

Path Of No Return, Hollywood Whores

I walk the line of misery and it loves me.
I pay a thousand deaths for every failure and a thousand more than anyone ever will live.
I pawn my way through dust and rain.
Through heartbreaks and shame, lost in this nature game.
Can't even remember the last time death wasn't reaching for my hand.
The last time I smiled, the first night of the spring, the last time I got something for free.
I'm swept away by trials and tribulations.
By grief and by pain.
I regard the plastic wave of fame and despise it.
Those Hollywood whores, fakes and fuckers.
Killed by weakness, raised by sickness.
I separate and walk away into the shadows.
I won't live a lifetime in disgrace.