

## Now That You're Gone

From First to Last

Today I saw the work of death's ugly hand  
Took the life of a man who lost his heart somewhere along the way  
You stood so proud  
You were so tall  
Like you stood for anything at all  
The last thing you said I'll never forget  
We could buried the hatchet and started again  
But you threw it all away and took your pride to the grave  
Won't feel sorry now that you're gone  
Just a memory distant and vague  
I do what I can to keep it that way  
I am now the bastard son of a man with a death wish and a gun