

It still looks the same here after all these years.
The junkies and the steamboat men,
The sun never set on them here.
He walks to his rundown home,
Hell-bent to find his mother,
But all that fear comes back
When he is greeted by his brother.
"It's not the same"
It's not the same
It's not the same
"Oh, i never thought you would come right to me.
I've spent years on these docks
Just waiting after you left,
We were left with nothing.
Every day what you did ran through me.
You selfish fuck.
It's your fault,
Can't you see?
Your addict mother is dead.
Now, are you happy?
You're left with nothing.
You're left with nothing.
Now, you'll pay your debt to me.
You coward cheating thief.
Down at those long steel tracks,
Your life is my payback."
"I bet you wish you were dead."
They walk the rails with a gun to his head.
And so he lay on the ties,
Just waiting.
Those racing thoughts through his head came rushing.
He slips out from the weight of the elder.
The younger's fear once again toppled over.
And now it's his upper hand,
He sees the steam overhead.
This will be the last the elder breathes again.
Roll on through,
That train bearing down.
As it ended his days,
He somehow knew it would always be this way.
So ends that cold heart legacy.