

A Faith Called Chaos, The Tennessee Promise Still

The Tennessee promise still loves the Texas lie,
The light was green, 9:50 like your eyes.
I never thought I'd get out of this (get out of this)
Last years near miss is today's sure hit

I'm still breaking limbs in this
Looking at how the pieces fit
Darling chase, darling cleanse
The chill of whitest breath might win,
Cling to the worries of your boy
Call midland home

Hit another,
Hit another one for me.