

Queensryche, A Dead Man's Words

I trace what's left of my
cold steel...as it twitches.
Apply the tourniquet tight.
Savor the moment, this might be my last sip of life.
I see at least one hundred miles
Of shifting, stirring sand.
A forsaken man in this strangers' land.
They've left me for...dead.
I'm so tired of feeling scared
but I've got to find a way.
I've got this gun in my hand,
blood on my tongue as I write
dead man's words.
The word we hear is
there's one man down and he's alive.
They ask for volunteers.
I raise my hand high.
I'm sure he'd do the same for me.
It's three days through the desert heat
to save one man's life and
I don't even know his name.
And I'm so tired and my thirst is strong.
I might not make it back alive.
But I've got my gun at my side.
There's just one fear I can't hide and it's
a dead man's words in the sand!
Out in the desert, so tired!
And I don't even know his name.
I will keep my head down!
I'm so tired but there's no way out
but...ahead!
I will not die out in the desert!
I will not die!
I will keep my head down!
How many days pass?
Hard to tel in the desert.
The wind says...nothing.
I move, the bullet bites,
infected to the bone.
Will it find its home...before me?
I pray that you find me soon
before I slip away.
I'm so tired but I've got to hang on.
I've just got to make it one more night.
I've got this gun in my hand.
I've got blood on my tongue.
One last time I write
dead man's words...out in the desert.
So tired!