

Dr Sin, What Now

I'm sick of thinking
It's late but I can't sleep
It's slowly killing me
I feel like drinking
Something to kill the pain
Some fuel to numb my brain

I hate, I hate when
I'm missing you
What now, I don't know what
I'm gonna do

The clock is ticking
This shit is getting deep
I think I've lost my mind
It ain't that easy
My head keeps spinning round
Feels like I'm gonna drawn

If there's a way to
Let you know
How everything just
Come and goes
We had a dream and
Now it's gone
Now I'm a prisoner
All alone