

Dillinger Four, The Father, The Son, And The Hom

They called it faith
They called it fair
They called it resolution
I call it shit when we were alone
They simply paid no mind
You'd suffered such a crime
Then there you were
A mother way too soon

They said you'd made your bed
Then they filled your head
With the sound
The bells of a cathedral
You say you're still ashamed
I wish that I could make it stop

Like salt thrown over shoulder
A coin tossed in a fountain
Not unlike a knock on wood

You said only in as much
As you were sensitive to touch
Did you feel like a human when they spoke
And so you hid your life
All bottled up inside
Just enough to make
Your angels choke

You took all you heard
And tried to make them your own words
Only deafened by the sound
The bells of a cathedral
Now you hate yourself and I wish that I could make it f**king stop

All my life
Surrounded, unfounded
Teachings thought as threats
I won't forget