

## Child Inside

Lagwagon

Too many hangars in the closet, a clutter of confusion  
Too little rectitude to hold a moral absolute  
Too much distinction to relate to them  
Irresolutions we contemplate with no end  
In this world of give and take  
And what we refer to as maturity  
From emotional need to technology  
has you, a cultured seed of your society,  
Lacking ability to feel clemency, I'm surprized we still  
Bleed into the abyss of despair that's hiding the child  
Compassion you would not dare admit to have experienced  
Do you regret looking back? A penitent confessing his sins  
The child inside of me recalls a time of purity, an outlook of  
release  
You remember, confident that you were able  
A future laid out on your table  
Running through memories a child is free  
The world restored you see, I see  
The child inside of me