

Strung Out

3rd Strike

Listen to me jesus
this disease deceives us
takes us for a flight
then shoots us down
we need some protection from this soul infection
help us save ourselves before we drown
fight on fight on

i cant release myself
calm the storm that builds inside
kill off emotions and i'm strung out again
i cant escape myself
cuz i've been running all my life
kill off emotions and i'm sturng out again

a little hit can take away my fears
and make me feel a real man
selling all i have to make me whole
i can feel the fire
fueling me now i've lost control
fight on fight on

i'm sick and tired of being sick and fucking tired
heard the last shot rired walked the high wire
no desire left now that i accept
hanging by a rope seen a little bit of hope gotta cope
this aint no fucking joke
cuz my next binge with the syringe might do me in
take me out
down for the count
you're living in this chaos that aint what i'm about
motherfucker
i see you wasing away
you look at me and you see the same
why must we be normal and sane
why must we live this life of pain

i'm just a slave headed for the grave anyway
i'm just a slave headed for the grave anyway
i'm just a slave headed for the grave anyway
i'm just a slave