

# The Last Firstborn

## Klayton

oh man, i can't believe that you did what they said  
you did and to this day i've still gotta say that in  
my mind i question it i wish i knew what you had  
meant before you went and left me wondering to  
just an echo of your voice 'listen...'  
now i wait to take my turn to bleed like a kid playing  
with a razorblade and wonder if i have the  
balls at all or am i gonna be afraid where are  
you? what do you think? 'cause i'm not sure when  
knocking at death's door if i will be welcome in  
or be left alone outside  
i hear the sound of a heart  
from the shadow in the dark  
waiting for the poison to hit its mark  
(listen--my son) i see the darkness  
surround the shape on the ground the  
killer straight up and a body face  
down (firstborn-last one) i hear the  
din of the screams, sorrow in streams  
the smell of farewell and gasoline  
(listen--my son) i see a heart set free  
and my legacy hear a voice from a  
shadow that is beckoning me  
(firstborn-last one)  
i guess there comes a point when you  
think to yourself "this isn't worth it, it  
isn't worth it" and now i feel what you felt inside  
brother and now i feel what you felt  
this isn't worth it, it isn't worth it i  
wish it didn't end this way live a life in  
hell through a mortal shell asphyxiating  
smell for a crime lifetime imagination  
locked in a cell and to the other  
firstborn, i see the same scene that  
must play over in your mind and now  
how much more i'm sure it's fucked with  
your head just like it's fucked up mine.  
"listen my son-firstborn last one"  
the message you sent out to me-i can't

change what's meant to be

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