

Hurt At Gone

Wo Fat

Gonna leave this life I known so long, Gon' shake my family tree
Take the road less travelled on and take the spirit lead
Make no prints to follow, Gon' leave no trace to track
Hold no hope for him who stays, he won't be comin' back
He may beg forgiveness before he asks for more
Staring down into the eyes of the ghosts upon the floor
When asked a simple question he stands waiting for a sign
Waitin still, he never will
Know what lies just beyond
Numb regret, the sun will set 'fore he steps upon
The Road to Gone
Asked a man on his return "What is it lies ahead?"
He muttered something under his breath rose up from souls undead
"No words can ever know it, 'cept see it for his own,
But Hell won't take no souls that bones bring willing into gone
Life is for the living, boys never grow to men
If they ain't got the will to take to Killing for a Stand
'Cept at Gone your end will come from your own Killing hand
Those who come will be undone, holding onto
what they know
Better men I'd of bet to win
Turned cold within by the Hurt at Gone
Those who stay will give away
The Rites of Cleansing Raze
To bend their backs in fallow fields with
Men afraid to face
The Hurt at Gone

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