

## What Now

Dr. Sin

I'm sick of thinking  
It's late but I can't sleep  
It's slowly killing me  
I feel like drinking  
Something to kill the pain  
Some fuel to numb my brain

I hate, I hate when  
I'm missing you  
What now, I don't know what  
I'm gonna do

The clock is ticking  
This shit is getting deep  
I think I've lost my mind  
It ain't that easy  
My head keeps spinning round  
Feels like I'm gonna drawn

If there's a way to  
Let you know  
How everything just  
Come and goes  
We had a dream and  
Now it's gone  
Now I'm a prisioner  
All alone