

## Holy Sons "Saccharine Trust"

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Sun is up and I'm trailing down  
A twisted gift that I'm leaving out  
And it's only on my mind  
Sick with dust, well on my way  
Refuse that throne yet another day  
And it's only on my mind

I guess that I'd just lost my mind  
Coming into this sobering kind  
And you know that I had wrote, and I write  
About those old dusty days  
And their too many ways to be dissatisfied  
Praise and curse my memory  
It's something that's still making me  
And it's only on my mind  
Curse this \*\*\*\* I'm holding tight  
A criminal needs a haven tonight

I guess I will descend to this tune  
Like a \*\*\*\*ing firework over the moon  
So you can salute me down  
And gaze upon this gold plated frown  
Now you can remember me

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