

Seventh Star

"Tears For A Son"

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I've been wasting many years
On the side of your bed
Watching her take care of junior
This ain't the life I wished for
To see my son living his life an empty shell
While I am living hell

My back hurts
And ruins my sleep
The man next door
Plays evil music he's such a creep

The mask I carry on the outside
Prevents the inside from shining through
The pain of missing you...

Now...
One last try
No I won't let my son die
Heaven tends to help
[The] believing ones
Let us hope for light
Tomorrow's a brand new day
Spare us a day of sorrow and decay

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