

Bombs and Beating Hearts, Taking Back Control

Sometimes i feel frustration and i let myself lash out
Soon after i feel remorse, it leaves me with self doubt
Am i in control? can i change who i am?
Am i going to break free? or will i become my dad?
I've recognized the situations and looked at what's inside
I'm working on a better me and taking back my life
This anger
It swells up
It makes us want to strike
Let's strike those who oppress us
Not the ones we like
I get so fucking mad
That it burns through my head
I can't fucking think straight
So, i'll storm off instead
Get control of my thoughts
And think this shit out
I'll be the change i wish to see and cool the fuck down
I don't want to be a product of my environment
What i'm working towards is better than what i've seen yet