

Am I your anchor while you walk on through your day?
Or am I the feather on your shoulder while I'm stuck dragging my feet?
I see you countless times throughout my day.
Each time in a different face but they're always walking away.

How does it feel to abandon your own blood?
What a beautiful picture you paint of Love, to teach your son.

Do you remember her face?
Or just her body? Is that all that you could retain?
'Cause she's my beautiful mother,
She has a heart that breaks, just like me.

Eighteen years as I was placed alongside your demons.
Built of cowardice, too timid to face them.
I'd like to believe that I was your baby in a basket.
But I'll settle with your mistake, too heavy to forget.

How does it feel to abandon your own blood?
You're the weight of the world, you're the power of God.
I don't need you, I don't need you, I need you now.

Do you remember her face?
Or just her body? Is that all that you could retain?
'Cause she's my beautiful mother,
She has a heart that breaks, just like me.

But you, I have my doubts, how do you stay alive without a heart to beat?
How do you stand up straight without a spine to hold your back in place?
Am I the thorn in your side? Am I your absence of laurels to rest and hide behind?
You are only a name. You're just a deadbeat to take up space.

Do you remember her face?
Or just her body? Is that all that you could retain?
'Cause she's my beautiful mother,
She has a heart that breaks, just like me.
Do you remember her face?
Or just her body? Is that all that you could retain?
'Cause she's my beautiful mother,
The one that stayed right here, who loved and loves me.