

Chained

Omen

We name it recreation that's how it all begins
Quickly it creeps up on you consuming your whole being
And every flower may taste different but be sure of one
Thing, for the hit of another fix, you'll drop dead give up
Your soul and sell everything. Half way alone, while you
Construct the end for a line you took the time to back stab
All your friends, now you rely on the family like an infant
You feed. Won't be long till your selling your mom because
This addiction ain't free.

Your always wired, your pride shot to hell, your wife is
For hire, everything's for sale when your chained to the stone

Isolation becomes you, no sunny days, you lost touch with
The outside world to hide your wicked ways.
Never mind the dilution your life becomes a dream the
Clock stops while you get off & fall six feet deep.

Your always wired, your pride shot to hell your wife is
For hire everything's for sale when your chained to the stone