

Now That You're Gone

From First to Last

Today I saw the work of death's ugly hand
Took the life of a man who lost his heart somewhere along the way
You stood so proud
You were so tall
Like you stood for anything at all
The last thing you said I'll never forget
We could buried the hatchet and started again
But you threw it all away and took your pride to the grave
Won't feel sorry now that you're gone
Just a memory distant and vague
I do what I can to keep it that way
I am now the bastard son of a man with a death wish and a gun