

Wolftron "Sugar Skulls"

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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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