

Hilltop Hoods, What The Seasons Change

i once knew this man who was cursed from birth,
destined to stagger through his life just to earn his worth.
In one turn of the earth this story takes its place
upon the summer shores of nowhere, the place that he makes.
His home he returns alone from a long day,
having lost his job and soon his house and fiancé.
The wrong way to turn was the path that he took.
He pissed his savings up the wall and on the grass he was hooked.
The path that he took, for granted, had messed with his sight,
see he missed the finer points such as lessons in life.
It was his wed-to-be wife that brought the cool in his heart
and by the time the Autumn came,
things were falling apart,
things were falling apart,
things were falling apart,
things were falling apart.

So nows hes standing in the Doll queue,
this girl with the face of an angel
sees hes looking down
but she has a way to sustain all.
It comes in a powdered format
and its good for healing scars
but healing scars comes at the cost
of robbing till's and steeling cars.
Feeling far from from obliged
he follows her lead, down a beaten path
to where the homeless wallow you see,
swallows his need for pride he cant hold his thin weight
so finds himself in a church to control his intake.
Being judged by this father for trying to pave his way,
he looks him in the eyes and asks hows your faith these days?
ill strive for betterment, he replies in tones with sentiment,
but i lost all faith in this god that i once saw heaven sent.
He never meant to destroy all the things that he came across.
Its the sour taste of defeat on the street,
now all aim is lost, the pain the cost,
for his mistakes but never even really a sinner
..HUH..Its gonna be a long winter,
Its gonna be a long winter,
Its gonna be a long winter

His frail body shudders as the winter wind passes through him.
Thinking of all the people in his past that knew him.
The shaft has screwed him.
His heart is brewin for knowing what he must do
is seek shelter and aid from the love he once knew.
One last shot of courage hits him and his eyes are blood red.
Inside he sees a man living the life he once led.
Forfeits in to the anger and torture within.
He decides to pay back mankind for her sins.
Jumps in his stolen car, grabs a needle from the glove box,
decided that he never really knew what love was.
He kicks in the front door to catch them having sex,
slams him to the floor and stabs her in the neck.
She kicks and she screams so he beats her till shes slack-mouthed
not realising what he's done he stands dumbfounded, smacked out.
Blacks out. Awakens in a holding cell knowing he cant see hope
tomorrow is spring...
Time for regrowth,
Time for regrowth ,
Time for regrowth

So with the first light of spring an officer removes his chains,

his mood is pained as he enters the world his vision true again.
Takes a step and says in a defiant statement
"anything lost can be found again except for time wasted."
He's right on chasing on a path to heal himself,
kicks the habit before he kills himself and feels his health
returning to mentally, physical. His intention.
Though a struggle when prevention is visible.
Redemption isn't all it's cracked up to be
he decides as he drinks to smack it up a key.
On the brink of life or loss,
not knowing what he's holding so before he fucks it up again
somebody should have told him.
No matter your status factors we're human humble,
no matter the foundation all solid things can crumble,
no matter the strength or length up to sustain it,
it never stays the same that's simply what the seasons change.
No matter your status factors we're human humble,
no matter the foundation all solid things can crumble,
no matter the strength or length up to sustain it,
it never stays the same that's simply what the seasons change.