

Beautiful Son

Cave In

Nothing in his mind, the rent there's much too high
Does it make him want to occupy this life?
Hiding all the things he prays the world won't find
Still it makes him run away so paranoid

Beautiful son, without your guns, you'd be someone

Nothing in his mind but childhood memories
Does it make him want to live those years again?
Hair is finally growing back over his wounds
Still it makes him want to hurt the ones he loves

Beautiful son, without your guns, you'd be someone

So the future never came, while the past is just the same
No, we both know you'll go far when you discover who you are
Who you are

Still on a mountain peak of anger, well
All that he can do is yell
To all of us down far, far below
But we all know

Beautiful son, without your guns, you'd be someone