

Franks Enemy, Serenity

No mother ever loved her child like mine
And what I realize now makes for a difficult time
We try our best with good intents but it's trial and error
Now we're left digging into ourselves for our terrors
I was not the most picked on kid
But I sure hate a lot of people for a lot of things they did
Sometimes I think I'm still controlling the damage
That could drive me into realms of thought so savage
Serenity
I must decide on my serenity
Some I love have now died
I won't regain those moments replace the times I didn't try
To be to them what I feel I should have been
Sometimes dreams just turn out to be dreams
And some things that were done to me
I know I turned around and I did to someone else
Who might now be hating or forgiving me
I have a Lord to follow I begin by forgiving myself