

Is there any chance you could cut me some slack?  
Because I've been hanging for a while  
From this withered rope  
Forcing every sense I had of hope

Have you ever felt the last spark of innocence die  
Before your very eyes and fade out of your life?

I keep asking myself  
"What wood was I carved from?"  
But is it worth it for me to ask  
Which branch fell and left me here  
To crawl through this sinkhole?

What could I ask that you help me hold back  
Cause I've been falling for a while  
Down this fucking slope  
Losing any sense I had of hope

Have you ever felt the last spark of innocence die  
Before your very eyes and fade out of your life?

I keep asking myself  
"What wood was I carved from?"  
But is it worth it for me to ask  
Which branch fell and left me here  
To crawl through this sinkhole?

There's a collage of photos framed  
Dating '93 to '95  
Though all it shows me is that  
I'm just a bad seed  
Falling off the family tree