

Tales Of The Runaways

Maylene and the Sons of Disaster

I remember that winter all too well.
We controlled our destiny, but in a moment
HELL RAINED DOWN ON OUR PARADE
AND MA WAS THE LAST ONE TO THE GRAVE
Planned our future never thinking anything could go wrong.
But the World stop spinning today.

Legends are made in shallow graves
Raised to meet disaster's embrace
Justice has it's place for Ma, the boys and me
The prime example of a dying breed.

Our mother never meant this place.
Raised to make the papers someday.
Life here was cold and hard
PLANNED OUR FUTURE NEVER SEEING
ALL THE HELL THAT WAS TO COME
I wouldn't want to be remembered any other way.

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no time for goodbyes, it happened so fast.
Be assured we'll carry on....

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