

Endless Cycle

PLEE!

The bias of the father runs on through the son
And leaves him bothered and bewildered
The drugs in his veins only cause him to spit
At the face staring back in the mirror

How can he tell a good act from the bad?
He can't even remember his name
How can he do what needs to be done
When he's a follower and not a leader?

The sickness of the mother runs on through the girl
Leaving her small and helpless
Liquor files through her brain with the force of a gun
Leaving her running in circles

How can she tell a good act from the bad
When she's flat on her back in her room?
How can she do what needs to be done
When she's a coward and a bleeder?

The man if he marries will batter his child
And have endless excuses
The woman sadly will do much the same
Thinking that it's right and it's proper

Better than their mommy or their daddy did
Better than the childhood they suffered
The truth is they're happier when they're in pain
In fact, that's why they got married

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