

## **The Snake The Cross The Crown "Burning Old Stories"**

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With hardened hands make a fist and take down,  
With one desperate hit you're building and shaping the  
hate that you feel.  
You're scratching out memories you're burning old  
stories,  
Twenty-one years of bearing the cross six months  
away.

A mother has lost the youngest of three ungrateful  
unworthy of any pride,  
It's not what you have love it's just what you lack.  
Give up this act give it a rest,  
It's time to come home it's time to move back cause' I  
know you're not waiting on me.  
I hope you don't think that I'm letting go,  
So I look at myself and ask what good would come  
from this shell,  
But I can't say if any at all from here on out there's no  
point on dwelling  
On the fact that you put these conditions on a love that  
we had both given up.

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