

# 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  
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?  
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  
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?  
Again we stand slack-jawed  
As our fates are moved by the hand of God, of God, of God, of God, of God  
A God is what we see  
As we stare into his Papal eyes

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