

Hatesphere, Drinking With The King Of The Dead

Too drunk to know my left from right
I put on my shades to dim the lights
Puke my dinner back into the night
Stumble forward while graping every bottle in sight
Spitting Glass!
I stump through the bars while flashing my backstage pass
No way back no return
All the faces are blurred
Just faded flesh with eyes like liquid mirrors
Drinking with the King of the Dead
Never met a bottle that I didnt like
Every time you pop a corn I flip my tongue like a dike
Im a whore for alcohol
And I drink till I fall
I believe every promise in every bottle
Its all religious to me
Hey, look at me
Im going to the promised land
Here I stand in a pool of shit
Wondering when I went on this blackout trip
I get sicker
For every glass of liquor
I get the fever
Spanking that fuckin liquor
[Solo: Heinz]
All the faces are blurred
Just faded flesh with eyes like liquid mirrors
Drinking with the King of the Dead