

Wylie

Maylene and the Sons of Disaster

I feel like hell, I've caught the sickness once again.
And I don't feel right!
I ain't gettin' up. Think I'm slippin' away.

I want to soar like the prophets before
Addicted to the turbulence.
Sucked in under false pretense
I wanna say what needs to be said.
Addicted to the turbulence, feel the past come rushing in.

These palms don't lie I can't focus, when the statics on
Routines I hide don't mind killing this secrets mine.

I want to soar like the prophets before
Addicted to the turbulence.
Sucked in under false pretense
I wanna say what needs to be said.
Addicted to the turbulence, feel the past come rushing in.

Got to stop myself I can't take this!
When I fall the clouds won't cradle.
Oh how tempting they are, make you feel like you have it all.
DRIVE ME MAD A FULL ON RAMPAGE!
THE OLDER I AM THE LESS FEELING I HAVE!
Without the gospel losing the truth. I'm losing the truth.