

Dead Man Walking

Art of Dying

What the hell had I become?
An empty shell, completely numb
Every day just going through the motions
When I'm alone I think a lot
Of all the things that I forgot
All my regrets left me lost and broken
I'm so tired of feeling like a...Dead man walking
Hear the rain that calling
I don't want to live
I don't want to die
Dead man walking
I can taste the poison
I don't want to live
I don't want to die
Dead man walkingWhy the hell am I still here?
It feels like I could disappear
And if I did would anybody notice?
No, there's nothing running through my veins
All too well I know the shame
Is there still a chance?
Is there hope for the hopeless?
I'm so tired of feeling like a...Dead man walking
Hear the rain that calling
I don't want to live
I don't want to die
Dead man walking
I can taste the poison
I don't want to live
I don't want to die
Tell me that there's more than this life (more than this life)
Dead man walkingTime is ticking as the eye's in the my accusers burned, pulsing my skin, there's rusty crowns
such a stage in your museum of sin I'm up to meet the Maker but there's a fire in the well
Any last words?
I see you all in hell!Dead man walking
I don't want to live
I don't want to die
Dead man walking
Hear the rain that calling
I can taste the poison

Tell me that there's more than this life (more than this life)

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