

Bloodrock, D.O.A.

I remember, we were flying a-low,
and hit something in the air

Laying here, looking at the ceiling,
someone lays a sheet across my chest.
Something warm is flowing down my fingers
pain is flowing all through my back.

I try to move my arm and there's no feeling
And when I look, I see there's nothing there.
The face beside me stopped bleeding
The girl I knew has such a distant stare.

I remember, we were flying a-low,
and hit something in the air.

Then I look straight at the attendant,
His face is pale as it can be.
He bends and whispers something softly,
He says there's no chance for me.

I remember, we were flying a-low,
and hit something in the air.

Life is flowing out my body,
pain is flowing out with my blood.
The sheets are red and moist where I'm lying.
God in Heaven, teach me how to die.

I remember, we were flying a-low,
and hit something in the air.