

Maylene & The Sons Of Disaster, The Mind Of A

Loaded down ready to end it all.

Coming this far can't be a nothing.

Flirting with death everyday, but we don't make mistakes.

Martyrs this blood makes.

Digging the graves for the valleydale saints.

Farewell comes when your breath becomes mine.

Such a sweet goodbye.

Years brought me to this moment and these plans are what young dreams are made of.

You're laying silent but I thought you ruled this town.

Never second guess revenge.

Not much for fast lines, to me it's just a ride.

Knowing your burning tonight.

Sympathy's for the weak.

Born to make false models become one with their disease.

A psychotic dream you hear him calling.

The Lord helps those who seek relief