

Pistol Grip, The Unwanted Children

I'm not the angel that you thought I'd be I had to clip my wings to be free
You should have raised me right now all I know is wrong
the misguided youth struggles to hang on
I feel the hand of God push me aside cause I won't fall for his lies
You walk through the door with dampened eyes
a little warmth left as you took flight

The unwanted children and the juvenile rage

No reason for self pity cause even I don't care a shell of a man left bare
I'm a social decay for a rotten cavity I'm a broken branch on the family tree
Never showed love just authority now I'm a cancer on society
I'm a normal looking man with a demon's heart
reek hell upon the cities till the world is scarred

A father's disgrace shows in your face regret what you can't erase
I know your displeased with the way I live
I'm a culture disgust I'm a bastard's kid
Emotions amputated now I have no fear now I look around I see clear
Angers been repressed for far too long
gonna lash out with aggression till the angst is gone