

Father, he cried with his fists one evening
His eyes were ablaze from all he consumed
Mother, she crawls down the stairs in the morning
She's black and blue, broken and bruised
Black and blue, broken and bruised

She crawls to her room and she screams her hardest
Lets the voices inside her head bleed into one
She hears his footsteps alone in the darkness
She closes her eyes and prays for her son
Closes her eyes and prays for her son

But no, her son doesn't come
And no, her son doesn't come

Now all I remember is reading your letter
Saying "I'm leaving," not for how long
Look after your mother, look after your sister
Don't make my mistakes, I know they were wrong
Don't make my mistakes, I know they were wrong

Hindsight, it was beautiful but not so forgiving
The truth just follows and festers inside
You can choose just what you remember
But the truth gets lost and found by your lies
The truth gets lost and found by your lies

And no, your son will not come
And no, your son will not come