

Damaged

The Color Morale

You did well, devil.

Family life.

It's like puzzle pieces disconnected.

Pictures frames will never find.

This broken home my demons still reside.

You would think we could have lived together with all this hell
inside.

Mother, I just needed you to know.

Something good grew out from all of the cracks inside our broken
home.

I am a lonely soul, a kid flying his kite alone.

Or am I just a head in the clouds, welcoming wind every time there's
a storm?

Where do I go now?

I grew up in a house God built with the devils blueprints with
no foundation found.

I went to hell to have some words with the devil about what he
did, but it was empty.

Everyone moved out.

Mother, I just needed you to know

Something good grew out from all of the cracks inside our broken
home.

And father, I needed you the most

But I'm still a kid in aging skin, a hypocrite trying to grow.

Every time I try

To bury the wreckage of that old house in my mind.

I see the same crow on the power line.

He could have flown to any other home,

But he'll never stop chasing mine.

He'll never stop chasing mine.

It's a strange kind of comfort

Learning to always love

The cracks inside broken homes.

Mother, I just needed you to know

Something good grew out from all of the cracks in our broken
home.

And father, I needed you the most,

But I'm still a kid in aging skin, and I will always love you
both.