

Senses Fail, Family Tradition

I tried to be the one that everybody loved
Where has the gotten me?
I tear myself to shreds to prove that I'm someone
That I could never be
Now these unsightly marks define me

So help me, please someone come quick
I think I am losing it
Forgive me, I inherited this
From a stranger I'll never miss
I'm sick

My father taught me firsthand how to be set free
Give up and run away
I wish I could drain out his half of blood in me
But I'd still have his face
I curse reflections every day

So help me, please someone come quick
I think I am losing it
Forgive me, I inherited this
From a stranger I'll never miss

Here is my own family tradition
Following footsteps into addiction
So is there a way that I can
Fuck these roads to numbing my pain?
Is this nothing? 'Cause your only son
Still can't seem to find his way

So help me, please someone come quick
I think I am losing it
Forgive me, I inherited this
From a stranger I'll never miss

So Father, where the hell are you now?
I think that you would be proud
Your son whose so unlike the leaf
Fell right next to the tree

I hope you're proud of me
I hope you're proud