

Addiction

Tysondog

Here the nightmare started
I followed the rising sun
Down in the gutter the wine flowing free
I've hit rock bottom I'm down on my knees
Rolling and writhing I can't catch my breath
Scratching at life sat here waiting for death

I'm waiting for the touch of the reapers hand
And his ice cold breath
I'm tired don't think that I can stand

Burnt out and bleeding
Drowning from within
Shaking and sweating I can't get my fill
I need to quit but I aint got the will
My head is exploding I can't stand the pain
But still I'll do it again and again

I'm waiting for the touch of the reapers hand
And his ice cold breath
I'm tired don't think that I can stand

I face it alone I feel that I'll face it alone
I feel that I'll face it alone alone alone

I'm waiting for the touch of the reapers hand
And his ice cold breath
I'm tired don't think that I can stand

Still alive and kicking
Counting the cost
There's been damage
Time I have lost