

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