Blue October, Gone Wrong

I black out in the room again,
Busted lip and broken skin
I wake up in the bedroom,
I dare not bother asking
Why the mirror's cracked
And all I see
Are shards of glass inside of me
A voice is there to dare me
My father's here to scare me
And my mother sits beyond the door,
She's curled up, crying on the floor
"Look at what our son's done,
The weight of all the world's gone wrong."

Liars leave a quilty trail And I've lied for years That must be why I'm sitting In this space, Disregarding I've created monsters On both my sides, And I wipe the blood from both their eyes, From all four of their eyes And while I wait for wounds to heal, I see you by the window sill Your heart tore out, A plastic spoon That honesty lit up the room And I took the pillowcase to clean The mess I'd made of someone's dream Now you see what I have done, When the weight of all the world's gone wrong Gone wrong... Gone wrong...