

Chasing Victory, Pre-Empty Nest Syndrome

I've been thinking about something in our past
Words you said that were forgot
I don't want to be a dime or a dozen child
A mother's love should not be lost
Instead of storming out the door
You could turn around and look me in the eyes
I'm one of the three from two
Who never loved each other
So I know it's hard but could you try
Show me a mother's tender heart
Spilled out for her children
Call me your own to let me know
You never thought less of me
I don't feel betrayed
I was just so scared of losing you
All the times you tried to hurt yourself
You only hurt me
Like a poet once said
"They'll tear your life apart
And call your failures art"