

# Zakk Wylde, Life / Birth / Blood / Doom

I walk through fire, I feel no pain  
Fields of war which fuel my veins  
In the end, son, I was once like you  
Cut me, child, you'll see I bleed  
Scars of black which help me see  
In the end, son, I was once like you

Life, birth, blood, doom  
The hole in the ground is comin' 'round soon  
Life, birth, blood, doom  
The hole in the ground is comin' 'round, comin' 'round soon

Fields of death, the rotted womb  
Hatred, chainsaw, the blessed doom  
In the end, son, I was once like you  
The ashes that fly, the skin which burns  
Kill all you can, refuse to learn  
In the end, son, I was once like you

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