

# I've Gone Away

Black Label Society

This burden upon my shoulders  
For I don't wish to carry anymore  
A room of empty faces  
As I walk through life's revolving doors

Life's high's and crashing low's  
What tomorrow brings

I've mourned the past and  
The death of yesterdays  
The one you seek  
Is no longer  
I've gone away

Time stands still  
As the pages start to fade and die  
Closure to this ride  
As I greet tomorrow  
And wave goodbye

Life's high's and crashing low's  
What tomorrow brings

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