

# The Same Son

## Have Heart

Sisters starving, brothers begging,  
Mothers mourning, fathers folding  
When I look into the mirror I see:  
A boy not a man,  
The son of a father I refuse to understand,  
The "brother" of a brother like a wound I neglect,  
The coward of a sister with the world I forget,  
The prodigal son, but I am yet to return  
From a siege where I take refuge but want to watch burn,  
Your lover, your companion, your champion, your friend,  
Forever by your side but not in the end,  
The fortunate son who dwells in the city  
With the poorest of the poor, still, I ask for your pity.  
And while theres a man who sleeps on, the ice-cold streets,  
His godsend not in me, but in his cardboard: his sheets  
Yet  
I still see the same son.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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