

## **Maylene And The Sons Of Disaster "Tales Of The Runaways"**

Visit "[Tales Of The Runaways](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

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 disaster's rembrace  
Justice has it's place for Ma, the boys and me  
The prime example of a dying breed.

Our mother never meant this please.  
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 disaster's rembrace  
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 disaster's rembrace  
Justice has it's place for Ma, the boys and me  
The prime example of a dying breed

Visit [Maylene And The Sons Of Disaster](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.