

## Walking Is Still Honest

Against Me!

Dear mother,  
This is just survival.  
Cannot promise your children everything,  
But you would lie so they can sleep tonight.  
Defeat tasted nothing like you said.  
Still 22 days left till the end of the world.  
My legacy was making you a man  
For a justice I could not change.  
This is one voice not to forget;  
"Fight every fight like you can win;  
An iron fisted champion,  
An iron willed fuck up."

Can anybody tell me why God won't speak to me?  
Why Jesus never called on me to part the fucking seas?  
Why death is easier than living?  
You can be almost anything  
When you're on your fucking knees.  
Not today,  
Not my son,  
Not my family,  
Not while walking is still honest,  
And you haven't given up on me.

Dear shithead,  
This isn't happening;  
The sky is really falling,  
The paint's all made of lead,  
There's asbestos in the walls,  
Hell's come over to rip off the doors  
To your priveleged heaven.  
Do you want to love and feel it?  
You can look but you can't taste it.  
You can reach but you'll never have it.  
We are untouchable;  
Untouchable is something to be.

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When you're on your fucking knees.  
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Not my son,  
Not my family,  
Not while walking is still honest,  
And you haven't given up on me,  
And you haven't given up on me,  
And you haven't forgotten me...