Inmemory "Dry Bristles"

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it's more clever when you're young just ask my brothers who will agree with me your empty hand's my idle tongue i hope the audience is listening

i love my heroes cause they're not famous this just might be my last chance to let you know my name before my chances pass away so lend me your ear i'll sing you passion or point out every flaw you possess don't question what you hear the stories i tell are sincere

is it over? i'm not done with this can't be it

i'm not satisfied with being anonymous anymore i'll make you scream my name

my friends are family my family comes first

wine tastes better vintage our wishing wells are water holes and pretty girls are best left alone my music's precious and art's a blessing alchohal leads to empty words i'm ready to cash out tell them i sent you if in doubt

it's not over i'm not done with this can't be it

i'm not satisfied with being anonymous anymore i'll make you scream my name

bury me with my mistakes

i got my dreams i'll be just fine

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