

Oval Opus, Rusted Armor

There was a boy,
A boy who never really understood,
Why his mother left, and headed South,
Chasing her lost childhood.
Well who's to blame, he doesn't know,
And he wonders if it's him.
He prays at night, to God above,
To give him strength within.
Then he cries, cause her lie,
Is hurting him.

Is this rusted armor strong enough to hide,
All the pain and sorrow,
That's hiding down inside.
He's shed so many tears,
Enough that he could drown,
But he'll wear it till it wears him down.

As time goes by,
He wonders when,
She will finally see the light.
He waits for the day,
She shows up to say...
"Son I'm so sorry, you know I didn't
Treat you right."
Then he tries, not to cry,
But it's hurting him.

Is this rusted armor strong enough to hide,
All the pain and sorrow,
That's hiding down inside.
He's shed so many tears,
Enough that he could drown,
But he'll wear it till it wears him down.

I still hold on to what you left with me.
Just a fading memory.
I won't believe what they say,
That I'm better off this way.

Is this rusted armor strong enough to hide,
All the pain and sorrow,
That I'm hiding down inside.
I've shed so many tears,
Enough that I could drown,
So I'll wear it till it wears me down.