

Good Riddance, Torches And Tragedies

Children who watch their fathers rise to work each day
Becoming bitter as they piss their lives away
Out of balance as he stumbles to the porch
Too young to recognize the passing of the torch
And so they cry (in fear)
They wonder why (not here)
The cycle punctuates an atmosphere of pain and lies
It gets to where one never knows what to expect
A bedtime story or a broken nose or neck

They take it in and take it on
Like they've been shown
It goes on and on and

Too many sterile homes without a thing to say
A generation losing innocence this way and
No recognition of the bridges as they burn
Just repetition of behaviors they have learned

And so they cry (in fear)
They wonder why (not here)
We tip the fragile scales of temperament and guilt
Too soon mistaken for the will that makes us strong
But looking back it's just the shame we pass along

My dreams too often true
I will never be the same as you
Born dead to live a lie
Shut down when I see you cry