

Death Beds

Stray from the Path

I know a place
Where the wounded go
For cold souls unaware
With no self control
I know a place
Where the broken and wounded go

You just sit back and listen
And just do what you're told
Never knowing how things
Could have been as you grow old
This is your time and it's wearing thin
Don't let this happen again and again

You can catch me in a storm
Of thoughts and prayers
Sleep away your American nightmare

I won't lie with you in your grave

Sleep away your American nightmare

Sleep, it. Sleep it away,
Your American nightmare

You just sit back and listen
And just do what you're told
Never knowing how things
Could have been as you grow old
This is your time and its wearing thin
Don't let this happen again and again

I may be wounded
I don't need to be saved
And though I'm wounded
I don't need to be saved

I won't lie, I won't lie,
With you in your grave

So put your fist in the air
To the sound of the new beat