

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.