

White Noise

The Glorious Sons

Well its pissing rain, in on my head again,
you know its pelting pain, I know my minds made,
I'm gonna die in the rush like a gleaming kid.

And I've learned, the older you get,
you're either wild and dying, or boring and blessed,
tonight I'm natures bullet shooting shambles from a gleaming sin.

White noise, White noise

I smoke my cigarettes to feel the burn,
it's kind of nice feeling something that you've earned.
Just turn off the lights, and burn in the dark with a dart.

I'm west bound, bloody and proud,
a secret choice ain't a secret now.
You gotta roll with the punches and pull with your pride to pull it out

White noise, White noise
White noise, White noise
White noise, White noise

And I got the feeling again
I got the feeling again

White noise, White noise
White noise, White noise
White noise, White noise
White noise, White noise

White noise, White noise
White noise, White noise
White noise, White noise

And I got the feeling again