

# The Big Sleep

## Murder By Death

At the end of the road he calls everyone home  
And the fire will consume us  
Striking through to the bone  
At the end of the road you will soon hear him call  
As the congregations crumble and the chapels will fall  
And the taste on your tongue  
Well it comes yeah it comes  
With the bittersweet pang of remorse and pain  
Till the judgment is made  
The prosecution's won  
The gavel has won and justice is done  
The courtroom clears and I'm left alone on the bench  
My wife and children gone along with my defense  
The bailiff leads me back to my cell  
Like the riverman ferrying me to hell  
I can't blame them, no  
To hate me for what I've done  
I hear them whispering in the hall  
You live and die by the gun  
All I can do is sit here and pray  
I'll be forgiven on judgment day  
Tell my wife in our yard buried underneath the pine  
There's a shoebox full of money of which I never earned a dime  
Use it to start over the way things should have been  
Live honest, and love again  
Tell my wife, tell my kids  
I never meant for this to happen

Songwriters

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RAM ISLAND SONGS (\*SEE NOTES\*) Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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