

Hollywood Undead

"Three Ways To Die"

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And I read in the book of James last night
What my life really is
A vapour on the wind that vanishes in time without a
trace

And now that I am old and sick
I think I understand it well
I had a restless night last night
As though it might be my last one

It is cold out his morning
My breath hangs in the air

I try to hide my memories inside a safe place in my
head
Where even death itself might not break in to steal and
to erase

But everything is so confused
A panic withers me inside
And as I fall to meet the ice
I know there's nothing can be done

I just want the ones I love to know I tried

People with purpose and a life to live
I see their rushing feet
No one will stop to help this old bugger
Who's collapsed in the street

I am the vanquished
I have had my go at life
And now it's done
A heavy clouds obscures the sun
As if in recognition

And I fight for Islam in the streets of Lebanon
The holy war requires I give myself up to fate

Allah knows and loves his own

Standing on the top floor of a broken tower block
In a good position to see Christian militia

Hezbollah is my family

Many would not attempt to sneak into this district
But I have the Koran sewn into my fine young heart

Suddenly the night below
Is lit up by the blasting of gunfire
And Christian bullets rip around my head

And now I'm on a fire escape
Running upwards
But somehow the soldiers see me
They are just below

On a flat roof now
I don't know how
But I am on my back
And they stand right over me

They are strange and silent
Around me a soft rain falls
This is not what I thought martyrdom would be like

It may be their Mary would have me to see heaven

And I don't know how long I've lain here on this
bedsitter bed

The agony I call my past now
Was the prime of my life

My only companions in this room
Are the flies that dance around my head

I am resolved to take my life
My last dream on earth was so nice

The angels walked on the ocean
They came to me alone on the shore

Only Jesus can know the heart of the outcast

God knows all the rivers of life that flow into the deep
dark sea
Of our common death

