

Strung Out "Bring Out Your Dead"

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One brief recollection of all the
people in my life that have
come and gone
One brief fleeting moment of
people I've loved and people that
I have wronged
Long lost are loved ones gone
but this bird cannot seem to
mend it's broken wings so the
Lust for life dissipated and
a new greed rises for the
needful things.
Don't wanna think about it, I
Indulge myself,
distraction eases pain, bury my
Emotions to protect myself.
till I can't feel a fucking thing
I've dared to dream I've tried
to live,
but I've played it safe again
Just another slave to my vices now,
Bring out your dead
Voices wither and crack then die
ringin' in my ear would sing me
soft asleep
Deathly silence now is all I hear
has inspiration finally eluded me
My addiction, my illness, my only
trusted friend
My addiction my illness my only
childhood fiend.
Your twisted warm embrace
engulfing all I tried to be
My body's breaking under
arms that will not set me free
Locked in this cage that I've
built myself
constructed out of twisted cold
reminders of a life once lost
But I've found my way again.
Here among the wreckage and the
vampires

I'll play it safe again,
just another slave to my vices now.

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