

Inherited Scars

Sage Francis

I didn't tell anyone about what I seen or heard that day, mums the word still
I'm scared to plant ideas into your head while your rebellious side is fertile
Hurdles are getting knocked down
I'm running a losing race
Your legs aren't the only ones marked up - how many dreams have you chased?
If I could have said this to your face maybe you wouldn't have to write like
I do,
Except I use paper instead of my body now; it's something you might want to
try too
From haikus to horror stories, it's something in our blood that we share,
Something in our blood that appears on the surface of our skin when we bring
it there
My facial expression said I didn't care
Hate and aggression must've made an impression on the little kid who stared,
Sitting on stairs when I would bother to bring my skates
My feeble attempt at being a strong, big brother doing father figure 8's
Ripping my cape on the ground that it dragged on
Tripping on fate and hearing the sounds of a sad song
Listen, it's great sharing time now that dad's gone,
But what's with the choice of words?
Or the body parts that you decided to tag them on?
I'm a vagabond, who moved to modern day Babylon and then back again
With minimal contact and you know I can't ask your mom what's happening
You've got such beautiful gifts What are you doing ruining the packaging?
How ironic come to think I probably put this ink on my back for him
I want you to laugh and sing more,
But you dropped anchor in a place
where dreams go to die and you're keeping your ass indoors
I'm asking for you to stick it out and see things through
You're asking for me to zip my mouth and keep it just between me and you

If I could have been there from the beginning if I could be there right now
if I could promise to be there when you need me, would it raise an eyebrow?
How would your body be different if I still dropped by for visits?
Is it my place to put a smile on your face?
Could I erase your body language telling you its all been said before?
Or change the words you wrote, exchanging your scars for my metaphors?
I'd add them to my collection while smiling
Next time you want to paint with razor blades and need a canvas use my skin

Hiding your sins well, but I see the hell that your limbs speak
Tongue in cheek Lying awake in bed while other kids sleep
The strength of evil begins to keep your grins weak
No matter the length of the needle
marking up one's body is so much more than skin deep
Feel the pin prick The grim reaper what they sew and you're trained to say that
you're fine
Your threshold for pain is greater than mine
So I'm waiting in the lines that you give me patiently,
While you get cut in the lines that THEY make YOU wait in ways that they can't
see
If there's a vacancy as far as room in your life goes,
say it to me But don't do it with a knife under your clothes
Because the anguish of hidden skin is letting my ghosts be shown
Plus the language its written in hits especially close to home

I'm most alone when I'm out of touch with the people who feel this type of pain
You might just aim for a day that its raining to strike a vein to take my name in
Changing your uniform and altering your mind set
Has your pointer finger decided if it was a fault of his or mine yet?I bet
I know the dialect It's nowhere I haven't been before
With skin that's sore Battle scars that rise from our inner war
Are decorative medals of honor that our father decided to pass through inheritance
And it is repetitive when the kids head in the direction of evidence
proving the pain and hurt is relative

All this pain and hurt is relative...
Fade to black