

A season in hell

D.O.A.

2 months, behind the rent and I'm feeling like I'm somewhat bent well it could be, that not too long from now I could spend winter in a tent.

A season in hell. Well, most things get tougher everyday but I know, it's got to be that way. 'Cause cattle have blockers on their heads and quartz dogs fire in their eyes.

Sitting home in an empty room air seems thick as an ancient tomb little ears seem to grow from ceilings and walls. Need no keeper to know the score grisly faces peer through your door. Could it be time to cast these demons aside.

I'm on a teetering ledge peering down at the ground with a hurricane wind beating me down oh no, no, no, no, no