

## The Older I Get, The Better I Was

Write This Down

I am your fire and brimstone  
Chasing, chasing your shadow  
We're hypocritical thinkers in the worst way  
With our busted up confessionals and liars and freak shows  
We've been vindictive and so wicked, forgive me  
We've come to shake things up  
We're here to make things interesting  
God forbid that we bring offense  
When you read our sins in the album print  
And honestly, this honesty has been killing me

I am your tired and burdened  
Chasing, chasing your heaven  
We're clinically defective at the worst times  
With our twisted up convictions and destructive night walking  
We're the drifters and the dreamers, forgive us  
Mad dogs fury, raging on, with glory.