

The Dying

The Winery Dogs

Tell me what, tell me what but I, I don't care anymore.
I was born lost like a fool but nobody cares about my kind.
I have a dream, oh, but it can't be mine.
It's on and on and on and on, I don't care anymore.

I toyed with the demons in my head but I'm passed that now.
They said I could've had it all but you know I don't, I don't care anymore.
You know I'm trying to lead, but I'm weaker than you see.
There's no sense in disguising, I don't care anymore.

Wash the magic off my shoulder.
Bring the monster to his knee.
I'm the war and I'm the soldier.
I'm the dying and I am disease.

I'm talkin so smooth but I know it's all nothin I need.
I've got so many moves to chick a sea but I just can't settle on.
And maybe watching you glean is the answer to my dream.
I gotta leave it all behind.

Wash the magic off my shoulder.
Bring the monster to his knee.
I'm the war and I'm the soldier.
I'm the dying and I am disease.