

## Innocent

## The Awakening

Innocent  
Torn from the womb  
A frozen shelter  
of a match made led to ruin

Innocent  
Born into the dirt  
Of mindless hatred  
nailed to walls of hurt

"Not my fault"  
He cries himself to sleep  
By the hand of those who  
consider him so weak  
(so weak)

But sometimes he smiles  
Sometimes he smiles

Innocent  
The nature of the child  
Just needs a gentle touch  
not beaten empty lies

Insolent  
The words of hollow fire  
I'd take their gift away  
Leave death to their desire

Yet sometimes he smiles  
Oh sometimes he smiles

Innocent  
Pride's forgotten joy  
In love of life  
in their little baby boy

Ignorant  
Brutal in mistrust  
I'll see your apathy  
crumble to the dust

And sometimes he smiles  
I know I've seen him smile  
But the pain won't subside  
Yet still that baby smiles

He was torn into a bitter life  
They would say born in sin  
In a grave of his solemn plight  
they piled regret on him  
No matter when or where or how  
success eluded him  
Take a fist of your stolen charm for mine  
Now I'll begin

And sometimes he cries

I know I've seen him smile  
They told him not to cry (or else!)  
So now the boy will smile