

Mother's child

Adam Pascal

Mother's child, should I put this
Chip under your skin
Or should I try to change the world we live in?
How can I drain the sickness from the river?
Wish that I could just wipe you from the face forever

Too much time is taken up
Too much time is taken up
Watching people suffer
Now I've got to take these drugs
And now I've got to take these drugs
So I don't see it over and over

And again the devil's had its way with someone
Torn and frayed, it desecrates
And fascinates us
Some are born, with the face of
Evil tattooed inside
I have no mercy, I just want to watch you die

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(Hindu Chant Translation):

I would accept death, but what can I do
My soul will not depart
Give me a corner of your lap to rest in
May God keep happy the one who gave my heart
So much pain, may he give the world's riches to the one who made me suffer

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So I don't see it over and over and over