

Thoughtcast Shadow "Chronicles"

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Born under a bad moon on a cold February day
And even at 5 years old, I knew I'd be a
man someday
When I turned 17 I fell in love with a brown eyed girl
And even though we were young, she was my whole
world
She ran away for a life that I could not give her
She took a handful of pills and she jumped into the
river

When I was 18 drill sergeant taught me how to kill
Sent me to cold New York with a couple hundred dollar
bills
I lasted three long years, through my weapons down
and walked away
Take my chances on the outside and I lived to fight
another day

At 24 you know I was St Louis bound, in the search for
truth, no one can hold me down
Now I'm an outlaw, respect is sometimes
hard to find
But the rhythm seeks me out and those words make
me feel alright

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