

Saccharine Trust

Holy Sons

Sun is up and I'm trailing down
A twisted gift that I'm leaving out
And it's only on my mind
Sick with dust, well on my way
Refuse that throne yet another day
And it's only on my mind I guess that I'd just lost my mind
Coming into this sobering kind
And you know that I had wrote, and I write
About those old dusty days
And their too many ways to be dissatisfied Praise and curse my memory
It's something that's still making me
And it's only on my mind
Curse this ***** I'm holding tight
A criminal needs a haven tonight
I guess I will descend to this tune
Like a *****ing firework over the moon
So you can salute me down
And gaze upon this gold plated frown
Now you can remember me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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