

Death Makes It All Go Away

One Man Army and the Undead Quartet

There's a shadow hanging over me
I've run out of luck and his blood is stuck on me
Now they have seen the devil for real
I bear the legacy of what is behind closed doors
Father had me a thousand times
Mother abused me while I was seeking comfort
Bloodline virus
Keeps on killing me since the dawn of the first betrayal

Will tomorrow be any better?
Will tomorrow be any better?
Will tomorrow be any better?

No, no, no

Death makes it all go away
Yeah, it makes it all disappear

They stare at me every day
Am I the monster that gave birth to me that day?
My dark, dirty name makes them run
I exit the house where the horned creature
Marked his ground
Old memories crawls down to the bone
The abused and missing cries as they return to sleep
Yeah, the hangman's work is done
Still I am hunted, take this moment and burn my path

Now tomorrow has come, is it better?
Now tomorrow has come, is it better?
Now tomorrow has come, is it better?

No, no, no

Death makes it all go away
Yeah, it makes it all disappear
Entering the gates to hell
An exclusive privacy for the rundown