

Chewed Alive

Acid Drinkers

It was like an early warning
He was shaving in the morning
He felt bitten and empowered
As if he was being devoured

Wasn't much of a drug-taker
Dope don't seem like his life-breaker
God almighty from a distance
Played a trick with his existence

Whole house is filled with darkness
Demons speak with so much starkness

Soul was waning
Slowly draining
'm chewing myself'
Piece by piece

He would often call me crying
Saying half of him was dying
Then he'd write his tragic verses
On his life he'd throw his curses

Every morning he felt beaten
Half-devoured, partly eaten
Always struggling, always striving
Concentrating on surviving

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