

Jonathan Cain

"Summer Of An Angry Son"

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A young boy, so painfully shy
Played the obedient son
Living for approval
As his father held the high command
And freedom's a struggle
From generations past
Where boundaries fall on how to be a man
Though his father loved him
The damage had been done
Words became weapons
The war had just begun

He's been silent to his father's voice
Now he's finally found his tongue
The swords are crossed, the sparks will fly
In the summer of an angry son
Summer of an angry son

Resentment grew over the years
Secretly deep inside
Somewhere between love and hate
Until he'd let the poison out
Found courage to stand up
Discovering in his heart
How to weigh the sins from the acts of love
Born to be a messenger
The son must break the chain
Searching for forgiveness
Rivers running through his veins

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