

# What The Seasons Change

## Hilltop Hoods

I once knew this man who was cursed from birth  
Destined to stagger through at life just to earn his worth  
In one turn of the earth this story takes its place  
Upon the summer shores of nowhere the place that he makes  
His home he returns alone from a long day  
Having lost his job and soon his house and fiancée  
The wrong way to turn was the path that he took  
He pissed his savings up the wall and on the grass he was hooked  
The path that he took for granted had messed with his sight  
See he missed the finer points such as lessons in life  
It was his wed-to-be wife that brought the cool in his heart  
And by the time the autumn came, things were falling apart  
Things were falling apart (x3)  
So now hes standing in the Dole queue  
This girl with the face of an angel  
Sees hes looking down but she has a way to sustain all  
It comes in a powder form and its good for healing scars  
But healing scars comes at the cost of rolling till's and stealing cars  
Feeling far from obliged he follows her lead  
Down a beaten path where the homeless wallow in seed  
Swallows his need for pride he cant hold his thin weight  
So finds himself in a church to control his intake  
Being judged by this father for trying to pave his way  
He looks him in the eyes and asks 'hows your faith these days?'  
I strive for betterment, he replies in tones with sentiment  
'But I lost all faith in this God that I once saw heaven sent'  
He never meant to destroy all the things that he came across  
Its the sour taste of defeat on the street now all aim is lost  
The pain and cost, for his mistakes  
But never even really a sinner, its gonna be a long winter  
Its gonna be a long winter (x2)  
His frail body shudders as the winter wind passes through him  
Thinking of all the people in his past that knew him, the shaft has screwed him  
His heart is brewin for knowing what he must do  
  
Is seek shelter and aid from the love he once knew  
One last shot for courage hits him then his eyes are blood red  
Inside he sees a man living the life he once led  
Forfeits in to the anger and torture within

He decides to pay back mankind for her sins  
Jumps in his stolen car, grabs a needle from the glove box  
Deciding that he never even really knew what love was  
He kicks in the front door to catch em' havin' sex  
Slams him to the floor then stabs her in the neck  
She kicks and she screams so he beats her till shes slack-mouthed  
Realising what he's done he stands dumbfounded, smacked out  
Blacks out. Awakens in a holding cell knowing he cant see  
Hope tomorrow is Spring  
Time for regrowth (x3)  
So with the first light of spring an officer removes his chains  
His mood is pained as he re-enters the world his vision true again  
Takes a step and says in a divine statement  
'Anything lost can be found again except for time wasted'  
He's right adjacent on a path to heal himself  
Kicks the habit before he kills himself and feels his health  
Returning in the mental and physical his intention to kick it all  
Though a struggle when prevention is visable  
Redemption isnt all its cracked up to be  
He decides as he dreams of smackin up a key  
On the brink of life or loss  
Not knowing what he's holding  
So before he fucks it up again somebody should have told him  
No matter your status, fact is we all been humble  
No matter the foundation all solid things can crumble  
No matter the strength or length something sustained  
It never stays the same thats simply what the seasons change  
No matter your status, fact is we all been humble (UH)  
No matter the foundation all solid things can crumble  
No matter the strength or length something sustained  
It never stays the same...  
Thats simply what the seasons change

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