Free

Second Coming

Mothers and belief will make you rich
So say the doctors and priests
Mother abused me when I was weak
God stood behind her in line
I got a line on a different point of view
(As you can well imagine)
I caught a break in you
Dad like a whipped bitch
Was spineless to the core
Death has preceded the both of them
I wish they'd die 10 times more
My trust has witnessed its final blow
(Love has no eyes for me)
After all that they've killed
Soul catchers hanging dry
Press silhouettes to the sky
I'll be there in time
But no thanks to motherhood
Take your sights off of me my dear
Severance from the family tree
I'm free

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