

The God Father

Dan Bull

Quick, come in, and hold your shoulders up, we're in for a winter
Cold enough to split skin cause your fingers to splinter
Flick the flint to the tinder, and then the tinder to timber
If we don't protect the cinder, then the wind'll extinguish the glimmer
The only glint of hope we hold growing dimmer and dimmer
And so we bring it close enough to cling to it and shiver
You're an innocent kid, but old enough to know this
You're growing up so quick, I didn't even notice
And look at you - a future king, a truly beauteous thing
Took you under mine, but now it's time for you to use your wings
My finest student's tutoring is due to finish soon
And then it's lunar, moving with the moon, a new beginning looms
There is a luminance in you no human can eclipse
So is it stupid to assume you'll fill my shoe then if it fits?
Like a glove, my love for you's so huge, I better get a grip
Feel the music as it hits, build the tune up, let it rip

Whatever feats I have achieved
Whatever deeds I've done
Will never leave a legacy
Compared to thee, my son

Eventually, even chilly winter will give in to spring
Into summer rise and fall before revisiting
What is a king to a god but kindling?
And what's a god to a son for whom his father would do anything?
What godly gifts I'm given, hardly makes a difference
I'm hardwired with this fatherly disposition, it's my mission
To provide the kind of love that does not come with condition
My son, whatever sin's committed, trust, it's forgiven
Listen, you and I are riffing to a different rhythm
Rune rifted rock will outexist any scriptures written
See, even if I'm gone, you'll have your father by your side
Keeping your heart strong, from afar, look on with pride
Provide a reason to go on, and take the hardship in your stride
However far you want to ride, I'll be right behind
And though you might not need your father, your father needs his son
And so I will march farther 'till the final deed is done

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Good god, I've always thought myself a bad god
But perhaps I'm a good dad, I've got the dad bod
Before my lad, I was sad, savaged by the black dog
Just trying to ignore it, gnawing at me like a Hamhock
No matter what path I trod, it followed the tracks I dropped
But now I've found what I lacked, I lost the last of what was
Pulling me down, it's just my son and me now, and that's your lot
And if I have to, I'll follow him down to Ragnarok
Whatever feats I have achieved
Whatever deeds I've done
Will never leave a legacy
Compared to thee, my son
Together we will weather each

And every grief to come
For though I leave a legacy
I'll never leave my son

Whatever feats I have achieved
Whatever deeds I've done
Will never leave a legacy
Compared to thee, my son