

The Root Of All Evil

Abney Park

All these roots run deep,
And this tree is old,
This trunk is rotten
All these leaves have mold

is it in our blood?
or is it from abuse?
past generations
legacy of misuse?

I know my blood runs hot,
And I've seen my blood is thick
I'm told my bloods not sweet,
And I cry, "my soul is sick"

we're the children of children
and we're handing down there pain
the root of all evil
is the sanity left to gain?

chorus -
we were the victims, we were the culprets
we were the children who cry at night
we are the hunted, and we do the hurting
we are the children who cry at night

the fathers father father
may have made this truth
or was it in HIS blood
this legacy of abuse

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Chorus

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Chorus