

Sun comes up on another day
Of staring right at the floor
Hiding my eyes and sad man sighs
"I can't take anymore and I'm so tired
I'm so fried from the failure inside my mind
I think I'll hide, I think I'll die
And quit this life-bit for a while"

I feel the fear, I feel the fear
I feel the fear, I can't repair
The broken records of family trees
I feel the fear I will repeat

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Depressive Irish genes may have me breathing dismal poems
Sad Shepard recipes for generations of laying low
But I got fire, I got light
She's in the mire by my side
Hand in hand in the ice, cold night and mothering our brand-new life
Yeah, I got fire, I got light
They're three feet tall and smile bright
Their day is young and their future's wide
And I'll die before I don't help them rise

So face it, face it, face it all
Replace it, replace, replace with love
So face it, face it, face it all
And watch it, see it, feel it grow

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