

Bath Salts

Highly Suspect

Hey, I'm feeling OK, it's good
Cause lately I been feeling so strange
Like I been re-arranged, changed
And these voices
The ones that I can hear in my head
Oh these fellas are telling me
That I'd be better off dead
They're painting me red

And lately
It's been getting harder to sleep
These muscle spasms hit me so deep
And every single night I get cold
Like I can't feel my hands or my toes
And no one told me which way to go
But I'm still here, so
Why don't you pour me another one, Kyle?

Why can't I come down?

I'm so cold again
Can't feel my face again, no
My patience is wearing thin
6 A.M. there goes the moon
I feel like death is coming soon and, oh
All I wanna do is fuckin' sleep

Nothing flashed before my eyes
No pretty angels, and no bright lights
All I saw was the devil's soul
And it looked a hell of a lot like my own