

25 Years

Avail

My mother said things are fine and turned the other way
My troubles she said go way back far before your day
But things are all right
She said it's alright you could see it on her face
Her days of praise had gone astray and moved on to another plac
e my father threw up his arms in a cold aggressive rage I've be
en fighting my conscience years now every single day we live al
one now but no one is to blame his days away go unexplained thi
ngs will never be the same what's there to pray about? letting
go is not so simple what's there to pray about? I should have p
icked another hero