

# Exodus, Like Father, Like Son

Spare the rod, spoil the child  
Daddy's boy's been too wild  
His discipline's taught with a strap  
No sweet song on father's lap  
He always said that men don't cry  
But burns and bruises seldom lie  
Dad learned his lesson well  
Spitting image of a man in hell

Brought up in a home where love's replaced by pain  
And when he's on his own he's sure to do the same  
Expressing his feelings not with love but with his fists  
The pattern of hurting began generations before

Like father, like son  
Another life has begun  
The punishing ways that you choose  
You were always born to lose  
Like father, like son  
A war you've never won  
Please Daddy, no more...  
Please Daddy, no more!

The circle continues of violence passed down  
All there is hope for is a tear from a clown  
Hoping someday that this torture will end  
To prison or death I hope you will be sent

Now do you feel like your life is on hold?  
Maybe you've come to the end of your road  
Admitting your sins may be your sacrifice  
To stop all this pain to your son and your wife