

The Briefs

"Dead Men"

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With his final chance at liberty
Prepared to meet his fate
To late for introductions
No longer will death wait

The way that things can change
In the brink of your demise
You never thought in all you're years
Your truth could tell you lies

Woah...

With the slightest sense of dignity
He left his world behind
Upon his deathbed
Uncertain what he'll find

A coward to his heart
A soldier in his mind
Marching to the battlefield
To a war that has no time

Woah...

Trapped behind a wall of shame
No one can hear your cries
You find your actions similar
To the one's that you despise

Do the bottom of your boots
Have the blood of other men?
Or just the dirt from the streets
Of the city you live in?

Woah...yah!

You left your dreams to die
But they never seem to miss you
You'd love to tell me why
But dead men don't tell tales

Woah...

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