

Family Tree

Ethel Cain

These crosses all over my body
Remind me of who I used to be
And Christ forgive these bones I'm hiding
From no one successfully

Jesus can always reject his father
But he cannot escape his mother's blood
He'll scream and try to wash it off of his fingers
But he'll never escape what he's made up of

The fate's already fucked me sideways
Swinging by my neck from the family tree
He'll laugh and say, "You know I raised you better than this"
Then leave me hanging so they all can laugh at me