

# U.K., Time To Kill

Rip the sheets off, ice cold again  
Wolf at the door  
Can I stand  
A dog's life here for one day more

Close my eyes, imagine somewhere  
So far away  
Silver sand  
And azure Carribean Sea

Sick of solitary holidays  
'Cause I never get away from here

I listen to the water drip down  
Into the cell  
Run amok  
If I survive this living hell

Holed up in this cold calaboose  
Captivity  
Even takes  
My lucid thoughts away from me

Time to kill going nowhere  
Killing time staying where there's  
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