

# Peddlers of Death

## Zakk Wylde & Black Label Society

Come, take my hand  
Let us walk for a while  
Your burden of pain  
Replaced with a smile For the peddlers of death  
Always come calling one more time  
Bearing promises For the peddlers of death  
Always come calling one more time  
Bearing promises So called friends  
Are running loose  
Draining you whole  
'Til you're of no use Letting go of things you need most  
Early wish  
Early grave  
Early ghost For the peddlers of death  
Always come calling one more time  
Bearing promises For the peddlers of death  
Always come calling one more time  
Bearing promises Come, take my hand  
Let us walk for a while  
Never so far, only so close  
As you melt in your false cradle below For the peddlers of death  
Always come calling one more time  
Bearing promises For the peddlers of death  
Always come calling one more time  
Bearing promises

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