

## Zakk Wylde "Funeral Bell"

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Drinking, drugged up, completely shot to hell  
Left behind, ain't nothing left to sell  
Oh, ain't nothing left to sell

The hatred of your blood, so tortured, so insane  
Dead ends and lost hope, keep running through your  
veins  
Oh, running through your veins

Oh, so high and then I fell  
Oh, can't stop the ringing of my funeral bell

The loss of one's self inside the wheel of doom  
Genocide is coming way too soon, oh way too soon  
The undying fear, the strength of one's demise  
Broke and strung out, you wave yourself goodbye  
Oh, goodbye

Oh, so high and then I fell  
Oh, can't stop the ringing  
Oh, so high and then I fell  
Oh, can't stop the ringing of my funeral bell

Oh, so high and then I fell  
Oh, can't stop the ringing  
Oh, so high and then I fell  
Oh, can't stop the ringing of my funeral bell

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