

# The Classic Crime, God And Drugs

I've scraped the glass for crumbs and asked the mirror for some truth  
I've loaded my body with chemicals it was no use  
Cause retribution's coming for the years of this abuse  
And I can't get away and still I can't get close enough to you

You won't go away, but every hit is just a taste  
Something scares me in this place, I self destruct for days  
You won't go away, but every hit is just a taste of all the things I need to face,  
but it's all so fake

It's a constant reminder of what I can and cannot have,  
the smell the taste it's all just fake the truth is what I lack,  
so I will keep on running and keep my head above the ground,  
and I will look for you in places you cannot be found

You won't go away, but every hit is just a taste,  
you won't go away, still I've been gone for days

"It's okay," a voice says,  
"We all look elsewhere,"  
it's true that I look elsewhere for you