

James Schoensiegel**"Relative"**

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All these years, we return
And you and I
Must choose between what we know
And a strange world
But we were blood before you had
To apologize

You can carry me brother

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When we were more innocent
I looked up to you
I grew more confused with age
You grew tall
You don't recognize me now
But I'm still here

You can carry me brother

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I don't know who's in the wrong
And I don't mind
I've been in a prison
With an idle mind
All I know is in the end
What's yours is mine

And if you could
You'd carry me brother

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