

Slow Death

Evildead

Keep it cold on the rocks for me
Who needs food with 100 proof of whiskey
Pass of death
I drink for fun the godless one
Addiction to the deadly one
To rob my breath
The lying age of liquid rage
To burn my soul from its rotten cage
And burn in hell
Need anesthesia craving some booze
Pulsating rain I ain't gonna lose
Don't want to think I just want to drink
I'm hearing voices scream bring me pain
Remember my name—drink the blood not in vain
Self destruction from grain—man made inhumane

Staring at the ceiling from a hospital bed
Condition critical and damn near dead
I shed a tear
Maybe I'll learn admit to my sin
But all I can think of is the taste of gin
I let death in
Cirrhosis of the liver thinning my blood
Regretting every minute but it sure tastes good
My death I choose

Sloe Death
My suicide I choose the way I died
Sloe Death
The quickest way to the other side
Sloe Death
Addiction to the godless deadly brew
Sloe Death
The only way for me and you