

# Black Label Society, Funeral Bell

drinking, drugged up, completely shot to hell  
left behind, aint nothing left to sell  
oh, aint nothing left to sell

the hatred of your blood  
so tortured, so insane  
dead ends, lost hope  
keep running through your veins  
oh, running through your veins

oh, So high, and then I fell  
oh, Can't stop the ringing of my funeral bell

The loss of one's self  
Inside the wheel of doom  
Genocide is coming way too soon.  
oh, way too soon

The undying fear  
the strength of one's demise  
broke and strung out  
you wave yourself goodbye  
oh, goodbye

oh, So high, and then I fell  
oh, Can't stop the ringing  
oh, So high, and then I fell  
oh, Can't stop the ringing of my funeral bell