The Weeknd, A Tale by Quincy

Looking back now, I didn't know what it was supposed to be
And it's like raising kids, man
If you weren't raised, they don't know how to raise, you know?
I just did the best that I could with them because they know fuckin' well I love them
But I didn't do the best I could — I didn't know what the fuck I was doing — I didn't
I will never forget watching my mother get put in a straightjacket and taken out of my home when I
She was diagnosed with Dementia praecox and put in a mental institution leaving my daddy alone
I later had an evil stepmother who further cemented the idea that I didn't need a mother
Growing up without one had long lasting impressions I didn't fully understand until much later in life
It bled into my relationships with family and those I had became romantically involved with
Whenever I got too close to a woman, I would cut her off
Part of that was vindictive and partially based on fear, but it was also totally subconsious
Looking back is a bitch, innit?