

Abney Park, The Root Of All Evil

All these roots run deep
And this tree is old
This trunk is rotten
All these leaves have mold

Is it in our blood?
Or is it from abuse?
Past generations
Legacy of misuse?

I know my blood runs hot
And I've seen my blood is thick
I'm told my bloods not sweet
And I cry: My soul is sick

We're the children of children
And we're handing down their pain
The root of all evil
Is the sanity left to gain?

We were the victims, we were the culprits
We were the children who cry at night
We are the hunted, and we do the hurting
We are the children who cry at night

The fathers father father
May have made this truth
Or was it in his blood
This legacy of abuse

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