

# My Confessionary Hymn

Joshua James

I ain't no super boy  
I ain't no yankee son  
I ain't what you've been lookin' for  
I ain't your chosen one

I got no one to throw this at  
For to blame myself  
For comin' home with my flask in hand  
Now full of fiery hell

This is my confessionary hymn

I cannot save you my wretched soul  
You got this thing all wrong  
Lying here upon my jail cell bed  
Has got me itching down this song[?]

How could miss soldier's eye[?]  
Kill a man like him  
Without a second thought of mine  
I love my wife well, too damn much  
To see her with a man of his kind

This is my confessionary hymn

La da da da...

Well I ain't no super boy  
I ain't no yankee son  
I ain't what you've been looking for  
I ain't your chosen one

Well my day is close  
It's my fault I suppose  
I got that man's blood on my hands

So light your fires, my dear  
Is it course [?]  
This is the day my pain will end

This is my confessionary hymn

La da da da...

Don't you cry my angel, at me  
Soon as blood  
Please go on and forget my fate  
Forget my love

Just lay me down in my mother's  
For this sin  
When you pass there upon my grave  
Don't forget my confessionary hymn

La da da da...