

Burning Old Stories

The Snake the Cross the Crown

With hardened hands make a fist and take down,
With one desperate hit you're building and shaping the hate that you feel.
You're scratching out memories you're burning old stories,
Twenty-one years of bearing the cross six months away. A mother has lost the youngest of three ungrateful
unworthy of any pride,
It's not what you have love it's just what you lack.
Give up this act give it a rest,
It's time to come home it's time to move back cause' I know you're not waiting on me. I hope you don't think
that I'm letting go,
So I look at myself and ask what good would come from this shell,
But I can't say if any at all from here on out there's no point on dwelling
On the fact that you put these conditions on a love that we had both given up.

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