

Maylene & The Sons Of Disaster "Tale Of The Runaways"

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I remember that winter all to well.
We controlled our destiny, but in a moment
Hell rained down on our parade.
And ma was the last one to the grave.
Planned our future never thinking anything could go
wrong.
But the world stop spinning today.

Legends are made in shallow graves,
Raised to meet disasters embrace.
Justice has it's place for ma, the boys and me.
The prime example of a dying breed.

Our mother never meant this place
Raised to make the papers someday,
Life here was cold, and hard.
Planned our future never seeing
All the hell that was to come.
I wouldn't want to be remembered any other way.

Legends are made in shallow graves,
Raised to meet disasters embrace.
Justice has it's place for ma, the boys and me.
The prime example of a dying breed.

No time for goodbyes, it happened so fast.
Be assured we'll carry on...

Legends are made in shallow graves,
Raised to meet disasters embrace.
Justice has it's place for ma, the boys and me.
The prime example of a dying breed.

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