

# Eulogy

Machine Head

The strands of memories spread like webs of cold  
Along my skin I feel the frost taking its hold  
Burning up, my insides start to freeze  
Cannibalistic past, thoughts rife with disease  
Come and set me free

Stand my ground  
Won't let the bastards grind me down  
I'm bold, I'm strange  
Won't let their fears make me afraid  
There's hope, we'll change

Spiders crawl across my scars at night  
Picking at the scabs of regrets in my life  
The darkness whispers madness as she calls my name  
Murky faded like a fog of acid rain  
Wash away the pain

I'll stand my ground  
Won't let the bastards grind me down  
I'm bold, I'm strange  
Won't let their fears make me afraid  
There's hope, we'll change

The pain goes on and on under a crushing weight  
Sweating and paralyzed upon the bed of my own hate  
The night is never ending as I struggle for control  
Where will I find the peace of sleep inside this hole?

I'll stand my ground  
Won't let the bastards grind me down  
I'm bold, I'm strange  
Won't let their fears make me afraid  
There's hope, we'll change  
We'll change