

Nature Vs Nurture

Grieves

I've been looking for that shadow that's inside of me for quite some time
Sunk my teeth into life, as a young man blind
But never regret the process or regret time
Just wish I could have helped the three of us and breach that line
Like how the hell was I supposed to know?
It's a symbiotic circle that we all helped grow
And when it all fell through
Yeah we all sunk in the same lake
And drowned in that vision of our future in the same day and
You can tell it to the doctor when he asks you
Or carve it in your little prison wall like a tattoo but
We got a frozen rock of luck like a statue
It stands at the cross roads blocking where to pass through
Damn, that's part of livin' on the off beat and
Part of skipping down that never-ending dark street so
You can fight it and draw the difference between us
Cause the blood doesn't match but the god damn disease does

How many more hearts are we gonna break?
How many failed steps are we gonna take?
It's time to look at what we got here
Standing on the verge of that age old question
Is it nature versus nurture?
How many more lines are we gonna cross
Until we figure out the pain we caused?
It's time to look at what we got here
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I flip through that little photo book that Ma made
And look for the warning signs crawling out of my face
I've been questioning the level of our mind state
That made us feel like everything around us was a crying shame
No answers, just a whole bunch of burned bridges
Earned stitches and a curve in our world's rhythm
And I don't know where we learned this from
Or how it's stuck with you after all the worst was done
But it scares me, yeah, and I'm not afraid to say it
I'm ready to wake the demon and enclose it up and face it
And take it out and display it and show the world that it's real
Stop running from the past like it's gonna make you heal
Cause it can't, and maybe that's the reason why I see it
And feel it in my pen when I sit down and treat it
And after all of it's done, you don't have to believe it
When the blood doesn't match, and the god damn disease lives

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