

# Deadline, Pearly Gates

Tell me that my life's a waste, tell me that I'm blasphemous  
Tell me I will find out soon now come and tell it to my face  
Now you're six feet underground, how does it feel, how does it sound?  
Did the angel come for you, you're waiting for the light in vain.  
Standing at the pearly gates now you'll have to wait  
Might not let you in it's not your call  
Now you're not so big my friend, now you're not so smart  
Thought you knew it all you knew fuck all  
Weren't prepared to leave so soon, filled the air with doom and gloom  
Now you're six feet underground who's wasted life not me it's you  
Lived your life true to the book, never had time to stop and look  
My life's for me I live today, your life's the price you had to pay  
Tell me that my life's a waste  
Tell me that I'm blasphemous  
Tell me I will find out soon  
Now come and tell it to my face