

Nails

Tremonti

All hopes disappear before my eyes
The days, they are here when worlds collide
It's true
A time for dying, oh, the tides will turn
Now bury the past, it all will burn
It's now true

Rest my head on a bed made of nails
Waste away in this rotting shell
Lacerate, strike down, torment
The world is cold, my blood is shed
My blood is shed
Oh, my blood is shed

The fight, it is mine and mine alone
I carry the torch, it's taken hold again in me

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