

So shallow, not even an infant
Could drown within this compassion
But I feel as if I've drowned just the same
But rather from my ignorance
That unconditional love might exist

I forgot the numbness, I forgot the frustration
That makes up my daily routine of just getting by
I am just barely getting by emotionally
Judgment, disappointment, a lack of patience for me
This is not security but such a pretty package

The guise is broken as the truth rears it's ugly head unto me
A drunken soul, I'm conscious again, I've weakened from my stupor
For the last time, so content caressed in rejection
For it's all that love has ever led to once again

The dying man lays down the law for this peon
It's his last grasp at control, a control that he lost
In infidelity from today, to you I'm dead
As an order accepting son, your searching and searching
But your family isn't at the bottom of any bottle

You're smoking us away, you're choking on your own
No place to hide other than my tears, they still give me away
Do all things end like this? Must all things end like this?
So shallow, I take everything with a grain of salt