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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written by Bachmann, Eric Emil
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