

Burning Old Stories

The Snake the Cross the Crown

With hardened hands
Make a fist
And take down the wall
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 love
It's just what you like
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 could come from this show
I can't say of any at all on its own From here on out there's no point in dwelling on
The fact that you had put these conditions on
A Love
We had both given up
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 love
It's just what you like
Give up this act
Give it a rest
It's time to come home

It's time to move backCause 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 could come from this show
I can't say of any at all on its ownFrom here on out there's no point in dwelling on
The fact that you had put these conditions on
A Love
We had both given up...
And i live to regret
...
And you're trying your best
...From here on out there's no point in dwelling on
The fact that you had put these conditions on
A Love
We had both given upFrom here on out there's no point in dwelling on
The fact that you had put these conditions on
A Love
That we had both given up

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