Gold Chains

General Fiasco

Gold chains.

Gold chains and my body's given up.
I'd fight. I'd fight but the moves might be stifling

My arms. My arms get light with the rest of me.
MY keys. My keys are ready.

Bury me, I'm sure you will.
I can't come clean, with what I'm sayin.

The struggles on my feet implode.
The taste of blood is something else to think about,
But after all my keys are ready.

Too old. Too old to pretend we're 17.
Not me. Why mean, well the youth is a hindrance.

I roll my role. my role. my role.
And it might keep me in this bind,
I'll never find. Worlds behind me.

Bury me, I'm sure you will.
I can't come clean, with what Im sayin.
The struggles on my feet implode.
The taste of blood is something else to think about,
But after all my keys are ready.

Ice cold. Ice cold and your shadow's swallowing me.
I breath....so clean.

My throat. My throat. My throat. my throat.
And thought of clearing it. And now I sit.
And it's over and...

Bury me, I'm sure you will.
I can't come clean with what I'm sayin.
The struggles on my feet implode.
The taste of blood is something else to think about

But after all my keys ready.

The struggles on my feet implode.
The taste of blood is something else to think about,
But after all my keys ready.

Lyrics submitted by dezynboy.

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