

What the Seasons Change

Hilltop Hoods

I once knew this man who was cursed from birth
Destined to stagger through at life just to earn his worth
In one turn of the earth this story takes its place
Upon the summer shores of nowhere the place that he makes
His home he returns alone from a long day
Having lost his job and soon his house and fiancé
The wrong way to turn was the path that he took
He pissed his savings up the wall and on the grass he was hooked
The path that he took for granted had messed with his sight
See he missed the finer points such as lessons in life
It was his wed-to-be wife that brought the cool in his heart
And by the time the autumn came, things were falling apart

Things were falling apart (3x)

So now hes standing in the Dole queue
This girl with the face of an angel
Sees hes looking down but she has a way to sustain all
It comes in a powder form and its good for healing scars
But healing scars comes at the cost of rolling till's and stealing cars
Feeling far from obliged he follows her lead
Down a beaten path where the homeless wallow in seed
Swallows his need for pride he cant hold his thin weight
So finds himself in a church to control his intake
Being judged by this father for trying to pave his way
He looks him in the eyes and asks 'hows your faith these days?'
I strive for betterment, he replies in tones with sentiment
'But I lost all faith in this God that I once saw heaven sent'
He never meant to destroy all the things that he came across
Its the sour taste of defeat on the street now all aim is lost
The pain and cost, for his mistakes
But never even really a sinner, its gonna be a long winter

Its gonna be a long winter (2x)

His frail body shudders as the winter wind passes through him
Thinking of all the people in his past that knew him, the shaft has screwed
him
His heart is brewin for knowing what he must do
Is seek shelter and aid from the love he once knew
One last shot for courage hits him then his eyes are blood red
Inside he sees a man living the life he once led
Forfeits in to the anger and torture within
He decides to pay back mankind for her sins
Jumps in his stolen car, grabs a needle from the glove box
Deciding that he never even really knew what love was
He kicks in the front door to catch em' havin' sex
Slams him to the floor then stabs her in the neck
She kicks and she screams so he beats her till shes slack-mouthed
Realising what he's done he stands dumbfounded, smacked out
Blacks out. Awakens in a holding cell knowing he cant see
Hope tomorrow is Spring

Time for regrowth (3x)

So with the first light of spring an officer removes his chains
His mood is pained as he re-enters the world his vision true again

Takes a step and says in a divine statement
'Anything lost can be found again except for time wasted'
He's right adjacent on a path to heal himself
Kicks the habit before he kills himself and feels his health
Returning in the mental and physical his intention to kick it all
Though a struggle when prevention is visable
Redemption isnt all its cracked up to be
He decides as he dreams of smackin up a key
On the brink of life or loss
Not knowing what he's holding
So before he fucks it up again somebody should have told him
No matter your status, fact is we all been humble
No matter the foundation all solid things can crumble
No matter the strength or length something sustained
It never stays the same thats simply what the seasons change
No matter your status, fact is we all been humble (UH)
No matter the foundation all solid things can crumble
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Thats simply what the seasons change