## **Hopeless Vows**

## **Swingin' Utters**

My bastard brother's hopeless vow of leaving off to another town Has once again soaked deep into the cold and rotting ground He never shares his lovesick bed or listened to a word they said He hoards the beer and wine and bread Christ, I wish he were fucking dead

Bury yourself in blame
Drown yourself in flame
Burn the bottle that beckons you
to betroth yourself to shame
give yourself a break
Break the ones you hate
Hate those that've fed off of you
and your pathetic plate

I've left it up to the gods above
I don't believe in, ain't seen or heard from
and nearly sick to death of this
being neither ignorant nor in bliss
with a family of parasites
and feckless friends with shameless eyes
all the endless miles caught up with me
wearing the face of my own kind

Bury yourself in blame
Drown yourself in flame
Burn the bottle that beckons you
to betroth yourself to shame
Yeah, jump that fuckin' train

wed the goddamn stain
live your life ina fuckin' cell
be the martyr with no brain

Step inside this room
mind the open wounds
cross yourself and carry on
that claptrap may do you good