

How could i expect love or trust
the people here are lost
we live with holes in our hearts
blood in our mouths
how could you have done that to them
they were your children
raped and beaten
do you still wear that hard on?
these are good days anyway
i just feel so much rage
but we have each other
and i will hold you and hold you
until your tears stop
until the past gets buried again
i talk so much shit
stay positive, stay positive
i'm feeling f**king negative
when all my anger builds up
when i imagine what it looked like
when they bled
you f**ked up my friends
we come to this place this age
with hearts that are weltd and bleeding
somehow you have to take back
those years and your fear
from the people who hurt you
i am not your father
not your rapist
not like the past
i am not the ones who left
but still you regard me
with that hint of unease
will there ever be trust
the people i know
have grown strong with beatings
i'm feeling like our strength
could be our greatest weakness
i'm trying to prove
someone can love you
i'm trying to stand by your side