

Cloud Cult

"Jaded Fable"

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The fields are overturned
The skies all been burnt
I am feeling rather strange
(?) drunk on whiskey
Princesses bred for fifty
I feel a little colder every day
Mother I'm not safe
You'll find me buried in the fields
With buffalo murdered for game
Mother will you say
That I'm dressed up for the kill
And there's something slowly wasting me away
You are my only friend
You are my wasted angel
And like before, you mean much more to me
You are my coming end
You are my jaded fable
And like before, you mean much more to me

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