

The Effort, 1985

I cant believe what i've turned into, Dad, I'm full of hate just like you.
I am a spiteful being on account of everything i've seen.
but all i want is to show i care and live a life that's all too fair.
but contrary to my own views, I'm living like i'm a short fuse.
this wasn't my intention to be a breathing contradiction.
I don't know why its so difficult to change after admitting my faults.
I am the product of a flower child, and I'm the thousandth in one square mile.
it seems the drugs couldn't make you love, but they sure could make you numb...
frozen.
to a point in your history, a time before the birth of me when the only
thing you had to worry about were your friends and your next score.
well now I'm at my own crossroads. squinting to see what my future holds.
No matter how much love i preach, I'm afraid of the hate my heart beats.
it runs in my family's blood, it's in our foundations and every stud.
but in this house of New Orleans, i watch the sun rise over me.