

Zakk Wylde, Funeral Bell

drinking, drugged up, completely shot to hell
left behind, aint nothing left to sell
oh, aint nothing left to sell

the hatred of your blood
so tortured, so insane
dead ends, lost hope
keep running through your veins
oh, running through your veins

ohhhhhhhh
So high, and then I fell
ohhhhhhhh
Can't stop the ringing of my funeral bell

The loss of one's self
Inside the wheel of doom
Genocide is coming way too soon.
oh, way too soon

The undying fear
the strength of one's demise
broke and strung out
you wave yourself goodbye
oh, goodbye

ohhhhhhhh
So high, and then I fell
ohhhhhhhh
Can't stop the ringing
ohhhhhhhh
So high, and then I fell
ohhhhhhhh
can't stop the ringing of my funeral bell