

Shadows Of Vanity

Hell Within

Re-ignite the fires I'm set to burn
They stack the odds at every turn
So drop another needle
Get your head a little clearer
Lipstick stains on your cocaine mirror
Hold it in
A bitter taste
Spit it out
You've got to run while you can
Restraint thrown to the wind
Never an escape for those who play this game
Suffice to say If you sell your soul to the man in black
Then surely you must know his name
One more shot
One more line
One more fix and I'll be fine
My god, I've got a gun against my head
A rusted blade to file
Draws a bitter sting
For failures taste is far too plain
Temptations just an alley length away
You'll kick a thousand times today
Hold it in
A bitter taste
Spit it out
You've got to run while you can
Restraint thrown to the wind
Never a chance you could win
An epitaph of lust, excess
Dreams turn to death
A once wide-eyed starlet
Buried ghost white harlot
One more shot
One more line
One more fix and I'll be fine
My God, I've got a gun against my head
We are the peddlers of flesh
Buying dreams but selling death
I'd like to watch it all burn down
It's going to kill you
It's going to kill me
In vanity we see how small we are
The hand glides across the wall
Broken nails fit a broken doll
Rope burns across the neck
Refection shattered as her fist went through it
They like to criticize you
Ask for help?
They'll deny you
Just once I'd like to turn the tide
The killer dwells inside me
It's begging to be set free
Concrete and steel won't hold me down