

# Freak Kitchen, Heroin Breakfast

That junkie logic is bound to fail  
We've heard it all before  
You defend yourself with tooth and nail  
But never fight the downward spiral war

Here we go again...

When everything is said and everything is done  
One could always suck the barrel of a gun  
Get your shit together, beat that rotten past  
There's no way a starving soul like yours would last  
Another heroin breakfast

Every time you're getting back on track  
And at least feel semi-well  
You take a colorful little something  
With side-effects from hell

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