

Thousand Foot Krutch

"Soren Grey"

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Your mother kept you safe
So safe you weren't born
Your mother keeps you still
In the mind of the forlorn
And never to conceive
And never to allow
The thought to cross your mind
Where is your mother now?
And somewhere in a dream
Your mother's still eighteen
And holding onto this world
That we called obscene
The union of the snakes
With coiled bodies bare
Bring scissors for my skin
And for your mother's hair
She'll never speak your name
For fear of looking in
To the past that was
For that which might have been

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