

# 25 Years

## Avail

my mother said things are fine and turned the other way my troubles she said go way back far before your day  
but things are all right she said it's all right you could see it on her face her days of praise had gone astray and  
moved on to another place  
my father threw up his arms in a cold aggressive rage i've been fightin my conscience years now every single  
day we live alone now but no one is to blame his days away go unexplained things will never be the same  
what's there to pray about? letting go is not so simple what's there to pray about? i should have picked another  
hero

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