

The road to hell is paved
with good intentions.
That's the path that brought me here.
You sell your soul for roles you take and
then you have to look into the mirror.

So feed us cancer. Give us drugs.
Sell us half-ass educations so we can pick
a job to pay the rent.

Forget your dreams and
what they may have meant
to you in your youth.
Find a bride and raise the kids.

Teach them from mistakes that you have made.
Are we predestined or just well trained?
Invent a god and place the blame for all
this hurt you feel. And on,
and so on. It feels sometimes
so scripted like your life is out of your hands.

A fixed lottery we'll never win.
Not everybody wants to be the angry one
to sacrifice and make a change,
but everybody wants to find a better way.
I search for that for you.

These things that you love will leave.
We'll bury friends and family.
With these lonely feelings I think of you.
In my selfishness I waste away.

Act your age and be a man.
With these lonely feelings I think of you.
And I brace myself.
And it breaks my heart to see
you do this all by yourself.

I've sworn so many times
this year I'll turn things around.
Don't ever let your daughter love
a passionate man, because I hate
myself for missing all the times
I promised you.