The Unattractive, Portable Head

Daughters

"Lifeless and indifferent face on the wall, who is the fairest one this fall?"
I've spent a season with the wolves at the door.
With dirty magazines, spread out, all across my floor.
Some say the apple doesn't fall far from the tree
But that's just a lazy way to dismiss the seed.
This seed is looking to put on a few hundred years.
And willing to earn them through your blood and your tears.
I want you to listen to the sound of my voice
And know I was created by chance not by choice.
Some may call that the death of the light
But I like to call it "Embracing the night"
Too many hands are held out to take.
Too many hands aren't prepared to break.
Now, for another season with the wolves at the door,
Hungry and scratching and begging for more.
There is a future your eyes may not see.
There is a future you may not believe.
There is a future that will be here in time.
But some won't make it to sign on that line.
I've seen an endless sky of ships explode
And realized some men will never make it home.
We near a time when all of us know.
When we find out.
Do we really reap what we sow?
It will be cold when the rain comes, to lose the tears as they fall.
I will be cold to pull a lesser man from a ledge and then
And then and then...
I want to cast off the wings of desire.
I want be buried in a field of fire.
I want to stand up and be twenty feet tall.
I want to reach out and feel nothing at all.

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