

# Pretty Maids, Poisoned Pleasures

I see you on the street and while your eyes are bleeding  
I see you shake his hand while buying dreams for cash

You need that trip  
You'd die for it  
You're of the ground now  
You feel that rush  
That instant high

Poisoned pleasures  
Chemical treasures inside  
Disease you mislead you and finally defeats you  
Change your behaviour  
It will enslave you for life  
Blinds you divides and desensitize you

You might as well just face that you're addicted to it  
And everyone can see your candle's burning low

It runs your life  
Kills your pride  
Steals your money  
You need that stuff  
The wings to fly

[CHORUS]

Kill yourself to live  
Every pleasure has its price  
Life is what you give away

[CHORUS]