

Murder By Death, End Of The Road

At the end of the road,
He calls everyone home.
And the fire will consume us, striking through to the bone.
At the end of the road,
You will soon hear him call.
As the congregations crumble,
And the chapels will fall.

And the taste on your tongue
Well it comes, yeah it comes
With the bittersweet pang of remorse and pain.
Till the judgment is made
The prosecution's won.
The gavel has fallen
And justice is done.
The courtroom clears
I'm left alone on the bench.
My wife and children gone,
Along with the defense.
The bailiff leads me back to my cell,
Like the riverman ferrying me to hell.
I can't blame him to hate me for what I've done
I hear them whispering in the hall:
"You'll live and die by the gun"
All I can do is sit here and pray,
I'll be forgiven on judgment day.

Tell my wife in our yard
Buried underneath the pine,
There's a shoebox full of money,
Of which I never earned a dime.
Use it to start over, the way things should've been..
Live honest,
Love again.
Tell my wife, tell my kids;
I never meant for this to happen!

When they flipped the switch,
Please do not stay,
I couldn't bear for you-
To remember me this way.