Damnaged

The Color Morale

You did well, devil.Family life.
It's like puzzle pieces disconnected.
Pictures frames will never find.
This broken home my demons still reside.
You would think we could have lived together with all this hell inside.Mother, I just needed you to know.
Something good grew out from all of the cracks inside our broken home.
I am a lonely soul, a kid flying his kite alone.
Or am I just a head in the clouds, welcoming wind every time there's a storm?Where do I go now?
I grew up in a house God built with the devils blueprints with no foundation found.
I went to hell to have some words with the devil about what he did, but it was empty.
Everyone moved out.Mother, I just needed you to know
Something good grew out from all of the cracks inside our broken home.
And father, I needed you the most
But I'm still a kid in aging skin, a hypocrite trying to grow.Every time I try
To bury the wreckage of that old house in my mind.
I see the same crow on the power line.
He could have flown to any other home,
But he'll never stop chasing mine.
He'll never stop chasing mine.It's a strange kind of comfort
Learning to always love
The cracks inside broken homes.Mother, I just needed you to know
Something good grew out from all of the cracks in our broken home.
And father, I needed you the most,
But I'm still a kid in aging skin, and I will always love you both.

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