

How could i expect love or trust  
the people here are lost  
we live with holes in our hearts  
blood in our mouths  
how could you have done that to them  
they were your children  
raped and beaten  
do you still wear that hard on?  
these are good days anyway  
i just feel so much rage  
but we have each other  
and i will hold you and hold you  
until your tears stop  
until the past gets buried again  
i talk so much shit  
stay positive, stay positive  
i'm feeling f\*\*king negative  
when all my anger builds up  
when i imagine what it looked like  
when they bled  
you f\*\*ked up my friends  
we come to this place this age  
with hearts that are welted and bleeding  
somehow you have to take back  
those years and your fear  
from the people who hurt you  
i am not your father  
not your rapist  
not like the past  
i am not the ones who left  
but still you regard me  
with that hint of unease  
will there ever be trust  
the people i know  
have grown strong with beatings  
i'm feeling like our strength  
could be our greatest weakness  
i'm trying to prove  
someone can love you  
i'm trying to stand by your side