Second Family Portrait

Radical Face

My life started slow
In a town of idle minds
Where daydreams filled the space
Between our simple dramasAnd my mom was strange
But she'd always liked to sew
And my clothes smelled like
The room I was born inAnd my dad calm
Never used two words when one'd do
And my brother's hands were mischief bent
With no will to stop 'emAnd on the whole
We lived simply and day-to-day
Our fears were trivial
They always died with every sunset
When I was twelve
My affliction came to light
And I was told that some things I heard
Were only there in my headBut I couldn't tell
Which were real and which were now
And the question loomed over all I did
Whether I could trust itAnd I guess over time
It became too much
And I was sent away
At my mom's behest
'cause she'd grown to fear meNow I live up north
In the house for the broken heads
And my father comes and visits me
Whenever he can afford it
Sometimes at night
When the voices quiet down
I find I hope that I am missed
And that they haven't forgot me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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