

## Torches and Tragedies

Good Riddance

Children who watch their fathers rise to work each day  
Becoming bitter as they piss their lives away  
Out of balance as he stumbles to the porch  
Too young to recognize the passing of the torch  
And so they cry (in fear)  
They wonder why (not here)  
The cycle punctuates an atmosphere of pain and lies  
It gets to where one never knows what to expect  
A bedtime story or a broken nose or neck  
They take it in and take it on  
Like they've been shown  
It goes on and on and  
Too many sterile homes without a thing to say  
A generation losing innocence this way and  
No recognition of the bridges as they burn  
Just repetition of behaviors they have learned  
And so they cry (in fear)  
They wonder why (not here)  
We tip the fragile scales of temperament and guilt  
Too soon mistaken for the will that makes us strong  
But looking back it's just the shame we pass along  
My dreams too often true  
I will never be the same as you  
Born dead to live a lie  
Shut down when I see you cry