Industry

Waxwing

You are not alone my brother
I have always been with you,
Have we eaten something deadly
Something poisonous consumed.
I just longed for days that were simple
When books still held the golden keys,
But I know that to be an illusion
Know that they were never that way.
I'm not a God Damn machine man
I've got two arms and two eyes,
Guess this is what we lost sight of
Swallowed it with no reply.
Will what this world's made of me
Bring only venting of hatred on my family
Fruit of my labor the desecration of everything sacred to me.
Victims of this great temper,
the pent up frustration living has buried in me,
Brought down upon the ones that I love
and those who I sing these songs for.
I just long for days that were simple
When books still held the golden keys,
But I know that to be an illusion
Know that they were never that way.
It's been years since I screamed out at the sky
Like my father, A choice to make the decision was mine
Every son can blame this.
I'm not that man, drop it repeat,
It's not what happens it's how it's dealt with.
Your not that man drop it repeat
There's only so much that's in our hands.
The casing for this powerful spirit
Tires but is strengthened by whats been put before
Everyone must spend their due time
Feeling sick, so sick inside
There's a certain sense of violence
In the way a family takes place.

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