

Blues For Bama

ASG

Scratching out from hell
Dig until you're tired, tired, tired
Dream a while, dream for miles and miles
Wreckless as the wind obeys
Playful as the pain
Come as you were
Unwoven and unbroken
Desperate indeed
Dead in the deepest end
Iron will weld but strike while it's burning
Come lend your grievances
Blackout the colors that sting
I believe it's not for me
Empty coffin I sink, low
The lions could tame us
Or parade our flesh to the backdoors of yesterday's dream
I need a new eye to build my sky