

Pro-Pain, The Beast Is Back

Sitting here in a big old box Getting help for my vice
Got a sink and a toilet with a view like the rest of the mice
I lie awake and I shake like a rabid dog waiting to attack
and I crave like an addict and I'm afraid that the beast is back

The beast is back The beast is back The beast is back The beast is back

Got out and got a dead end job right about minimum wage
Serving meals to the homeless to subsidize my rage
I can cook, I can clean, I can run my wheel like a big brown mouse
Breakdown and gotta have it It's back to the halfway house

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I look back at my high school days with a gun in my hand
one step closer to madness I stick my head in the sand
When I'm high, I can dream I can fly
An eagle in a stone cold sweat
I'll crash down like my daddy because my wings are wet

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