.

I 'm scared, Mother.

Never ever again, my child.

The fire ...

It'll burn the house, melt the shackles.

You'll be you and I'll be I.

Nobody else's ever again,

just us and ours.

Mother, there's a fire outside

Open the door, my child.