

## Read Wiped In Blue

Eyedeas

I never knew my mom, once I was born she was dead  
She never wanted me. At least that's what my dad said  
He said she was polluted, ignorant, uncivilized  
And that was roughly the outline of what he beat into my head  
I grew up in a house with more rooms than I could count  
No siblings, just strangers always moving in and out  
My dad hated all our neighbors  
Had they stepped on his prophets they'd be finished  
'Cause getting his is what he was about  
Ever since his birth, he was a nuisance to humanity  
I wish he died instead of mom. Maybe then I'd love family  
But I'd smile at pops, concealing that feeling of, "I hate you."  
Each day he'd wear the same three colors, with the same suit  
And mother would come to me when I would close my eyes and sink  
To the thought of her beautiful voice, and the lullabies she'd sing  
'Til I was sound asleep. Then I'd awake and she'd be gone  
My whole life, my soul echoed her songs  
I guess the grass is always greener on the other side  
And intangible experience structures one leviathan  
From the Koran to leprechauns  
Since when did America fall in between Lebanon and Ireland?

Mamma was a lullaby, Daddy was a melting pot  
Angel in my father's eyes, only 'cause it helps him rot  
Freedom screams through a sky, wounded by a culture shock  
Mamma was a lullaby, Daddy was a melting pot

His philosophy was to be up, you gotta push someone down  
That was all I knew 'cause that was all I was around  
I found the flaws in his methods from the cause in myself  
Father Diablo: Only an uncle to every one else  
He taught me how to talk without looking in your eyes  
Gave me a nine to five, made me ignore the lullabies  
A puddle of the dried tears shade me colorless  
And categorize me as a baby failing to realize how far away his mother is  
Our relationship hovered with strength, even though it's invisible  
Hard to quit hearing her poetry. Piercing emotions leak  
With the notes she hits I float, defying gravitation  
The only mom I have is in my imagination. So it goes

One day daddy's gonna die, choking on the gun he bought

And when that day comes I shall return to my mother  
And we'll walk hand in hand straight to heaven  
And when the clouds part, I'll tell her that I love her  
And she'll accept with an open heart. No question  
Unless dad was right, and she really was a monster  
Maybe her silhouette reflects the hell of his own childhood  
Maybe she's so insane, no one cared to help  
But if nothing else on this earth could mend her spirit, I bet my smile could  
The volumes of her songs decreased the older that I grew  
Daddy became my only influence of attitude  
Now I'm robotically imperialistic, and careless of people  
A trait inherited by my parent's omnipotent ego  
His symbol's the eagle, but his child isn't free  
You'll see no sign around my neck saying I'm proud to be me

I'm not grown up, the concept of adulthood is dead  
He left scars on my back when my notebook was read  
I guess the grass is always greener on the other side  
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Daddy don't think that I forgot