

Zakk Wylde, Just Killing Time

I sit reflecting
I feel the end has begun
It seems my days now mirror the setting sun
So many places that I have been
This ride that was long seems so short in terms of now and then

For All that has been
And All that is
All that's to be
Lord, I'm just killing time
And time's killing me

Dead man breathing, just taking up space
Calloused and weathered like the lines on one's face
Dead man breathing, my conscience is bare
The lining of my soul is torn yet I no longer care

For All that has been
And All that is
All that's to be
Lord, I'm just killing time