

The Day Hell Broke Loose At Sicard Hollow

Maylene and the Sons of Disaster

It was so cold which was unusual for this time of year.
We had been camped out here for sometime now.
The woods always bring out a sense of peace, but that was soon to change.

They took us by surprise. With sleep in our eyes, hell broke loose.

There were shots going off like it was the fourth of July. This wasn't the law.
Just some wanna be heroes who got tired of our ways, and got their chance at fame.
How they found us out here was a thought that doesn't really matter now.
For the first time in my life that I could remember, it had come time for us to pay... and that we did.
It was like shooting fish in a barrel, and we sure didn't hear any angels singing.

We lived for the moment, and this was all happening way too fast, and way too soon.

There was no time for goodbyes. As hard as I've grown I'll miss 'em.
I've loved you all more than these weary hands could shot.
I wouldn't want to be buried any other way.
I am not sure if these writings will ever grace another's eyes
But if they do, be assured we will carry on.
This is the story of our Mother Maylene and us, her proud sons of disaster.
A LEGEND THAT WILL NEVER DIE.