

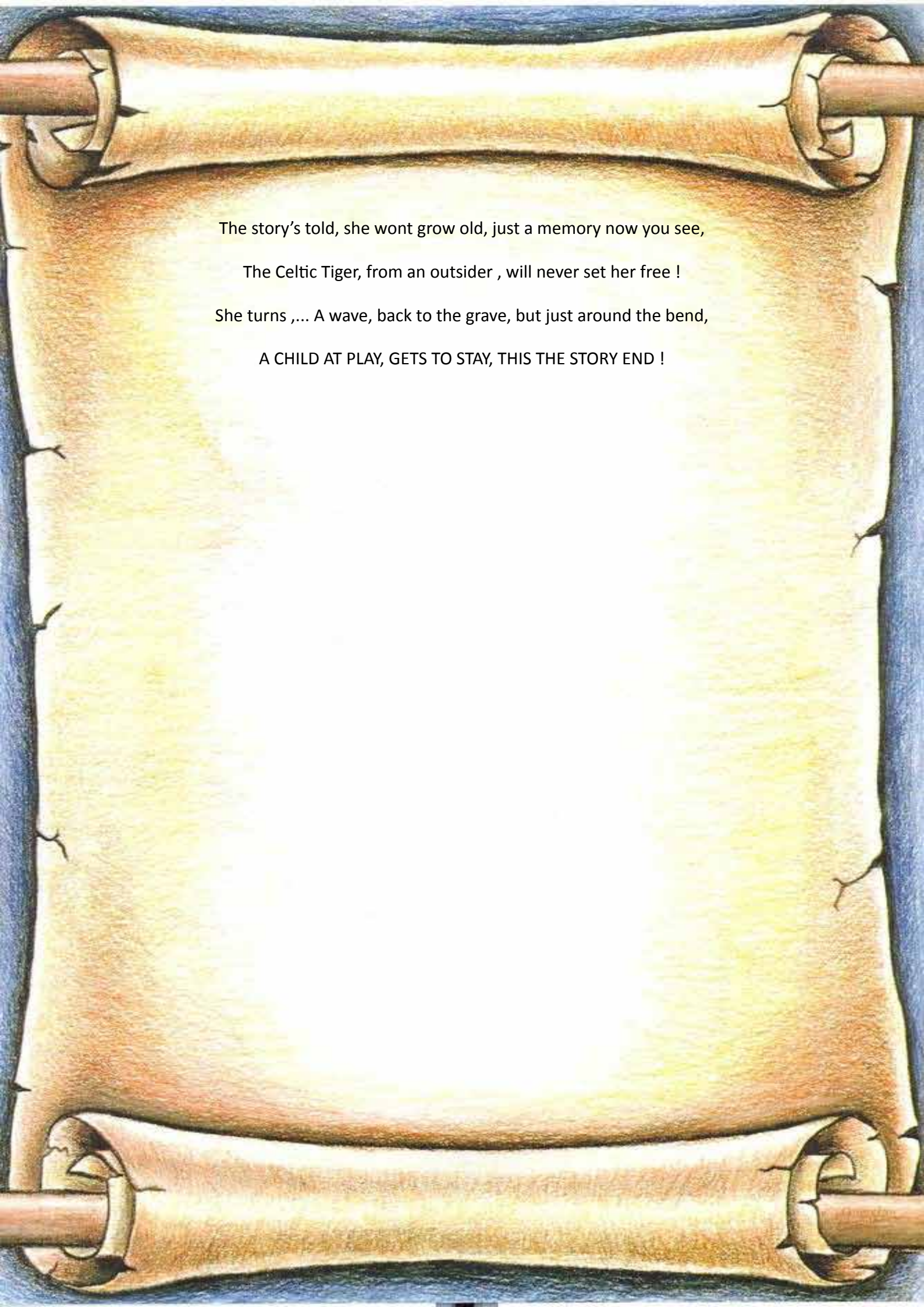
The Childs Grave

I was driving , just striving, to be a good person that day
On My journey, I see Henry , I smile and drive along the way,
But then the driver, the New Arriver, trying to bully and get ahead,
But me I hate them, Now he's Late then, I wished that he was dead !

Why you ask, whats your task, to show them their ignorance you see !
They drive insane, try to gain lane, but a life is now in jeopardy !
I turn on Hazzards, to show the bastards, you have no new found right !
to kill a wife, maybe your own child's life , as you threaten all in sight !

Then I Brake, His Mistake, The Child he did not see
He destroyed my car, A terrible Jar, now his driving's history !
The Guards they came, but whose to Blame, I tell it like it is,
I saw the child, running wild, I think her name was Chris !

He lets a roar, You lie for sure, there was no one there !
The Child I saw, was once a Gra , of her family which she did share !
She said to me , " George " your destiny, now just be truly Brave,
Her Skull was crushed, the message rushed, the Child was from the Grave !



The story's told, she wont grow old, just a memory now you see,

The Celtic Tiger, from an outsider , will never set her free !

She turns ,... A wave, back to the grave, but just around the bend,

A CHILD AT PLAY, GETS TO STAY, THIS THE STORY END !