

Into The Dark

The Juliana Theory

Dad, your boy is about to fall. He walks the razor's edge. He's on the brink of fading out. He's at his bitter end. Dad, your boy who used to run, you taught him how to crawl. He left home to find his own, now all he had is gone. In your eyes I see a darkness that torments you and in your head where it dwells.

I'd give you my hand if you'd reach out and grab it. Let's walk away from this hell. Mom, your baby is on his way. He'll soon be at your side. Cause he's forgotten all he's known. A part of him has died. Mom may never understand why baby's come and gone. He left home to find his own, now all he has are lies.