

Love

Crime In Stereo

So wise so young do never live long.
It seems like I grew up as it grew dark
And I decided I no longer wanted to write about what keeps us a
part.

And I'm not surprised, I've spent all this time just singing
"God send cigarettes and purpose to guide this life."
And this is what I wanted, but all my prayers distorted.
A dream come true and it's nicotine and disappointment.
And I'm not surprised.

I've spent all this time singing,
"God send the softest flesh to ease the stress of this troubled
mind."

So waded lavishly through sin, traded amnesty for skin...
Haven't seen sex and respect in the same place since.
Oh, look what nightmares these prayers become.
God sent employment, culture, combat to occupy the young.
Oh, how the vacant voicemails and anti-
depressants can make you forget...

I'm nothing without my influences.
Nothing without my friends.

I can't help but love this life again.