

Mikeschair

"Crosses"

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Throwing crosses on our skin, we saved ourselves
Settin' my standard, teach your trends
through the dirt all in your ears
and all the dead dogs of hell they cross our veins,
remain afraid
and the emptyness we feel it cuts the pain, torch the
plains

Throwing crosses on our skin, I saved Myself
Failing up and dropping in, though the truth all in your
breath
And all the tiretracks we lead across the back remain
the same.
In the hollow sound to blacken clouds relieve your
saggy taste

And I know i never promised a thing
And surrender aint a part of your game
But hunny i aint taking the blame.
You were the wind that set sail in my sin.

Worry for the best, for concequence
And take just what i need.
10 thousand feet, forfill your creep
Ill bring you to your knees

And I know i never promised a thing
And surrender aint a part of your game
But hunny i aint taking the blame.
You were the wind that set sail in my sin.

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