

## The Mind Of A Grimes

### Maylene and the Sons of Disaster

Loaded down ready to end it all.  
Coming this far can't be a nothing.  
Flirting with death everyday, but we don't make mistakes.  
Martyrs this blood makes.  
Digging the graves for the Valleydale saints.  
Farewell comes when your breath becomes mine.  
Such a sweet goodbye.  
Years brought me to this moment and these plans are what young  
dreams are made of.  
You're laying silent but I thought you ruled this town.  
Never second guess revenge.  
Not much for last lines, to me it's just a ride.  
Knowing you're burning tonight.  
Sympathy's for the weak.  
Born to make false models become one with their disease.  
A psychotic dream you hear him calling.  
The Lord helps those who seek relief.