

# Second Family Portrait

## Radical Face

My life started slow  
In a town of idle minds  
Where daydreams filled the space  
Between our simple dramas And my mom was strange  
But she'd always liked to sew  
And my clothes smelled like  
The room I was born in And my dad calm  
Never used two words when one'd do  
And my brother's hands were mischief bent  
With no will to stop 'em And 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 head But I couldn't tell  
Which were real and which were now  
And the question loomed over all I did  
Whether I could trust it And I guess over time  
It became too much  
And I was sent away  
At my mom's behest  
'cause she'd grown to fear me Now 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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