

It's Never Too Late

Mustasch

I like my skeletons
I don't want them gone
They are my skeletons
I've bred their kind
Ever since I was a child
But if you hide your skeletons
Don't believe they're gone
They are still skeletons
Don't be afraid
Look them in the eye and say
It's Never Too Late

Here in my garden the flowers are dead
I am a killer
Dark clouds blackens my day
Atomic winter
I hate the summer, I welcome the fall
I curse the season I was born

I like my skeletons...

My diagnosis, ADD
I got no patience
Roses wither before me
Rage is my fragrance
Atomic winter or silent spring
I bless the curse of being me

I like my skeletons...