

Shadows

Yelawolf

Memories of shadows haunt me
From the years when I was young
Things that used to terrify me
Are the things, that I've become

There's a dark moon in the clouds
Misty fog in the swamp
Crickets chirpin' outside my window
The water it thumps in the bathroom sink down the hall
The lights flicker sometimes
The wind is howling, the dogs are growling way deep in the pines
A passin' car on the distant road, the only thing running
Nightmares in my sleep, the Sandman is coming
I see the ghost in the red cloak, the shadows are taking shape
The sound of a faint voice, lost and full of hate
Dry leaves crumble under the feet of the reaper
The limbs tap on my window, like the nails of a creature
Tales of goblins and fairies, a sacrifice on the prairie
A murderer that escaped, I'm disillusioned and weary
Lightning strikes on the hill, illuminating the cabin
The old man on the porch, evil and quietly laughing
Surrounded by demons
I'm an angel and they all want me
And to this day...

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Cigarette buds, and oil stains on the dying grass
The smell of the liquor, rising up from the broken glass
The crowds of black leather, the heat from the engines
Motorcycles and goons, bearded men and loud women
The cracklin' paint, the old shack with the swingin' light
The heroin needles passin', open in plain sight
Ozzy and Black Sabbath, the vinyl is skippin'
From the fight in the kitchen
Blood screamin' and kickin'
Smoke fills up the sky, gasoline on the trash heap
The mattress is burnin', I hear it poppin' and snapping
The rain soaked teddy bear, so heavy I can't lift it
The flask for the moonshine, I watch as they all sip it
The Halloween pumpkin candle, lit with a Pentagram
The Grandfather clock, with a broken minute hand
Surrounded by thieves, killers, thugs and some junkies
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I throw on my leather jacket, a collection of biker patches
One of them says savage, the other one Black Sabbath
Heavily tatted, barely any skin left,
Whiskey bent after twelve, I'm always playing with death

Bullet shells in my yard, loaded gun on the shelf
Run the roads like a wolf, through the whole Bible Belt
Rattlesnake skin boots, toes up on the chopper
Fifty Harleys behind me, they all ready to slaughter
Drunk in front of my sons, drunk in front of my daughter
Spit, cuss, and I yell, it's like a one-sided quarter
'Cause I'm only heads up, no matter which way you flip it
No brake lights in my life, I'm either rich or evicted
Committed to my convictions, committed crimes with the quitters
Connected to my religion, the religion of sinners,
Send a prayer to God, exhaling smoke off the meth pipe
Like puddles reflecting the ripples echo to next life
So here I am standing just like the ashes that fell from the fire
A seed that fell off that poisonous and forgotten flower
Became my own nightmare, but now I think it's charming
Especially when...

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Bloody bone gon' get you
Bloody bone gon' get you
Bloody bone gon' get you