

Tori Amos, Father's Son

Steady girl on your feet
You and your wonderings
Bread can feed a few
So can some cartoons

So it ends, so it begins
I'm my father's son
Plant another seed of hate
In a trusting virgin gun

Steady girl for the show
God versus God ringside
Littered with corpses
Neither God can forgive

So the desert blooms
Strawberry cactus
Can you blame Nature
If she's had enough of us

So it ends so it begins
I'm my father's son
Plant another seed of hate
in a trusting virgin gun

Stead boy watch them pray
To you I suspect
If you keep my flesh firm
I'll ready those sacraments

So it ends, so it begins
I'm my father's son
So it ends, so it begins

I'm my father's son
Plant another seed of hate
In another father's son