

# Deep Dark Basement

Andrew Jackson Jihad

I recall that deep dark basement  
I recall how bad it smelled  
And I hated everyone around me  
I even hated myself  
Which I still do  
On my bad days

You punched my mother in the mouth  
We fled to shelter safe and pure  
Now I never feel at home  
I will never be secure  
Oh to be secure

And when you pushed my face in shit  
How could that have made you feel  
Like a man or like a monster  
It's your fault that I can't tell  
The difference