

Passing Ends

Man Overboard

I feel like all my friends are dead and all my hero's dead.
It's the bastard in me that did them all in.
The skeletons have added up in my closet.
Every bridge is burned. And suddenly there's nothing left.

Now suddenly I'm dead.

Who's to blame? Me or my dead beat friends?
I'd take them blame if I could get them back.
Either way, it's all the same when we're passing ends.
In my closet.
Every bridge is burned. And suddenly there's nothing left.

Now suddenly I'm dead.