

# Hardest Song Ever (feat. Leah Tysse)

## Locksmith

Father worked nights, mother all day  
There were no gripes, we would all pray  
We were close knit, it was so strict  
Well in most folks, that was OK  
I was so young, pre-first grade  
Them condone me alone, it was no way  
But when it overlapped, it left an open gap  
Call a babysitter, time to go play  
And she was young too, and it was fun too  
Get away from her home, so she would come through  
Our to a neighbors house, they had the favorite couch  
That everybody loved, and we would run to  
But it was uncool, what we would succumb to  
The shit we did see, becoming numb to  
This wasn't untrue, what no-one knew  
The shit that she would do to me, nothing else could undo  
Young and unaware, dealing with the strain  
There's no reason to lie, cause there's nothing to gain  
She told me "strip down, no need to feel ashamed"  
She brought another child, she said "let's play a game."  
My stomach's in a twist, what you expect shit  
I'm barely 5 or 6, I don't know what sex is  
I'm giving y'all the truth so I can set it right  
This is the hardest song I had to ever write  
All that lays, locked in me  
Wasn't mine to hold on to (The hardest song I could ever write)  
And though it plagues, a part of me  
Don't want to leave but I got to (The hardest song I could ever write) And the memory I suppressed it,  
depression is what's  
Pressing that's what the stress did  
I pushed away any woman I could connect with  
That's the shit you do when you deal with being molested  
Infested with impatience I started aching  
Hatred and deep guilt was the deadliest combination  
Am I scarred, am I flawed, am I gay then?  
I've always loved women, that can't be the explanation  
How do I take the rage, bury it deep inside  
Cover it with a smile, but eventually it will rise  
Eventually it will tie, a knot in your soul and boast

Then you just end up hurting the people you love the most  
Fuck it I'll let it fly, nothing to set aside  
It's nothing for me to lose, I'm already dead inside  
Already said my peace a piece of me fled in spite  
Let's set it right this the hardest shit I'm a ever write  
All that lays, locked in me  
Wasn't mine to hold on to (The hardest song I could ever write)  
And though it plagues, a part of me  
Don't want to leave but I got to (The hardest song I could ever write) We are the victim of school teachers and  
cool preachers  
Youth coaches and catholic priest that do breach us  
And violated our innocence from within  
Now that I'm grown I know that it prolly happened to them  
A cycle of sickness where the only eyewitness  
Is so terrified they rather lie than admit this  
Or rather omit this, and deal with the strain too  
But your never truly free until you put this in plain view  
And I know it's like the hardest thing in the world to do  
But if you don't then the person who did it controls you, and owns you  
But I got my chance to set it right  
This the hardest song I could ever write All that lays, locked in me  
Wasn't mine to hold on to (The hardest song I could ever write)  
And though it plagues, a part of me  
Don't want to leave but I got to (The hardest song I could ever write)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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