

In Transit

Heights

Come the morning I'll be married to death,
And fear will be my best man.
Come the morning I'll be dragged down the aisle,
The alter is old age, and envy is my child.

If we're born for only stories to tell,
Why do you live inside a hell?
All that's left at the end of your rope,
A noose to hang your dreams and hope.

Death, disaster, life, ever after.

Death, (close in year by year)
Disaster, (now I have no fear)
Life, (is my sadness)
Ever after.

I don't want to be buried with guilt,
But I want to live with free will.
I'm married to death,
And my mistress is disaster.

Death, (close in year by year)
Disaster, (now I have no fear)
Life, (is my sadness)
Ever after.
Death, (close in year by year)
Disaster, (now I have no fear)
Life, (is my sadness)
Ever after.

Death, married me.
I'll be the best man I can be.
Disaster, followed me.
And I can hardly breathe.
Death, married me.
I'll be the best man I can be.
Disaster, followed me.
And I can hardly breathe.
Death, married me.
I'll be the best man I can be.
Disaster, followed me.
And I can hardly breathe.
Death, married me.
I'll be the best man I can be.
Disaster, followed me.
And I can hardly breathe.