

Black Label Society, My Dying Time

Chosen thing, I have become broken, strong, and all wrong.

In my dying time I want you to all be here.

Storming through what's offering the poisoned ground I've fallen in.

In my dying time you're all that is real.

In my dying time I want you to all be here.

In my dying time you're all that is real.

In my dying time I want you to all be here.