

Nothing Ever Changes

Hotel Books

The pain of our broken bones
Holds no candle to the pain of our broken homes
The bothersome cold and fatherless homes
Who is to blame but our own
When mothers overseas
See pain that we don't know
And they pray their offspring have no double X chromosome
Cause if so, they become triple X photo drones
While we spend our time alone
On our cellular phones
Not connecting with each other's minds
And definitely not connecting with each other's souls
And this black hole's just the right size for the devil to make
his home
And it's sad to say but I can unfortunately admit that
Time after time I've let these demons inhabit my mind
But can you blame me when I'm raised in a nation that
Teaches me every time I make a mistake
I can just blame society
And my United States is a product of history books
Not history
And I'm the child of enough stern preaching
To believe in things I can't even see
But I'll take it with no reason cause I need some sort of clarity and dignity
Through this changing season
And people say I'm speaking blasphemy and unrighteously
And I'm gonna regret this
When really I'm just telling you what I'm afraid of
And they say I'm gonna wish I could eat my words
When I meet my maker
But I've compromised myself so many times
That I don't even know what I'm made of
So forgive me
I'm just another broken human
Trying to live freely