

Blood stain on his eye
Reefer on his mind
Well!
Shut up and listen, you might be missin'
Your hell blindfold
Not touching no one
And further sicken myself
You got to miss and go, hell!
Thought that you'd be myself
Chooper... me beside
Listen... you might learn me
Said!
Don't talk to no one and me's like itching downstairs
She's about to break
To get your self in
I won't predict it myself
I get her things and go, hell!
Locked in a missing bed, so I
You did never
You never did!
You never did!
You did never
You never...
You never...
...Did!
My parents scream and scold, hell!
Dying a piece in myself
So I'll die
I'll buy time
I'll buy my beatings stole
I'll die here
I'll buy you
No in sale