

Maylene & The Sons Of Disaster, Lady At The Gate

Not many run-ins with the blade.
Just always missing the worst but it always comes.
Praying to a savior you never loved.
They said you made it.
A few of us disagree.
Compliments of the red letter king.
You've made me numb and it's all my fault.
My my I think I've become one of the weak.
Maybe I should be leaving giving you quite the resting.
Forgotten what happiness feels like.
I'm the hypocrite you wrote about