

Write This Down

"The Older I Get, The Better I Was"

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I am your fire and brimstone
Chasing, your shadow
We're hypocritical thinkers in the worst way
With our busted up confessional and liars and freak
shows
We've been vindictive and so wicked, forgive me
We've come to shake things us
We're here to make things interesting
God forbid that we bring offense when you read our
sins in the album print
And honestly, this honesty has been killing me
I am your tired and burdened
Chasing, chasing your heaven
We're clinically defective at the worst time
With our twisted up convictions and destructive night
walking
We're the drifters and the dreamers, forgive us
Mad dogs fury, raging on, with glory

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