What We Fall for When We're Already Down

The Good Life

I'll try to describe the way that it felt
To tell my own mother her son is a failure
His heart is too cold to love anyone but himselfIt's like stabbing an icicle straight through your chest
Your whole body shivers as it coarses your blood
And your quivering throat keeps choking on those wordsMama I tried a thousand times, I'm frozen to the core
Your son is a glorious mess
Who wrecks anything he adores but deep in his center he swears
There's a candle just waiting to burn and meltSo who's gonna burn him yeah who's gonna break him
Into a thousand pieces melting over flames of perfection
I once felt its warmth but it left me shivering in the dark

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