

Zakk Wylde, Peddlers Of Death

Come, Take My Hand
Let Us Walk For A While
Your burden of pain
Replaced with a smile

For The Peddlers Of Death
Come Calling One More Time
Bearing promises

So called friends running loose
Draining you whole
'Til you're of no use
Letting go of what you need most
Early Wish
Early grave
Early ghost