

## Favorite Transgressions

### Sleigh Bells

My past is littered with the bones of men  
Who were fools enough to sleep on me  
A missionary in a sea of mercenaries, who knows what the past will bring?

My favorite transgressions  
Lost track of the light  
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From the edge of a life in the present tense  
I need something that resembles a defense

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Who were fools enough to sleep on me

No reprieve, no redemption  
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Hideous words for hideous things  
How dare you, how embarrassing  
When I wanna get cut in the middle of the night, well, I know how to clip the wings

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