

Black Label Society, Life, birth, blood, doom

I walk through fire, I feel no pain
Fields of war which fuel my veins
In the end, son, I was once like you
Cut me, child, you'll see I bleed
Scars of black which help me see
In the end, son, I was once like you
Life, birth, blood, doom
The hole in the ground is comin' 'round soon
Life, birth, blood, doom
The hole in the ground is comin' 'round, comin' 'round soon
Fields of death, the rotted womb
Hatred, chainsaw, the blessed doom
In the end, son, I was once like you
The ashes that fly, the skin which burns
Kill all you can, refuse to learn
In the end, son, I was once like you
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