

The Grandfather Clock (I) Father

Hellions

When you drag yourself around
When you look like shit, I know you think about it
The tempest, and when it will hit
If this dependancy were to turn to urgency
If this becomes more than just a thirst this week
I can't come back, I can't bare to see
You fall hard, face down without the ability to speak
You're fading now, your ashes circle the drain
This isn't it old man, please sit up straight
"Are you coming with me, love?"
It wasn't fair to ask, to divide a terminal illness
To multiply the loss
At long last, my darling Persephone
Will you take my hand and remove this harrowing disease from me
I'm so exhausted, I'm not sure that the kind of tired I am
Can be fixed with rest, but I swear to you, I'm doing the best
I can
With enough of his medication
And a bloodstream full of alcohol
A stomach full of poison, sealed in with Maxalon

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"I cannot live without your father
Please forgive me my son"
And side by side before his very eyes
There they lie, intertwined and
She bid a silent adieu
To a benevolent life and to the world that you knew
Three sons and your infant grandchildren will walk beside you
Through that valley, of the shadow of death
I guess that things can never be the same
Not with this void running deep in my old man's veins
It cannot change, it's plain to see you're ready to leave
When you heard a voice through the stereo, starting to plead
"Hear our song, please just hang on"
Sing along to our message to you

"Don't you forget who'll take care of you"
Please