

Heirloom

Clutch

Rise now, my son
Rise now, my son You were suffering from a horrible dream
So mend your ways before they tear you by the seams
You're not the first and not the last
So take this relic of the beloved past So take it now, it's yours, pass it on, preserve
This undeniable heritage of yours
So take this heirloom, so take this heirloom
So take the heirloom, so take the heirloom But I don't want it
And I don't need it
So you can keep it
So you can keep it But I don't want it
And I don't need it
So you can keep it
So you can keep it I don't want it, I don't need it
Take your heirloom to hell
I don't want it, I don't need it
Take your heirloom to hell I will not fulfill your prophecy
Because this heirloom, it burns like a scar
The call denies the branding iron at last
The call denies the branding iron at last I don't want it
I don't want it
I don't want it
I don't want it

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