

Caleb Kane, Freak

Dear Mother and Father, if you're reading this now
You probably just got home from God Knows where
And Went into my room to tell me
How tired you both are and how tired I make you both
Seem to think, I'm a problem to solve
But I don't want to be this thing that has to
Step over glass to prove, I'm not always wrong
It's not my fault I was born
I tried to tear off my own skin and only made you confused
Well, I am confused too; you act like you never use to
Hit me in anger, you broke my belief in any comfort or safety or sense of relief
You, you called me a liar, you called me a thief
I better run for my life, I'd rather live in the street
You never listened to me; you only hear what you want to hear

Remember the dream that I told you I had
With the old man with the jacket, that had a navy patch
I pissed myself for a year; you said it's only a dream
You have to grow up sometime; you have to be a man like me
A man like you who sticks his head in the sand to disappear
Who thinks the danger goes away, if you can't see the things you fear
If I could be a man like that I'd stay and force you
To ignore all of these burns on my skin, that you confuse with discipline
I won't destroy your illusion, destroy your mystic
You'll have to learn to live without one more unfortunate freak
You, You called me a loser, you called me sick
I'd get more love in the street, get more affection sucking dick
You never listened to me; you only hear what you want to hear

I will not take my own life to validate what you have done
Won't let the sins of the Father become those of the son
You, you called me depressive, you called me weak
You're better off without the love of this unfortunate freak
You never listened to me; someone will listen to me
Someone will listen to me
Someone will...listen to me
Someone will listen to me
Someone will listen to me
Someone will listen to me
Someone will listen to me
Someone Will....