

Snake The Cross The Crown, The "Burning Old Stories"

Visit "[Burning Old Stories](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

With hardened hands make a fist and take down,
With one desperate hit you're building and shaping the
hate that you feel
You're scratching out memories you're burning old
stories,
Twenty-one years of bearing the cross six months away

A mother has lost the youngest of three ungrateful
unworthy of any pride,
It's not what you have love it's just what you lack
Give up this act give it a rest,
It's time to come home it's time to move back cause' I
know you're not waiting on me

I hope you don't think that I'm letting go,
So I look at myself and ask what good would come
from this shell,
But I can't say if any at all from here on out there's no
point on dwelling
On the fact that you put these conditions on a love that
we had both given up

Visit [Snake The Cross The Crown, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.