

Father Knows Best

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Did you think I would stay quiet?
Did you think I would smoke out
like an ember from a firework?
After seven years of bullshit
did you think I would lay down
and that you would get away with it?

I'm not the kind
that you tried to make me
I'm not the kind
But you beat me down
and you pushed me around
and I've had enough
now I want your blood

I know about your past
I know about your people
I know about the cash
that's underneath the steeple
I know about your sex
I know about your demons
Father knows best
until you try to leave him

And aren't you the judge and jury?
Yeah, you're holding all the cards
while they're rolling in the aisles
And you're so skilled at bewitching
You swallow your own potion
and devour your own child

I'm not the kind
that you tried to make me
I'm not the kind
But you beat me down
and you pushed me around
and I've had enough
now I want your blood

I know about your past
I know about your people
I know about the cash
that's underneath the steeple
I know about your sex
I know about your demons
Father knows best
until you try to leave him

I'm gonna talk, talk, talk x4

(I'm gonna talk, talk, talk)
I know about your past
I know the hurting people
(I'm gonna talk, talk, talk)
I know about my cash
it's underneath the steeple
(I'm gonna talk, talk, talk)

You borrow and you steal
From anybody trusting
(I'm gonna talk, talk, talk, talk)
Now your prod is really spinning into nothing

I know about your past
I know about your people
I know about the cash
that's underneath the steeple
I know about your sex
I know about your demons
and Father knows best
until you try to leave him