

Zakk Wylde, Bored To Tears

Tired of this
Done with that
Never satisfied with where I'm at
I sit and think
What to do
Just a motherf**kin' bore
Without a clue

Shot my drugs
Drank my booze
Tired of joy and self abuse
Eternally jaded through and through
Just a self loathing dick
Without a clue

Oh
Bored to death
I'm just bored to tears
Same old shit just different day & year
Killed myself but that got boring too
So beyond the point where it's not true

Far beyond high
Dramatically low
Eternal stare as if I care to know
All of this struggle
All of this work
In the end you die like some moronic jerk

Shot my drugs
Drank my booze
Tired of joy and self abuse
Eternally jaded through and through
Just a self loathing f**k
Without a clue

Oh
Bored to death
I'm just bored to tears
Same old shit just different day & year
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So beyond the point where it's not true

The colors I see are all bleeding
The sound that was is now standing still
I wonder when it was it all faded
A duller corpse that cannot be killed

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Killed myself but that got boring too
So beyond the point where it's not true