

# Megadeth, Burnt Ice

He said he'd try just a little bit

He didn't want to end up like them

And now he blames the voices of a toothless wonder

Pounding on the door to make the next score

Anything for a hit, any sin to pay for it  
For that next bowl, he'd sell his soul

Spiral to destruction, it's too late to break the spell  
He wants the ride to stop on the freight train straight to hell  
Without the truth he'll never find in a dungeon of his lies  
His cause of death...high speed on burnt ice

Always looking at the ground, a broken beaten man  
Memories of his family are calling after him  
He can hardly think, hardly walk  
Phone keeps ringing, he can't talk  
With just one hit the pain would go away  
But he's dead if he does

Shadow people follow him everywhere he goes  
Looking over his shoulder, the paranoia grows