## 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