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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