

Vicious Rumors, Fiend

(S.Smyth & G.Thorpe)

It's feeding my mind
Killing time on my hands
It's eating my mind
Finding a place to lash out once again
I can't shake the feeling
That is burning through my veins
Slam the gates and lock all the doors
And I won't let nobody in
It's drinking my blood
Racing straight to my brain
Talking right through me man
F**kin feeling good
Right now I feel like shit
This fiend is taking over
And demanding all control
I've got to make a stand
Before it crucifies my soul
Fiend, Fiend, Fiend...