

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