

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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