

# Crowned in Chrome

## Crooked Fingers

Crowned in chrome I took a ride in the wrong direction  
Severing the one bind you could tie on me  
Darkness froze as all the hooks have been connected  
Butchered underneath a broken light  
There comes a time a man just cannot trust his freedom  
Shaking with the hand that wants to cheat him  
Pissing on the ones who help him float away  
In his darkest hour

So down we go into a twisted dark dissension  
Scavenging the loose change off your mind  
And doused in gold behind a thin shroud of deception  
You're covering the one thing you can't hide from me  
There comes a time a man has nothing to believe in  
Betting with a hand that will defeat him  
Spitting in the eyes that helped you look away  
From your darkest hour

Crowned in chrome I took a ride in the wrong direction  
Severing the one bind you could tie on me  
Darkness froze as all the hooks got disconnected  
Throwing sparks into a starless sky  
There comes a time a man just cannot trust his freedom  
Leeching off a host that will disease him  
Shining up the shoes that send you on your way  
Into your darkest hour

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