

Bloodshoteye, Hitlist

Man made hell, with no where to turn
Somethings wrong, what the fuck is happening
Is this going to be the death of me
Or is this just the beginning
Could this be the end, the end of everything
Cause nothings what it seems in your reality
Lost in search of soul, bodies chilled and cold
State of paralysis, all for another fix
Constant drip, self inflict, empty pit
Your burnt out
I can't sweat away this foulness
lingering on leaving me stripped
Words just can not describe anymore
Fuck all I can say is what a bad trip
Down on, down on the floor
Can't find what I've been searching for
I, I cannot breath
I will not be beaten
I must, I must be loosing my mind
Its not, Its not your fault
I'm the one that took the dope
I must, I must be loosing my mind
I must, must be loosing my mind
At this point nothing matters
The drugs have been devoured
High, Fried