

## Dead Men (Don't Tell Tales)

The Briggs

With his final chance at liberty  
Prepared to meet his fate  
To late for introductions  
No longer will death wait

The way that things can change  
In the brink of your demise  
You never thought in all you're years  
Your truth could tell you lies

Woah

With the slightest sense of dignity  
He left his world behind  
Upon his deathbed  
Uncertain what he'll find

A coward to his heart  
A soldier in his mind  
Marching to the battlefield  
To a war that has no time

Woah

Trapped behind a wall of shame  
No one can hear your cries  
You find your actions similar  
To the one's that you despise

Do the bottom of your boots  
Have the blood of other men?  
Or just the dirt from the streets  
Of the city you live in?

Woah  
Yeah!

You left your dreams to die  
But they never seem to miss you  
You'd love to tell me why  
But dead men don't tell tales

Woah