

Zakk Wylde, Peddlers Of Death (Acoustic Version)

Come, Take My Hand
Let Us Walk For A While
Your burden of pain
Replaced with a smile
Never So Far, Only So Close
As you melt in your false cradle below
(Chorus)
For The Peddlers Of Death
Always Come Calling One More Time
Bearing promises of feeling fine
(Chorus)
So called friends
are running loose
Draining you whole
'Til you're of no use
Letting go of things you need most
Son, early wish, early grave
Early ghost
Chorus repeat 4x