

Death Bed

Born Ruffians

When you're on your deathbed
And your maker waits to meet
The eternal toil
From the ocean's boil
Must we all recoil in the end

Do you picture darkness
Never ending like I do?
And the view point shifts
To an empty bliss
Every moment leads to this

Did you live enough?
Did you give enough?
Did you take enough, make enough love?

Have you given up being taken up?
Did you ache enough, awake enough love?

Did you live enough?
Did you give enough?
Did you take enough?
Make enough love?

Have you given up?
Is it living up?
You're forgiven of aching of love

La
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la

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