

Dysfunctional Domicile

Tourniquet

After school my stomach sinks
From the thought of just how much he drinks
Broken home broken dreams
Mom and Dad forsake the family thing
So I slither in up to my room alone
Shut the world outside and rot inside my headphones
Nothing matters to the wounded mind of a child
Who becomes a victim of the family home defiled
I've been there once before
Today the child is you
Sacred vows are torn in two
Then he drinks himself to sleep each night
And dreams of how it could have been
She stays away and hates the day
She'll ever have to see his face again
Good enough for them is
Good enough for me 'cause
I treat myself just the way that their vow does now
Pain has past and now I see that the bitter roots
Can down the biggest tree
The broken home within my soul is buried now
Forgiving grace I know
Good enough for them is
Good enough for me 'cause
I don't tread myself
The same way their vow was now

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