

Joshua James "Confessionary Hymn"

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I aint no superboy
no I aint no yankee son
I aint what you've been looking for
I aint your chosen one

I got no one to throw this at
for to blame my sin
for comin' home my flask in hand
a mouth full of fiery hell
this is my confessionary hymn

I cannot save you my wretched soul
you got this thing all wrong
lyin' here up on my jail cell bed
has got me etchin' down this song
how could a man such as I
kill a man like him
without a second thought of mind
I love my wife,well,too damn much
to see her with a man of his kind
this is my confessionary hymn

la da da da da...
Well I aint no, no superboy
no I aint your yankee son
I aint what youve been looking for
I aint your chosen one

Well my day is close
it's my fault I suppose
I got that mans' blood on my hands
so light your fires my dear
prison calls
this is the day all my pain will end
this is my confessionary hymn

la da da da da...

Don't you cry my angel had to be the sinners' blood
please go on and forget my fate,forget my love
please lay me down in my,my mother earth,for this sin
and when you pass there upon my grave,dont forget..

my confessional hymn

la da da da da...

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