

my song

A Plea for Purging

In the winter of 2010, I lost my mother to the barrel
of her loaded gun.
Two weeks later my forgotten dad lost the battle of his
life long suicidal run.

He was dead to me years ago but losing her was an
eternal blow.
I've spoke in the past of the broken, but now I really
know.

If there's one thing I've learned, we're all put here
to die.

So why jump your turn.
I'm living day by day.

There's strange comfort in apathy.

Lay cold and alone in the ground.
Will it be paradise or will you burn.
This is all a gamble until it's your turn.

He was dead to me years ago but losing her was an
eternal blow.
I've spoke in the past of the broken, but now I really
know.

There's strange comfort in apathy.
Home is where the broken heart is.
Home is where the broken heart is.
Home is where the broken heart is.

Son to none. No home but the roads I roam.
Son to none. No home but the roads I roam.
Home is where the broken heart is.
Home is where the broken heart is.
We're all brokenhearted.