

Shooter Jennings & Hierophant

"All Of This Could Have Been Yours"

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I had a cure, for your disease
But you threw it away
And you made it clear I was not welcome on these seas
And you threw it away

So I sailed and I sailed for so long
My hair grew long and my heart grew cold
I face certain death without you near

And I felt the storm and swam until the skies were clear
And I found a home along this crooked road

And all of this would have been
All of this could have been yours

All of this should have been
All of this could have been yours

Black clouds roll, right over red doors
As the waves were high
Sooo was I
And the moon never looked so angry
As when your walls came crumbling down.

It was so beautiful
It was so peaceful

All the destruction, it was quiet

All of this would have been
All of this could have been yours

All that you love, will be carried away
Oh all that you love, will be carried away

All of my pain, that you put on my name
All of my doubt, and all of my shame

All of my guilt, my denial and fear
All of my hatred and all of my tears

All of the time that I couldn't go home
All of the times that I froze all alone

All of the sadness all of the lies
All of the shadows that blackened my eyes

All of the servants, who cheated, who stole
All of the colors from the depths of my soul

All of the wounded, that you left for dead
Now creep in the corner, they're all in my head

All of the dreams that you made nightmares
All of the silence, deafening stares

All of the ships who can't carry loads
You wrecked in anger, along distant shores

All of this would have been
All of this could have been yours

All of this should have been
All of this could have been yours

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