

# Wolftron, Sugar Skulls

We are blessed. I am cursed.  
I'm staying in the dark and drinking from my heart.  
And I, I'm feeling blessed but something in the air will drive me to the start.

It's the same things, the same things that get me again.  
Oh, oh.

Sticks of death, cigarettes.  
I hate the smell of smoke but I've learn to hide em in.  
And then when I'm old I'll damn these broken lungs I should've listen to my friends.

It's the same things, the same things.  
It's the same things, the same things that get me again.  
Oh, oh.

This time I want to take it slow and try to keep this life in line  
Maybe fall in love so I can learn to love the night  
We can sail the seven seas and just leave behind all these ghosts of mine.  
But it's the same, the same things.

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