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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