

## Zakk Wylde

### "Peddlers Of Death"

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Come, Take My Hand  
Let Us Walk For A While  
Your burden of pain  
Replaced with a smile  
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 of feeling fine

For The Peddlers Of Death  
Always Come Calling One More Time  
Bearing promises of feeling fine

So called friends  
are running loose  
Draining you whole  
'Til you're of no use  
Letting go of things you need most  
Son,  
Early Wish  
Early grave  
Early ghost

For The Peddlers Of Death  
Always Come Calling One More Time  
Bearing promises of feeling fine  
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