

# Just Killing Time

## Black Label Society

I sit reflecting  
I feel the end has begun  
It seems my days now mirror the setting sun  
So many places that I have been  
This ride that was long seems so short in terms of now and then  
For All that has been  
And All that is  
All that's to be  
Lord, I'm just killing time  
And time's killing me  
Dead man breathing, just taking up space  
Calloused and weathered like the lines on one's face  
Dead man breathing, my conscience is bare  
The lining of my soul is torn yet I no longer care  
For All that has been  
And All that is  
All that's to be  
Lord, I'm just killing time  
And time's killing me

Songwriters

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