

Peddlers of Death

Zakk Wylde

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

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