

# Chimaira, Lazarus

Eleven five, ninety-four, six thirty, morning  
Woke up panicked, sweating, with a mouth full of vomit  
No idea what could be wrong  
Blew it off as this illness was common  
Went back to sleep, then the phone rings  
Fell to the ground  
As the news was haunting... haunting

Lazarus endend his life, ungodly sacrifice, no reason why

Eleven eight, ninety-four, six thirty evening  
The first time we're seeing Lazarus unconscious  
Dressed in the clothes he loved  
Laid out with all of his favorites  
The tears of so many friends  
Looked around and this view was haunting... haunting

Lazarus endend his life, ungodly sacrifice, no reason why

Never had an explanation  
Never had a chance to watch Lazarus rise  
Never had a chance to thank him  
Never had an explanation  
Never had a chance to say goodbye

Lazarus endend his life, ungodly sacrifice, no reason why  
Never had a chance to say goodbye