

Bag of Bones

Life of Agony

Don't say a word, don't make a sound
Just hold your breath and hide your frown
Tornado hits when whiskey flows
And in its path nobody knows

No use to fight, no use to pray
Prayers for the weak, and we're the prey
Bottle it up and find a way
To make it through another day

Dear Lord, I'm lost
Again on my own
Oh God, I'm numb
Just a bag of bones

Is this the way it's gotta be?
Scrub off the blood, the counter clean
I need a place where there's no pain
Just dry my eyes, nobody's safe

My way to cope, my way to live
I turn to stone, let the evil in
Ice up the warmth inside my veins
Face the beast, I'm face to face

Dear Lord, I'm lost
Again on my own
Oh God, I'm numb
Just a bag of bones

Is this the way it's gotta be?
Bottle it up and find a way