

# Overkill, I Hear Black

Bad or a wet dream,  
Feelin' so inbetween,  
Gun in my pocket an' a target on my head.  
Right on the wrong road,  
He talks to me through dogs,  
Not sure who it is but I know it ain't God.

Feel like they're watchin' me,  
Know that they're watchin' me,  
C'mon lets go got two tickets to the moon.  
Now what are you supposed to do?  
When they got their hooks in you?

Do you beleive me?  
I was there.  
And didja hear it!?  
Yeah...

Not my fault, wasn't even there.  
Rest of the world, all gone insane.  
Can ya hear the dogs barkin' can ya hear the dogs speak?  
Seen it on the TV, something gonna break.  
Now how am I supposed to breathe,  
When there is no air?  
And how am I supposed to be!?  
When those hooks are pullin' me...  
Down.

If you release me,  
Won't be there.  
If you leave me!!!  
I won't care.

I hear black it has no mercy!  
Repeating in my head.

In my head....  
In my...

From the inside out... talk to me, in, tounges.  
The worst... of this... I understand,  
That the flies are breeding,  
The wounds are bleeding,  
There'll be no healing in my house.

From the inside out.  
You know I'm not the same!

Repeating in my head  
In my head.