Nuclear Assault, Too Young To Die

Look at you, what is it that you do
Could it be you're hiding from yourself
I look at your wasted life, I disaprove
You can help yourself, but it's you that must choose
Get that needle out of your arm
If you want to die then that's a good head start

Too young to die
Too young to die

Lying there in a drugged out haze
Track marks creeping up and down your arms
How can I soften what I try to say
You hold your death in your hand

Too young to die
Too young to die

A drug fogged haze your point of view
How can you let yourself exist this way
What would you do for a fix, my friend
Could that be the sum of your life

Too young to die
Too young to die