The Older I Get, The Better I Was

Write This Down

I am your fire and brimstone
Chasing, chasing your shadow
We're hypocritical thinkers in the worst way
With our busted up confessionals and liars and freak shows
We've been vindictive and so wicked, forgive me
We've come to shake things up
We're here to make things interesting
God forbid that we bring offense
When you read our sins in the album print
And honestly, this honesty has been killing me

I am your tired and burdened
Chasing, chasing your heaven
We're clinically defective at the worst times
With our twisted up convictions and destructive night walking
We're the drifters and the dreamers, forgive us
Mad dogs fury, raging on, with glory.

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