

# Crossfade, Dead Skin

So I'm the king of all these things  
Of this mess I have made  
Such a waste  
What a shame  
My whole life is a fake  
Well I'm a bore and I'm sure  
I'm a thorn inside of you  
That has torn at you for years  
The alcohol, the Demerol,  
These things never could replace  
What a minute with you could do  
To put a smile on my face  
Well I'm a bore and I'm sure  
I'm a thorn inside of you  
That has torn at me for years

I can't get out of this dead skin  
I can't shed my skin  
Not sure where to begin  
I can't get under my dead skin  
I can't shed my skin  
Can I slip to bed

Phenobarbital and alcohol  
These two surely will do  
To knock me out  
To keep me down  
At least a day or two  
When I'm awake  
I can taste how bitter I've become  
And it's more than I can bear  
Some days I pray, someone will blow me away  
Make it quick, but let it burn  
So I can feel my life fade  
Well, I'm a waste, and I can taste  
How bitter I've become  
And it's more than I can bear

I can't get out of this dead skin  
I can't shed my skin  
Not sure where to begin  
I can't get under my dead skin  
I can't shed my skin  
Can I slip to bed

(I can't shed my skin)  
(I can't shed my skin)

I can't get out of this dead skin  
Not so well to begin  
I can't get under my dead skin  
Can I slip to bed

I can't get out of this dead skin  
I can't shed my skin  
Not so well to begin  
I can't get under my dead skin  
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Can I slip to bed