

Zakk Wylde, Beneath The Tree

In this garden full of good
Lies a garden full of evil
Awaits strange, bizarre, unusual people
Here is where
Tripping and nobody cares
Here is where
The setting sun is never feared
It goes on and on
Oh, it never ends
It goes on and on
Welcome my friends

Beneath the tree of heaven
Lies the horror of the clay
Beneath the tree of heaven
Come as you please
Do as you may

Crooked minds
Like a crooked tree
Never caring where one's branches have been
Or where they're gonna be
People so seedy
People so greedy
But in the end
ain't we all a little needy?