

## **Pistol Grip**

# **"The Unwanted Children"**

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I'm not the angel that you thought I'd be  
I had to clip my wings to be free  
You should have raised me right now  
all I know is wrong  
the misguided youth struggles to hang on  
I feel the hand of God push me aside  
cause I won't fall for his lies  
You walk through the door with dampened eyes  
a little warmth left as you took flight

The unwanted children and the juvenile rage

No reason for self pity cause even I don't care  
a shell of a man left bare  
I'm a social decay for a rotten cavity  
I'm a broken branch on the family tree  
Never showed love just authority  
now I'm a cancer on society  
I'm a normal looking man with a demon's heart  
reek hell upon the cities till the world is scarred  
A father's disgrace shows in your face  
regret what you can't erase  
I know your displeased with the way I live  
I'm a culture disgust I'm a bastard's kid  
Emotions amputated now I have no fear  
now I look around I see clear  
Angers been repressed for far too long  
gonna lash out with aggression till the angst is gone

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