

Maylene & The Sons Of Disaster "Wylie"

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I feel like hell. I've caught the sickness once again.
And I don't feel right!
I ain't gettin' up. think I'm slippin' away.

I want to soar like the prophets before,
Addicted to the turbulence.
Sucked in under false pretense.
I wanna say what needs to be said.
Addicted to the turbulence, feel the past come rushing
in.

These palms don't lie I can't focus, when the statics on.
Routines I hide don't mind killing this secrets mine.

I want to soar like the prophets before,
Addicted to the turbulence.
Sucked in under false pretense.
I wanna say what needs to be said.
Addicted to the turbulence, feel the past come rushing
in.

Got to stop myself I can't take this.
When I fall the clouds won't cradle.
Oh how tempting they are, make you feel like you have
it all.
Drive me mad a full on rampage!
The older I am the less feeling I have
Without the gospel losing the truth. I'm losing the truth.

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