

Loved Ones

Quintin Gerard W.

Sit across from you, why are we even here?
There is no way to make up for the 20 years.
I love trying to make conversation
when I could care less of what you're doing,
what are you doing? And I know you never cared 'till now.
All my days go back to when you would scream.
And it froze me.
Guess the screaming runs in the family.
You look tired and run-down.
Are you even excited to see your baby boy?
Put a razor to the skin 'till we don't resemble each other anymore.
Sit across from you, why are we even here?
There is no way to make up for the 20 years.
So now I see the tears welling up,
finally you care I've waited all my life for this.
It's always been over, it's always been over, it's always been over for us.
A single tear, a last resort for all who've never felt.
Sit across from you, why are we even here?
There is no way to make up for these 20 years.
If I could flip this table I'd stab you with every word
that lied its way out of your head.

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