

# Deathbed

## Denouncer

I can smell the death on the sheets, covering me  
I can't believe this is the end  
But this is my deathbed, I lie here alone  
If I close my eyes tonight, I know I'll be home  
The year is 1941  
I was 8 years old and far, far too young  
To know that the stories of battles and glory  
Was a tale, a kind mother made up for a son  
You see, dad was a traveling preacher  
Teaching the words of the teacher  
Mother had sworn he went off to the war  
And died there with honor, somewhere on a beach there  
But he left once, to never return  
Which taught me that I should unlearn  
Whatever I thought a father should be  
I abandoned that thought like he abandoned me  
By '47, I was fourteen  
I'd acquired a taste for liquor and nicotine  
I smoked until I threw up, yet I still lit 'em up  
For thirty more years, like a machine  
So right there you have it, that one filthy habit  
Is what got me where I am today  
I can smell the death on the sheets, covering me  
I can't believe this is the end  
I can hear the sad memories still haunting me  
So many things I'd do again  
But this is my deathbed, I lie here alone  
If I close my eyes tonight, I know I'll be home  
Got married on my 21st  
Eight months before my wife would give birth  
It's easier to be sure you love someone  
When a father inquires with the barrel of a gun  
The union was far from harmonious  
No two people could've been more alone than us  
The years would go by and she'd love someone else  
And I realized I hadn't been loved yet myself  
From there, it's your typical spiel  
Yeah, if life was a highway, I was drunk at the wheel  
I was helpin' the loose ends all fall apart

Yeah, I swear I was destined to fail and fail from the start  
I bowled about 6 times a week  
A bottle of Beam kept the memories from me  
Our marriage had taken a 7-10 split  
And along with my pride, the ex-wife took the kids  
I can smell the death on the sheets, covering me  
I can't believe this is the end  
I can hear those sad memories still haunting me  
So many things I'd do again  
But this is my deathbed, I lie here alone  
If I close my eyes tonight, I know I'll be home  
I was so scared of Jesus but he sought me out  
Like the cancer in my lungs, it's killing me now  
And I've given up hope on the days I have left  
But I cling to the hope of my life in the next  
Well, then Jesus showed up, said, "Before we go up  
I thought that we might reminisce  
See one night in your life, when you've turned out the lights  
You asked for and prayed for my forgiveness"  
You cried, wolf, the tears, they soaked your fur  
The blood dripped from your fangs, you said, "What have I done?"  
You loved that lamb with every sinful bone  
And there you wept alone, your heart was so contrite  
You said, "Jesus, please forgive me of my crimes  
Sanctify this withered heart of mine  
Stay with me until my life is through  
And on that day, please take me home with you"  
I can smell the death on the sheets, covering me  
I can't believe this is the end  
I can hear you whisper to me, "It's time to leave  
You'll never be lonely again"  
But this was my deathbed, I died there alone  
When I closed my eyes tonight, you carried me home  
I am the way, follow me and take my hand  
And I am the truth, embrace me and you'll understand  
And I am the light and for me, you'll live again  
For I am love, I am love, I, I am love

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