

# Well As Well

## Before Braille

Well as wellHow will I father a minion  
Worth the bother of keeping my glut?  
Or will I falter and never reach the alter  
Where fate is unplugged?Am I worth consideration  
Or the plausible elation  
That comes biting tongues?  
Or will it always be a secret?Fine, go ahead and keep it  
I've got some of my own  
Look at that kid, no son of mine  
He wreaks of pain and guilt  
Soaked up and stained in his eyes  
That he cleans with serpentineRays in his mouth, he'll sunburn  
Graze where it is hot, burns his throat  
Will he spit fire or will he learn to stop?  
I can't calm down or sit back  
And watch you struggle  
But I can just give up on myselfI'll carry the heavy load on my shoulders  
For a pat on the back  
Or a star on your flag, or just be vocalIt's what it is when it's defined  
And goes down smooth with a glass of grime  
The conscience shifts to mark the times  
Nobody's to blame if they cover their eyes  
And act surprised, will I father a son?Tell me how he will be  
Will he fall in traps that I have set and placed  
And scattered all around me?  
Will he reach with his arms?  
Will he pull up his sleeves?Have I scared him from work and love  
And friendship and success  
That's always avoided me?  
Is it my fault? Am I sick, or sick in me?We've all got our own disease  
I'm as well as well as I can be

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