

# Bring Out Your Dead

## Strung Out

One brief recollection of all the  
people in my life that have  
come and gone  
One brief fleeting moment of  
people I've loved and people that  
I have wronged  
Long lost are loved ones gone  
but this bird cannot seem to  
mend it's broken wings so the  
Lust for life dissipated and  
a new greed rises for the  
needful things.  
Don't wanna think about it, I  
Indulge myself,  
distraction eases pain, bury my  
Emotions to protect myself.  
till I can't feel a fucking thing  
I've dared to dream I've tried  
to live,  
but I've played it safe again  
Just another slave to my vices now,  
Bring out your dead  
Voices wither and crack then die  
ringin' in my ear would sing me  
soft asleep  
Deathly silence now is all I hear  
has inspiration finally eluded me  
My addiction, my illness, my only  
trusted friend  
My addiction my illness my only  
childhood fiend.  
Your twisted warm embrace  
engulfing all I tried to be  
My body's breaking under  
arms that will not set me free  
Locked in this cage that I've  
built myself  
constructed out of twisted cold  
reminders of a life once lost

But I've found my way again.  
Here among the wreckage and the  
vampires  
I'll play it safe again,  
just another slave to my vices now.

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