

## **Malice In Leatherland**

### **"Mark My Words"**

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I've rolled my window down,  
Streets breeze right through my hair,  
I eye the town ahead,  
will things be different there?

With thoughts like these my senses dim,  
I hope you can catch my drift,

Mark My Words  
Your fists can't keep me from the door  
Mark My Words  
I feel these streets more than I feel God Mark My  
Words  
who do you think broke in these boots?

Mark My Words...

And on that faithful day,  
you told me I "forgot my roots",  
but with tempests endured,  
Hell - I've got nothing to prove to you.

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