

Black Label Society "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

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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