

1983

Carcosa

I am my father's son

A seed was sown into the fabric of my being  
For our love to grown and the desire to feed  
But history repeats and my hubris has weakened  
So through the cracks my inheritance creeps in

I don't want a part in your story  
I just yearn to be free

A passing glance in the mirror  
Is a hard pill to swallow  
What I'm left with is vacant and hollow  
I rode that chariot and flew just like apollo  
I was alive in that red Monte Carlo  
And when I close my eyes  
That fear wells up deep inside  
Oh my god what have I done?  
But I am my father's son  
I am my father's son

Every step you take  
I'll be watching you break  
A frail broken man  
And there's no second chance  
But I believe that blood means nothing when it drawn by your hands  
Your clenched fists brought pain upon our family  
We watched her scream  
We saw your shame  
I will never be the same

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Is a hard pill to swallow  
What I'm left with is vacant and hollow  
I rode that chariot  
Flew just like apollo  
I was alive in that red Monte Carlo  
And when I close my eyes  
That fear wells up inside  
Oh my god what have I done?  
But I am my father's son

When will I learn?  
Embodied regret  
Encapsulated with guilt  
Finding love, breeding hate  
And I will fail again

A passing glance in the mirror  
Is a hard pill to swallow  
What I'm left with is vacant and hollow  
I rode that chariot and flew just like apollo  
I was alive in that red Monte Carlo  
I was blind but now I see  
And I know our name will die with me  
Then I'll be free (Then I'll be free)