

Zakk Wylde, Dead Meadow

All alone at last
Years roll by so fast
Twisted and insane
The house you built
No longer the same

Once you're there
Once you're there
You can't come back
Nothing lives
Nothing grows
Inside the dead meadow

Months keep rolling by
Live another day, then you die
ghosts inside your head
we choose our paths
when all is done and said

Once you're there
Once you're there
You can't come back
Nothing lives
Nothing grows