

# Bleeding In My Arms

Frank the Baptist

The stench of something old stains the air where we live  
Has all that we've been told been a lie?  
Lifetime after lifetime I prepare to go on  
Once again somethings gone awry

Why are you lying here bleeding in my arms?  
Why are you lying here bleeding in my arms?  
But you just got here why must you leave so soon?  
Why must you leave me by myself all alone?

The driver of the carriage said the storm's on it's way  
Man sometimes needs a purpose to survive  
Shout it from the rooftop with a lantern in your hand  
Does that crusade still make you feel alive?

Welcome friends to the brotherhood of sleep  
Come one and all  
There's no fee you just dream your life away  
There's no pain here