

As they laid  
my bones down at the crossroads, I saw my ghost  
sell my soul to the inferno for petrol to get home.  
Now each day  
I sink a bit faster into my father's fate.  
Four packs a day. Four decades straight.  
Right to an unmarked grave.

I used to think it would sleep (3x)

As I laid  
My cross down at the bones beneath my feet  
She came. The face of a saint. The voice of a symphony.  
She says "The future will be devoid of weaknesses."  
Free cigarettes for all the kids to make small skeletons.

I used to think it would sleep (3x)

I used to think as I aged with time that it would shut it's eyes  
and just let me be.  
Then I'd seen it's designs to kill and hide deceitfully inside  
my skin.

I've been hunting it ever since.