

# Life Of Agony, The Day He Died

Dear son, daddy's never coming back home  
he's passed on, claim him as one of your own  
my mind's numb, nothing has been clearer than this  
they found him on the road, he couldn't get in  
and I know, papa never intended for this  
to drag me, down into this bottomless pit  
I've been thinking just about, all I can do  
I think back the loss, and the truth

and I feel like the day he died  
I feel like the day he died

walked in, cops talking standing around  
I kneeled down, spot him lying there on the ground  
I begged please please let me get a minute with him  
and they said, don't touch anything kid  
I fell back when I just, entered the room  
proud to, show up on the end of one's doom  
my head's spinning way, out of control  
I can't believe its been three long, years ago

and I feel like the day he died  
I feel like the day he died

-solo-

and I feel like the day he died  
I feel like the day  
and i feel like the day he died  
I feel like the day

dear son, daddy's never coming back home  
I've gone wrong, wish I had the strength to live on  
I cant breathe, is there any air left in here  
I can't believe, everything I hold disappears  
it's gone on, time and time again I'm alone  
and dear son, daddys never coming back home

and I feel like the day he died  
and I feel like the day he died  
and I feel like the day he died