Crown of Thorns

Cryptopsy

You ever heard the story
Of Mr. Faded Glory?
Say he who rides a pony must someday fall
I been talkin' to my alter
Says life is what you make it
And if you make it death well then rest
Your soul away
Away away yeah

It's a broken kind of feeling
She'd have to tie me to the ceiling
A bad moon's a comin'
Better say your prayers
I wanna tell you that I love you
But does it really matter?
I just can't stand to see you dragging down.
Again, again, again.

So I'm singing
This is my kinda love
It's the kind that moves on
It's the kind that leaves you alone
This is my kinda love
It's the kind that moves on
It's the kind and leaves me alone

I used to treat you like a lady
Now you're a substitute teacher
This bottle's not a prayer, not a prayer in sight
I owe the man some money
So I'm turnin over honey
Oh Mr. Faded Glory is once again doin' time.

This is my kinda love
It's the kind that moves on
It's the kind that leaves me alone
This is my kinda love
It's a crown of thorns
It's the kind that
It's the kind that leaves me alone

Like a crown of thorns
It's all who you know.
So don't burn your bridges cause
Someday, yeah

Start singing
This is my kinda love
It's the kind that moves on
It's the kind that leaves me alone
This is my kinda love
It's a crown of thorns
It's the kind that leaves me alone

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