

Second Coming, Travisty

I've seen a young man's breaking heart
I've seen the evil on my shoulders
I've held self righteous through
I never could see straight
And all this from a land
Of custom license plates

Keep me from noise
And their good will
The funk that I'm in
Lasts me until
The smoke that dances
In my lungs and I'm OK

I've had enough
This child lies bleeding
I'll not forget
How you left me there
Everything I owned
I lost in the war

It sure looked easy
To give up on a boy his age
So what were you thinking?
That a rent-a-kid life was home to me
Still I am living
With that choice of your you made
I'd give a thousand lives
To see you suffer the same
Now that I'm grown up
Now that I'm a man
I announce the death of family
In my future plans
Wish they never lived
Wish I never was
A Travisty