

## The Crooked Kind

Radical Face

I heard you tellin' lies  
I heard you say you weren't born of our blood  
I know we're the crooked kind  
But you're crooked too, boy, and it shows

Some get dealt simple hands  
Some walk the common paths, all nice and worn  
But all folks are damaged goods  
It ain't a talk of "if," just one of "when" and "how"

So, collect your scars and wear 'em well  
Your blood's a good an ink as any  
Go scratch your name into the clouds  
And pull 'em all... down

The thunder plays it's drum  
The air is heavy with the smell of storms  
And I sit beside my brother and I feel him shake  
As he laughs himself right back to sleep  
And I'm laughin' with him

But I smell their blood  
My finger's trace their faces in the wood  
I hear their voices somewhere in my bones  
I feel them sing along when I'm alone  
When I'm not too frightened that is when I know

That I'm here with everyone  
They're never truly gone  
I know it's everyone  
And I hear their songs  
Oh, I'm lost with everyone

Shadows dance around the room  
I know their names  
I carry their blood too  
They sing forgotten songs  
But I know the words  
They've been with me since I was born  
As I grew I danced with them too