

Ain't Life Grand

Black Label Society

Conceived to kill, living just to die
Hell in a handbasket, why even try
Death on death, makes the world go round
Fitting to live six feet underground

Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah
Ain't nothing else gonna change
The more they do, the more they're the same
Different name familiar face
Not to be taken or replaced

Killing, raping, bridge burning, forsaken
Despising, undermining, betraying, slaying
Give it a hand, ain't life grand?

The world at war, number one
One more time 'cause it was so damn fun
Things were pure, back in the day
You're fucking dreaming old man, it's always been this way

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