

The Crooked Kind

Radical Face

I heard you tellin' lies
I heard you say you weren't born of our blood
I know we're the crooked kind
But you're crooked too, boy, and it shows

Some get dealt simple hands
Some walk the common paths, all nice and worn
But all folks are damaged goods
It ain't a talk of "if," just one of "when" and "how"

So, collect your scars and wear 'em well
Your blood's a good an ink as any
Go scratch your name into the clouds
And pull 'em all... down

The thunder plays it's drum
The air is heavy with the smell of storms
And I sit beside my brother and I feel him shake
As he laughs himself right back to sleep
And I'm laughin' with him

But I smell their blood
My finger's trace their faces in the wood
I hear their voices somewhere in my bones
I feel them sing along when I'm alone
When I'm not too frightened that is when I know

That I'm here with everyone
They're never truly gone
I know it's everyone
And I hear their songs
Oh, I'm lost with everyone

Shadows dance around the room
I know their names
I carry their blood too
They sing forgotten songs
But I know the words
They've been with me since I was born
As I grew I danced with them too