

## Sweet Apple

### "Monarch"

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The father turns his anger on his own flesh and bone  
As the boy who kneels before him takes his punishment  
alone  
Each blow clearly echoes through his broken home  
Just as every hurt and painful word prepares him for  
the throne

He can't escape the man that someday he'll become  
Descendant of the scars he holds inside  
The crown is handed down and he'll take on a role the  
violent  
Monarchy has left behind

Keep your feelings in hiding  
While the Monarch's presiding  
In each bruise the makings of his new heir are sown not  
knowing  
That the seeds he plants bear only violence when their  
grown

The boy will struggle with these lessons all his life  
As the essence of the king, his father manifest in time  
He'll bear the crown of anger, rise to seal his fate  
As the offspring and successor to the man who taught  
him hate

He can't escape the man that someday he'll become  
Descendant of the scars he holds inside  
The crown is handed down and he'll take on a role the  
violent  
Monarchy has left behind

The sons who follow in his bloodline will succumb to  
age old  
Madness that they cannot fight  
The crown is handed down and they'll take on the role  
the violent  
Monarchy has left behind

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