

Just Wanted To Make Mother Proud

Maylene and the Sons of Disaster

I couldn't catch my breath laying there.
Fading in and out and I can remember mother telling me,
"Home is where the heart is," but my heart has long been black.
Coming to the end of my road, but I never wanted it like this,
not like this.
Looking over there lay mother and louder and louder I screamed
her name,
But she wouldn't say anything.
This was all too familiar, but I've never been on this side of
things.
Memories of my brothers racing through my mind, and soon I know
we'll all be together again.
The sound of gun fire so loud and rapid, but it seems to be so
quiet around me.
And out of nowhere I feel peace cover me.
I reach down and reload my ticket home.
The taste of cold steel on my lips, and a second later silence
fills the January air.
They carried us off and laid us in the city to let the public see
of our defeat
But we still live on, we live on.
Years may pass but the story will be told of Mother Maylene and
us her sons of disaster.