

...Andisconnecdead

Driller Killer

Smoke gets to my head as my whites turn red Fog,
I'm not the only, timef**ked and lonely

Thirst, no friend of mine, I'm E.T going wild
Mushed, my piece of mind's nowhere to find Slow,
another show in the temple of thoughts Sleep, not
mine to keep but f**k knows I fought

Cool, creative and damn collected? Cold... Cold,
cheap and disconnected

From hashish to ashes... in dust we crust... The
return of the pleasant fog... I'm L.I.T.D