

Incessant Mace

Soundgarden

He's afraid he'll suffer his fathers fate
Two sets of silver records and plates
Two bloody hands and bleeding hearts
Don't feel it's not to late to start Only the photographs on your wall
Are chained and down your hall
Reminding you of all the days
When you collected hell to pay
Well hell to pay
I said it's not too late
Not it's not too late
incessant mace
Oh God I can see it, you know it's incessant mace _____ and broken backs
Are what you _____
Beneath your treasure chest
You wonder why you're under stress

Songwriters

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