

# Jakewolf

## "The D-a-d In Dead"

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I've been empty on the inside,  
Only thinking in weights and measures and biased  
opinion.  
The highest that I have been, sickly and dying.  
You denied your assignment,  
Your child now a "has been".  
You could have been a friend.  
No, you could have been a husband to the women you  
used and lied to.  
I tried to be you. I despised you, cried for you. I held it  
all inside for you.  
I nearly fucking died for you.  
I didn't want to be denied,  
I'll side with myself this time.  
My pride, no more a fleeting issue. When I said that I  
missed you, I lied. I never knew you.  
Your face in mine, a grown man. You knew my face like  
the back of your hand.  
My face only knew demands. My face only knew your  
hands.  
At attention sir. I'll call you sir.  
That's your name right? I concur.  
You're not a man, you're a coward. You're not a man,  
you're a coward.  
Your own child, you're empowered.  
You'd raise your hand and I'd cower.  
I've been robbed, deflowered of a youth.  
I swear I'll never be like you.

I'd rather die than be like you.  
We're passed the time, goodbye is due.  
I'd rather die than be like you. I'd rather fucking die.  
You never wanted me: a son diseased; inferior. Your  
"perfect" genes.  
But all along this came from you.  
You're flawed too, through and through.  
I never really could recite all the right words in order to  
express myself towards seeing you, and greeting you,  
and being you.  
Through meaningless sex and abuse on myself and my  
health never meant anything but hell.  
I denied my "wealth" in life of being alive and seeing

that side of myself; a part of me died.  
But you were to blame.  
My reason, my teacher, my model, my guide, my  
shame, my pain.  
I've cried too many nights over series of cynical  
lullabies.  
I've improvised and devised a plan to summarize your  
lies, and ties are out now.  
'Cause compromise is out of the question... goodbye.  
So father that I'm rid of. Oh, where do you go hiding  
love?  
And aren't you quite neglectful of your son who never  
had enough?  
I never really had enough. I never had enough.  
You taught me how to use, and you taught me to  
abuse.  
I refuse, yeah; I refuse to be a cold-hearted FUCK like  
you.  
Well pick and choose, you'll always lose sir.  
Know one son better than two.  
Deny me, oh, my father. I've been refused. I'll always  
be defective to you...

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