

I Am Dmitri Karamazov And The World Is My Father

Protest the Hero

And so it starts from one impurity
held in place by loveless security,
always thrown around
and beaten by squinted eyes
that soon bear turned back, abstract views
through broken bottles of brandy.
I'm questioned all my life
why I kept on saying that
I didn't even ask to be here,
you made that choice for me,
enrolled me in your schools and church
and in your god forsaken military.
What cost do I pay for being born of you?
My life, enslaved by passions that held away from me.
Who is my mother?
Where is her grace?
Where is that subtle joy I crave?
Who is my mother?
Where is her grace?
Where is that subtle joy I crave?
It's gone, it's gone
or should I say never existed anyway.
Blurry winter clouds and snow melted by anger -
My subscription. My addiction, my addiction.
If I had one love in this world
If I had one love in this world
If I had one love in this world
If I had one love in this... {you tried to take it away.}
A pound of nuts is simply not enough to keep my rage at
A pound of nuts is simply not enough to keep my rage at bay
and though I didn't kill you.
like you tried to do to me.
I'm just as guilty
because I would have wanted to be free.