

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...