

The Trials of Harrison Hayes

Willard Grant Conspiracy

Don't have the patience,
for all these apologies.
Don't have the time,
to waste on the suffering. Don't have what it takes,
to stay in one place,
But I might have what it takes
to make myself home. Not sure at any time,
where I will be found.
Not sure you'd want to go there alone.
There're all kinds of serpents here.
Best keep your faith held near.
There's all kinds of poisons that turn you to stone. If the spirit moved my words.
I'm sure I would be misheard.
It's rare that intentions are left undisturbed. The truth leads us down strange roads.
Each one different I suppose.
Many-a-secret is left unlearned.
Misery doesn't come from the earth.
Trouble doesn't sprout from the ground.
People are born to trouble. And as the sparks fly upwards, into the clouds.
Just as the sparks fly upwards, into the clouds.
Just as the sparks fly upwards, into the clouds.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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