

## Donnie Sands

### "Grey Sketch Of Red"

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Shames guilty scars have carved my face  
I wish I could scream but my breath is asleep  
The troublemaker drove my being off a cliff  
And I don't remember if I looked before my leap

Glass revolver shooting liquid ammunition  
Oh, I lost sight of that which determines

Poison tongue led by a focused whiskey eye  
My heart is sick, is sick and my skin is  
uncomfortable(repeat chorus#1)

Oh, I lost sight of that which determines  
Oh, spreading like a flood suffocating reason

Lost in webbing spun by the spider of truth  
Oh, I lost sight of that which determines  
Oh, oh the thinning air resembles my patience(repeat  
chorus#1)

Poison tongue led by a focused whiskey eye  
My heart is bleeding venom and my skin is  
uncomfortable

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