

# 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' backHe 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 signWaitin 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 goneLife 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 handThose 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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