Torches and Tragedies

Good Riddance

Children who watch their fathers rise to work each day
Becoming bitter as they piss their lives away
Out of balance as he stumbles to the porch
Too young to recognize the passing of the torch
And so they cry (in fear)
They wonder why (not here)
The cycle punctuates an atmosphere of pain and lies
It gets to where one never knows what to expect
A bedtime story or a broken nose or neckThey take it in and take it on
Like they've been shown
It goes on and on andToo many sterile homes without a thing to say
A generation losing innocence this way and
No recognition of the bridges as they burn
Just repetition of behaviors they have learnedAnd so they cry (in fear)
They wonder why (not here)
We tip the fragile scales of temperament and guilt
Too soon mistaken for the will that makes us strong
But looking back it's just the shame we pass along

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