

Seed

Every day it gets a little harder, can't seem to get away

I remember there's a certain place, a place I wish I'd stay

I feel so lost within - pressured, I'm headed for that day

Just one thought in my head, really. Do I need this fame?

Every time, god damn, I look at my son (seed), I see something I can't be

*Beautiful and care free, that's how I used to be
Like some god damn fucking freak, I'm so pressured, I'm so weak*

Something takes a hold of me, something I can't believe

I lay in bed at night and wonder, should I go on this way?

It's the only thing I really got for now, and it's called fame

Every time, god damn, I look at my son (seed), I see something I can't be

*Beautiful and care free, that's how I used to be
Like some god damn fucking freak, I'm so pressured, I'm so weak*

something takes a hold of me, something I can't believe

So I see this face so innocent and fine... and so fine

So I see this face and I realize it's mine

I feel the rattle..

So I see this face so innocent and fine... and so fine

So I see this face and I realize it's mine

I feel the rattle..

Every time, god damn, I look at my son (seed), I see something I can't be

Beautiful and care free, that's how I used to be

Like some god damn fucking freak, I'm so pressured, I'm so weak

something takes a hold of me, something I can't believe

Like some god damn fucking freak !