

Rocky Votolato, Secrets of a Salesman

these baby secrets have grown into children
through dirty adolescence and now into manhood
I locked the basement door and broke off the skeleton key
but it made no difference still they travel with me even though I killed them they haunt me and they
remember the lies in the shadows, the practiced charades
my hands are an axe chopping at the roots
of the only family tree that could ever bear fruit
to cripple you to make sure that you never reproduce
another heart of lies or house of haunted rooms

the arrow is thrown into your back nothing has ever been
so distant and weak
dreaded words whispered under her breath "you just like your father"
your ocean is a drop of water

tightly woven wire mesh beneath the broken salesman as he's rolling down the conveyer belt
the product is almost ready to be shipped out the door
out into the world to make a living selling plastic faces to everyone who needs em
to forget the lies in the shadows, the practiced charades
the enemy will make sure the ties on straight
it's always best to make an impression of wealth
no matter how much hatred and debt is boiling beneath the surface
"I love you" spills like vomit from her lips

the arrow is thrown into your back
nothing has ever been so distant and weak
the dreaded words whispered under her breath "you're just like your father"
your ocean is a drop of water
I locked the basement doors and broke of the skeleton key
forget the lies in the shadows, don't forget me