

Story Of A Free Man - Chapter Two: The Cold Return

Verse

Dad came home in a body bag. He never had a chance to say goodbye. He was a good man - fooled to believe in a fake ideal. His veins soon pulsed with dissent from what he had learned right before he died. The cold reality of the rich sending the poor off to fight a war for the corporate whores.

"Will we ever see an end to this?" he said. Still stuck with addiction, he numbs his mind. He wants to return to the time when he was young and blind.

"Will we ever see an end to this?" he said. He knew life would never be the same from here on out. He felt those storms coming in with those dark approaching clouds. "Will we ever see an end to this?" he said. He's homeless now.

He throws his mind away and struggles with thoughts of suicide at the end of days. He wants to see the end of this. This is the beginning of his concrete bed under a bridge. "This is rock bottom. I can only go up from here. I'm looking ahead, and I think I'm ready to face what I've always feared."

He screams out at the metropolis in front of him. This is where he learns to sink or swim. He turns to face a monster in front of him that is the epitome of limiting. He takes the needle from his bed side, gives it a look for the last time. It's the last time...