

I am my father's son

A seed was sown into the fabric of my being
For our love to grow 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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Flew just like apollo
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Oh my god what have I done?
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When will I learn?
Embodyed 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)