

Before Braille "Well As Well"

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Well as well

How will I father a minion
Worth the bother of keeping my glut?
Or will I falter and never reach the alter
Where fate is unplugged?

Am I worth consideration
Or the plausible elation
That comes biting tongues?
Or will it always be a secret?

Fine, go ahead and keep it
I've got some of my own
Look at that kid, no son of mine
He wrecks of pain and guilt
Soaked up and stained in his eyes
That he cleans with serpentine

Rays in his mouth, he'll sunburn
Graze where it is hot, burns his throat
Will he spit fire or will he learn to stop?
I can't calm down or sit back
And watch you struggle
But I can just give up on myself

I'll carry the heavy load on my shoulders
For a pat on the back
Or a star on your flag, or just be vocal

It's what it is when it's defined
And goes down smooth with a glass of grime
The conscience shifts to mark the times
Nobody's to blame if they cover their eyes
And act surprised, will I father a son?

Tell me how he will be
Will he fall in traps that I have set and placed
And scattered all around me?
Will he reach with his arms?
Will he pull up his sleeves?

Have I scared him from work and love
And friendship and success
That's always avoided me?
Is it my fault? Am I sick, or sick in me?

We've all got our own disease
I'm as well as well as I can be

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