G F G F

1. I'm on a mission, I made my decision
G F G F

to lead a path of self destruction.
G F G F

A slow progression, killing my complexion
G F G F

and it's rotting out my teeth.

B F B F
R: I'm on a roll, no self control
B F B F
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine,
G F G F
Don't know what I want, and that's all that I've got
G F G F
and I'm picking scabs off my face.

2. Every hour my blood is turning sour And my pulse is beating out of time I found a treasure, filled with sick pleasure And it sits on a thin white line

R: I'm on a roll...

3. I'm on a mission, I've got no decision to lead a path of self destruction, Wish in one hand, shit in the other and see which one gets filled first.

R: I'm on a roll...