

Peddlers Of Death

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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