

No Use For A Name, Born Addicted

A woman sits inside a room
Enclosing her lungs with deadly fumes
Her boyfriend left a long time ago
I guess he didn't know...
She'd skip lamaze class every night
Stays at home with her mouth to the pipe
A basehead in full maternity
When my baby is born "It'll look just like me"
No responsibility, the baby is born addicted
Drugged automatically the infantile life is inflicted
Extroversion has taken her control
It's given name was Jack, but it might as well be crack
Born deaf, dumb and blind, what she left behind
Is only left to die...WHY!
If you take a life don't take one with you
Don't pass your disease to someone else
We don't have a cure to make it all better
It's in your womb and connects to your mouth
The front door of hell...