

# Breaking the Broken

## Dry Kill Logic

With a past now slipping away and the vision of numbered days  
As the end moves closer it seems they ought to know  
About the giving you've taken away  
Through a life of unmarked graves to find the final resting place  
They ought to know, regret nothing  
When the last breath you take is all you've got  
Dean man walking dies a slow death  
This fight will carry on, no strength to carry on  
With a life now clearly defined  
And the fire that's fueled by time  
There's nothing left to fear and nothing left to lose  
In the darkest hour of life  
And in the deepest part of your mind  
Can you answer the question, what have you done?  
Death walk, now for the first time  
The end has finally come  
Death walk for the last time  
Your end has finally come

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