

Addicted To Pain

Machine Head

Through the looking glass of fame

We'll never know what could've been
Cravings pulled you deep within
Thrown into the hit machine
Feed the beast, start the routine
You gave it all just to chase this flame
The dotted line, a puppet in the game now
Twisted and cheating
The fame we chase is bleating
Turned against brother for acclaim that is fleeting

Over and over the cycle won't end
The melody weeping its funeral hymn
And over and over
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Through (Through) the looking glass of fame

I look around at what I have
Clawed and clutched what I could grab
Normalcy, it fades away
Bending backward to obey

Build us up, sacrifice it all
Tear it apart, the inevitable downfall
You want to see this, broken and defeated
A childhood dream now fed to the machine

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Lines off of broken mirrors
Reflecting craven fears
A clown to entertain
A jester for their gain

Loathe you
I hate you
Despise you
You think you made me?
I'll crush you
I'll break you
Erase you
You're fucking dead to me

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