

Zakk Wylde, World Of Trouble

2...3...4...I Drank All My F**ken Brew and I Ain't Gots No More....

Feeling so damn tired
Running on desperate fumes
For the end is
Always near, now
Empty handed
It's always soon
Psychocise me
Terrify me
Jeopardizing all that's mine
Megolamize me
Certify me
On my knees until I cry

Lord only knows where I've gone
Lord only knows where I've been

In a world of trouble again
Worries
Streaming 'round the bend

Treat me like a dog, now
Knowing I won't turn
Blind me like a slave, now
Cast Down
No Concern