Greg's Estate

Bad Astronaut

Hello Lester,
This is Gregory.
Finally my father before me.
Nose is bleeding,
Heart is barely beating.
Surviving you in the den of iniquity.
Now the sole heir of a fallen tree,
From an estate on a mountain of misery.
Hello Lester, this is your legacy,
And I'm almost done.
Mine is tragedy, the son of Satan
Lester the molester of children.
Even mother well,
The stable one that we loved, ran away
To the arms of the young blood
There in your house, there with your wife
Her affair with Jeff and the kitchen knife
A childhood peer will be a sworn enemy
An old friend with a stab of reality
And god is dead.
I'm on the express to see it.
Your bloodline severed by the chemicals in mine.
Define guilt.
I can find guilt in self defense.
I think in blue and see in red.
But there's no accomplishment to change the past.
I've got my plan to succeed father through the snow.
I got mine I got mine I got mine I got mine
I got mine I've got mine
I've got mine I've got mine
I've got mine we've got we've got
we've got we've got we've got
we've got we've got we've got
we've got we've got we've got

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/