

Hymnestic

Big Red Machine

Holy torch my perdition
How important you will be

Why don't you lay it down right beside me
Won't you lay it all by me
I am not an apparition
But I'll haunt you
You'll see

Clad in ballads, wine and orchids
Cause I know the kind you seek
You used to lay down all around me
You used to lay it all by me
No it's not just adulation
I will hold you for me

Cut the grass, tend the flowers
Downing bottles by the crease
Light a smoke up in the sun room
And pretend I'm My Tree
Prove it not
Rock of ages
In a row
Their lies to me

Winter costs you peace of mind now
Winter cost your valentine
Why won't you come back on the runner
Won't you come right backside
I'll be singing for your health
I'll be righteous you'll see