

A Eulogy for the Damned

Orange Goblin

Beggars, thieves and lifes downtrodden
Come to me as the king of the damned
They hang their actions on my blackened outlook
They take their lives by the slight of my hand
They bought a ticket to the gates of heaven
But all the saints see them coming and they run

No chance for reason
No hope at all,
No slight return to grace, but a long, long way to fall
As sorry sign of weakness

A silly game to play
A sad songs of what becomes of the souls on judgement day

Dead eyes to find you
No tales to tell
Been lost so long I learn to hunt by sense of smell
Old hands are broken
Old veins are torn
Cos' we're all dying from the day that we are born

We're trying, we're torn
We're all dying from the day that we are born
We're trying, we're torn
We're all dying from the day that we are born