

Son The Father

Fucked Up

Father, father, come see what I've built
Made civilization out of the Nile silt,
Built your monuments out of my brother's bones,
Exalted your words in flesh-bound tomes
It's hard enough being born in the first place,
Who would ever want to be born again?
It's taken this long just to get to this place,
So what's the point in ever being born again?
Papa, papa, come and watch me play
The whole world before me I laid to waste
Built Jerusalem out of these hidden worlds,
But I won't share it with the other boys and girls
More embarrassed than I'd hope to admit,
The living embodiment of perfect.
A reversed Oedipal complex based on power and not on the sex.
Daddy, daddy, are you proud of me?
I did it all for you because of what I believe
The sins of the father carried out by the son
From Cain and Abel until the last living life is done
Again we stand slack-jawed
As our fates are moved by the hand of God
A God is what we see as we stare into his Papal eyes

Songwriters

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Published by

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