

Queensryche, Promised Land

Watching the sand fall, listening for the knock
upon my door,
and waiting...for Promised Land.

Standing neck deep in life, my ring of brass
lay rusting on the floor. Is this all?
Because it's not what I expected.

Somewhere along the way
friends I once held close
fled the fast lane.
I didn't notice,
I just had to make it.
Head down, nose in the grindstone;
the kiss of life
placed on my brow
kept sliddin' to the ground
and now it's buried six feet under.

Preaching from the floor again
the same old sad song,
"Bartender... bring another drink for their favorite son."

Where did it all go wrong?
What's the use in even holding on?
Here's to love, hate... and promises.

Almost called it today.
Turned to face "The Void";
numb with the suffering
and the question,
"Why am I...?"
So many times I've
tried and failed to
gather my courage, reach again for that nail.
Life's been like
dragging feet through sand,
and never finding... Promised Land.

Preaching from the floor again
the same old sad song,
"Bartender... bring another drink for their favorite song."
Where did it all go wrong?
I feel like I'm dying.
Here's to love, to hate,
to promises and Promised Land lies.