

## THAT SOUND!<sup>1</sup> ©

I STAND HERE, STARING THROUGH THESE BARS THAT HAVE BECOME THE DEFINITION OF MY LIFE  
GAZING THROUGH THE WINDOW AT THE STARS, WHICH ILL NEVER SEE AGAIN,  
THEIR BRILLIANT, BRIGHT LIGHT.

AND I NOTICE, ONCE AGAIN, THE HOLLOWNESS INSIDE ME, COLD AS ICE AND DULL AS A STONE.  
THAT ECHO IN THE HOLE THAT'S BEEN DUG BY THOSE I THOUGHT LOVED ME, BUT HAVE LEFT ME HERE,  
ALONE.

I GRIP THESE BARS, 'CAUSE I CAN HEAR IT COMING, AS THE STEEL BITES INTO MY HANDS.  
THAT SOUND, THAT GOD AWFUL SOUND, THE CHORUS AND FEET OF SATANS MARCHING BANDS.  
JUST LIKE EVERYDAY, I CLOSE MY EYES AND TAKE MY BREATHS, 1... 2... 3...  
BUT MY TEETH BECOME BARRED AND MY LUNGS BEGIN TO SEETH, AND THE PAIN MOUNTS INSIDE OF A.  
SPLINTERS IN MY EYES, THE FIRE IN MY CHEST AND THE COLD HANDS THAT TEAR MY SOUL  
THEN THE RECKLESS TRAIN RIPS OUT OF MY HEART AND RAGE SCREAMS OUT OF  
CONTROL.

AND THEN I GET WEAK AND FALL TO THE FLOOR, BITTEN... BY ITS COLD.  
SHAKING... CONFUSED... LYING THERE LIKE A CHILD OR FETUS LURLED.  
WANTING TO FEEL WARMTH, NO! BEGGING GOD FOR AN END... TO THIS WICKED,  
LONELY WORLD.

AND SO I PRAY....

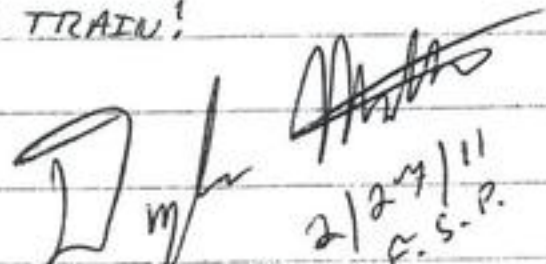
LORD, I ASK OF YOU, BEFORE I WAKE,  
THIS FROST BITTEN LIFE, PLEASE DO TAKE.

IF I SHALL DIE, FOR I PRAY SO,

DAMN MY BODY AND, PLEASE, EXTINGUISH MY SOUL.

FOR MY SPIRIT CAN BEAR NO MORE PAIN.

AND NEVER CAN FORGET "THAT SOUND" OF HELL'S TRAIN!

  
10:56 PM. 2/27/11  
DEATH ROW - F.S.P.