

## Sean Watkins

### "'til Death Do Us Join"

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Tied to my bed, counting seconds to my death  
Dying body parts, descending my last breath  
Spontaneous bleeding wounds, new ones every day  
If there's a God, please make this go away

I count - my days, alone - I wait  
Your final will - donate

Minutes go so slow, with poison in my veins  
I am but young, yet dying of old age  
Force myself to hope, for help in any way  
To rid myself off flesh, rotting with decay

Only until death - do us join  
Can I hope to be reborn  
Only until death - do us join  
My fate state of (the) art technique avoid

Hollow bodyshell, used-up inner core  
Sickness spreading fast, cannot eat no more  
Holding on to life, but I see no reason why  
Am I to live, someone else has to die

I pray for resurrection  
More likely a dissection  
Promise me observation  
But use me for education

Lost my faith in medicine  
Witness to no evidence  
I know now that all is lost  
Knowledge I now pay the cost

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