

Pro-Pain, Crush

25 bucks and a bottle of wine
The pressures on but I feel fine
I crawl into a hole for a couple of days
This God sure works in mysterious ways
Heart has been racing
Since I was a boy
And I too bleed red
Gonna crush kill destroy
Paralyze me with a mind charade
I took a wrong turn at the freak parade
If less means more then more means less
I'm just a little white pawn in a game of chess
Call me crazy
I call it a ploy
Still water runs deep
Gonna crush kill destroy