

Zak Claxton

"Funeral Bell"

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Drinking, drugged up,
Completely shot to hell
Left behind, aint nothing left to sell,
Oh, aint nothing left to sell.
The hatred of your blood
So tortured, so insane
Dead ends lost hope,
Keep running through your veins,
Oh, running through your veins.
Ohhhhhhhh,
So high, and then I fell
Ohhhhhhhh,
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.
Ohhhhhhhh,
So high, and then I fell
Ohhhhhhhh,
Can't stop the ringing
Ohhhhhhhh,
So high, and then I fell
Ohhhhhhhh,
Can't stop the ringing of my funeral bell

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