Weight Of The World

Blue October

A blackout in the room again
a busted lip and broken skin.
I wake up in the bathroom
and dare not bother asking
why the mirror's craked and all I see
are shards of glass inside of me.
There's voices there to dare me,
my father's here to scare me.
My mother sits beyond the door she's
curled up crying on the floor,
look at what her son's done.
When the weight of all the world's gone wrong.
It's gone wrong again.
Gone fucking wrong.
It's gone wrong again.
Well liars they leave a guilty trail.
And let me tell you something people,
I've been lying for fucking years.
That must be why I'm standing in this space.
Disregarding that I've created these monsters
they're on fucking both of my sides,
So I wipe the blood from both of their eyes.
From all four of their eyes.
And while I wait for wounds to heal
I see you by the window sil,
your heart's torn out

a plastic spoon
when honesty lit up that room
so I stole the pillowcase to clean
this mess I've made of someones dream.
Now you've seen what I've done,
when the weight of all the world's gone wrong.
It's gone wrong again
gone fucking wrong
it's gone all wrong again.
This room is old and wise
I fall onto the bed and wonder,
"How did I get here?"

The little boy who would argue with a tree
just fucking thump his head
and he'll turn back to normal.
Now why is that what I see?
Don't bother trusting
don't bother waiting
don't bother changing things that won't give into changing
just let me go away.
I'm packed
whenever
I'm down
whenever.

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