

Children Of Bodom, Trashed, Lost And Strungout

Once a day falling on the trail walking blind trade nothing discretion in low,
It's hard to wait taking yourself in honor I should know how low I can go.

Before I go high I'm very down,
And I'll be going after it again and again.

You try biting all the way not be one to be trashed, lost and strungout,
Then again try something fucked to mess around with what's to coming out.

Before I go high I'm very down,
And I'll be going after it again and again.

Come on!

Maybe I shouldn't profisize my life what the fuck have I done to you?
But did you ever be harassed, with my head still trying to tell me what the fuck to do!

I need to get it to the point where I cannot do,
Nothing but trying to be strungout on you.
Let me drown way deep down below for a sleep that'll surely let go.
Until the end I raise and batter around looking at my own reflection.
Forever lost I kiss you good bye to kill my soul addiction.

Before I go I hit the ground,
The only way I ever get down,
And with the next you'll tell me where to go,
Then I'll be going after it more and more!

I need to get it to the point where I cannot do,
Nothing but trying to be strungout on you.
Let me drown way deep down below for a sleep that'll surely let go.
Until the end I raise and batter around looking at my own reflection.
Forever lost I kiss you good bye to kill my soul addiction.