

# Envy And Other Sins, Prodigal Son

So, your dreams fell by the way, along with any sense you had  
So what the hell're you gonna say, and what're you gonna do when you're down?  
I can't believe you wouldn't lend me just five precious minutes of your time,  
You waste the day and chase your friends away,  
You should've listened when I tried to say

Oh Yeah, I am the prodigal son, I am the boy that you shun,  
And I'm coming home again

I want to feed you a line, I want to show you what is mine,  
I'd love to shove it down your throat, every sound every word, every note.

Oh yeah, I am the prodigal son, I am the boy that you shun  
And I'm coming home again,  
Yes I am the prodigal son, you'll hate what I have become  
And I'm coming home.

A nervous disposition won't take you anywhere  
So when your nervous disposition kicks in I'm out of here.  
You burned your bridges before you even took a peek around your bedroom door.  
You'll live to regret your nerves.

You're moving on to better things, grasses greener, pastures new,  
But you went ahead and severed your wings, so you never flew.  
I can't believe you wouldn't lend me just five precious hours of your day  
To finish what began your masterplan, you should've listened when I tried to say...