

# Religion of Mine

## Summer Fiction

I wanna to believe that something a religion of mine  
Maybe a only real in my mind  
I know that nothing last forever  
The sunshine turns to grey  
I'll say a little pray everyday  
So give me something for the pain  
A broken toy left in the rain  
What a too wetting blank to see  
A way to bring you back to me  
I guess I'm holding on to something  
Not of this kind of clime  
Maybe it was just past in the time  
I know that nothing last forever  
Everything fades away  
I'm holding up to you  
Come what may  
This is my last message to you  
The spatted on my heart is true  
What a too wetting blank to see  
A way to make this at a whim  
I'll sell my soul for you my dear  
Happy and helpful heaven here  
A sun can ship on another sea  
I wish that you were here with me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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