The Last Firstborn

Celldweller

oh man, i can't believe that you did what they said
you did and to this day i've still gotta say that in
my mind i question it i wish i knew what you had
meant before you went and left me wondering to
just an echo of your voice 'listen...'
now i wait to take my turn to bleed like a kid playing
with a razorblade and wonder if i have the
balls at all or am i gonna be afraid where are
you? what do you think? 'cause i'm not sure when
knocking at death's door if i will be welcome in
or be left alone outside
i hear the sound of a heart
from the shadow in the dark
waiting for the poison to hit its mark
(listen--my son) i see the darkness
surround the shape on the ground the
killer straight up and a body face
down (firstborn-last one) i hear the
din of the screams, sorrow in streams
the smell of farewell and gasoline
(listen--my son) i see a heart set free
and my legacy hear a voice from a
shadow that is beckoning me
(firstborn-last one)
i guess there comes a point when you
think to yourself "this isn't worth it, it
isn't worth it" and now i feel what you felt inside
brother and now i feel what you felt
this isn't worth it, it isn't worth it i
wish it didn't end this way live a life in
hell through a mortal shell asphyxiating
smell for a crime lifetime imagination
locked in a cell and to the other
firstborn, i see the same scene that
must play over in your mind and now
how much more i'm sure it's fucked with
your head just like it's fucked up mine.
"listen my son-firstborn last one"
the message you sent out to me-i can't

change what's meant to be

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