

You Can Never Go Back Home

Kill Your Idols

The room looks familiar, I've been here before. I remember the slamming of the smoke-stained door. Mirror in one room, a chair in the other. She kept flowers in both, in memory of her mother. They'd bloom real pretty, but they couldn't hide the stink of the failed attempt at dinner left there in the kitchen sink. I know she sees me, but she can't place the face with the name she tried for 8 years to finally erase. "You didn't think I wanted you to see me as I am?" "I didn't ask you to be a father, you could barely be a man" I called this place home in another place in time. Then I left here all alone, yea, I'm guilty of that crime. "Wanderlust" my ass, I'm a selfish boorish lout. Always try to complicate, talking the easy way out. Can't make up for lost time, so I'll make another lie, try to back my way out without the nerve to say "goodbye. " "You can walk away and write your stupid poems. You will never love another, and you can never go back home." Go back home! [3x]