

Acid Drinkers, My Pick

I feel an urge to melt
To vanish like the day
To fly above the trees
To try another way
My nerves are blowing...
I take my pick...[2x]
My fists are burning...
I need that kick... [2x]
I need to leave behind
The chains that keep me bound
To spread my wings and fly
So high above the ground
My nerves...
I'll try another way