

Bastard of the Brood

Embryo

The son of guiltiness,
the son of broken promises,
born from deception,
baptized at daylight inception;
torn from your mother's arms
to hush up an inconvenient scandal

and your father didn't care
about your fragile mood;
you were just the bastard son of his brood.

Grown up in the nature,
its laws forged your behavior.

A hole in your heart,
a hole in your affection,

a hole to fill with perfection.

And your father didn't care
about your fragile mood;
you were just the bastard son of his brood.

Looking for something you didn't know
to warm your lovelorn soul.

A hug, a sweet caress on your face;
a word, a lovely whisper for your rest;
a kiss, the sign of someone who cares.

And your father didn't care
about your fragile mood;
you were just the bastard son of his brood.

You passed the entire life
taming the deepest strife.