

# Youngblood (From Deadbeat)

## Aesthetics Versus Architecture

I am the youngblood  
I am my mother's son  
I am the youngblood  
I am my mother's son  
I have my father's eyes  
And an addictive appetite  
I have rode the pale horse  
Into a town of whores and thieves  
I married a drug who constantly cheats  
Oh, the change in the blood  
Oh, the change in the blood  
Oh, the change in my brother, my blood  
Oh, the change  
You always told me to pray to God  
But he is not listening to you  
He has been talking to me  
And he wanted me to tell you  
Things will never be the way you want them to be  
And I am not sorry  
And neither is he  
I am the youngblood  
I am my family's trade  
A fucking mistake  
Oh brother, tell me of the man that you'll become  
Oh brother, tell me what it's like to be the perfect son  
Oh brother, tell me how you live with yourself making our mother cry  
Oh brother, tell me how you live with yourself letting your brother die  
Oh, the change in my blood  
Oh, the change in the blood  
Oh, the change in the blood  
Oh, the change in my brother, my blood  
Oh, the change  
I am the youngblood  
I am my mother's son  
I am the Youngblood  
I am my mother's son

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