

The Effort, The Price Of Medication

I've been medicated my whole life, clouding my mind until it's dark at night.
and even on the blackest of days, i muster strength to see through the haze.
I've loathed those who don't know what its like to be a loser in a constant fight.
because we're stuck in a backwards game where no one gives a fuck if you don't want to play.
Well I've lost so I don't care if anyone sees everything thats been taken from me.
I'm twenty-two with nothing to loose., and I'd give it all away if I had to choose.
because I've been pegged since day one growing up as a two faced addicts son.
where everyone loves to preach to me that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.
Now the odds are stacked so high on the noose my parents have tied.
I hope its use becomes obsolete and my bloodline won't be my defeat.
so it's the price of our medication, it was your first-born child's defamation.
it's the price of our anesthetic lives, it's easy not to notice if you don't even try...