

# Freddie Wadling, Flow my Ashes

We are like garbage of time  
And we are senseless as we dry  
Not like your old frigid wine  
If we're here we'll make it fine  
If it comes out the way we trust  
Like a scarred old fatal lust  
It's a way to shut it out  
Or to see what it's about

We are the hearts of recycled faith  
Like ghosts in this united state  
Always lost in something great  
We'll have to taste it while we wait  
Oh mister ruler of the world  
You are the worst they/we ever heard  
While you persecute your dream  
We are sunburned by your gleam

Flow my ashes slowly  
Flow my ashes slow