

## **Maylene & The Sons Of Disaster** **"Everyone Needs A Hasting"**

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Put a notch on this belt when I leave a toll is taken.  
My head is traveling way to fast.  
I gotta slow down for the sake of overlooking  
The silent rituals need to be caressed.  
Let me stay here and hide my eyes from the bitter  
world.  
Lord knows I'm not ready to shine.  
Let me stay here and save my breath for the coming  
flood.  
The clocks are ticking wearing out the time.

So obsess a little, it's coming fast.  
You better hope that you're ready  
So obsess a little, 'cause when it's passed

I plan to be left standing  
Let me at the cruel outside chances are turning over.  
The vessel is on it's way.

My wrist won't talk, I know I've tried.  
Let the movement take you by the heart.  
The closer I get, the louder the lifeline.  
Let the movement take you by the heart.  
The closer I get, the calmer inside.

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