

Nature vs. Nurture

Grieves

I've been looking at that shadow that's inside of me for quite some time
Sunk my teeth in the light
But never regret the process
Or regret time
Just wish I could have helped the 3 of us
And breached that line
Like how the hell was a supposed to know?
It's the symbiotic circle that we all helped grow
And when it all fell through
Yeah, we all sunk in the same link
And drowned in that vision of our future in the same day and
You can tell it to the doctor when he asks you
Or carve it in your little prison wall like a tattoo but
We got a frozen rock of luck like a statue
That stands at the crossroads, blocking where to pass through
Damn, that's part of living on the off-beat and
Part of skipping down that never-ending dark street so
You can fight it and draw the difference between us
Because the blood doesn't match
But the God-damned disease does
How many more hearts are we going to break?
How many failed steps are we going to take?
It's time to look at what we got here
Standing on the verge of that age old question
Is it nature versus nurture?
How many more lines are we going to cross
Until we figure out the pain we caused?
It's time to look at what we got here
Standing on the verge of that age old question
Is it Nature versus Nurture?
I flipped through that little photo book that Ma made
And looked for the warning signs crawling out of my face
I've been questioning the level of our mind state
That made us feel like everything around us was a crying shame
No answer, just a whole bunch of burned bridges
Earned stitches in that curve in our world's rhythm
And I don't know where we learned this from
Or how it stuck with you after all the worse was done
Yeah, and I'm not afraid to say it

I'm ready to wake the demon and enclose it up and face it
And take it out and display it
And show the world that it's real
Stop running from the past like it's going to make you heal
And maybe that's the reason why I see it
And feel it in my pen when I sit down and treat it
And after all of it's done, you don't have to believe it
When the blood doesn't match
And the God-damned disease lives
How many more hearts are we going to break?
How many failed steps are we going to take?
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