

Glass Casket

"A Gray A.M. You Will Never Get To See"

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And when your golden curls have turned to red,
when your eyes have lost all their light find strength in
my life.
Enough white to kindle a massacre of poems.
At least tremble enough that I may flame in your green
array,
all these years, the battle of each grievous day.
Perhaps then those beautiful tears will overcome...

I almost wrecked this morning in about the same place
my mother called me
the day she found out,
I hydroplaned going about 42 miles per hour.
I wasn't scared or anything it was very strange.
I had a moment in time and space,
all to myself to think.
To die then would mean to be with my sister, but if I
had then I would have
missed out on this dream I've had for so long.

It just goes to show what a girl like Erin with an
enormous heart and a
talent to make the world smile could have done if she
was still alive.
It sounds strange, but Erin couldn't have lived out her
dreams on Earth, so
now I must make it a point,
so now it's my job to live them out for her and let the
world know what a
wonderful person it will never get to meet.

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