

To Age And Obsolete

War from a Harlots Mouth

Am I the worst man alive?

My daily grind and duty
My effort oh so truly
Genuine and proper

Always a giver, never a taker
Maybe I've seen too much
But never ever had enough

I just couldn't even bother
To walk the distance
No, I can't go any further

So now that I'm old
I'm not afraid to die
A while ago the lord took my wife

To everyone I am a stranger
Got no one else by my side
So I don't pray for nothing that's left in my life

Am I the worst man alive?
Am I the worst form of life?
I'm not afraid to die