

Mother Night

Bury Your Dead

When you call that orphanage home, you've settled for one step above alone inside you.

I think it's well known there's a fight strong enough to draw and quarter your soul.

So let go.

The irony of your foster home isn't lost on me, and I'm not alone.

Who's there to comfort you when he's bruising your face?

Who's there to comfort you when you've lost your way?

The poison apple doesn't fall far from the fucking tree.

Assume the barrel is rotten and so you pick up and leave.

How could you dig up your roots so fucking easily?

The poison apple doesn't fall far from the fucking tree.