

Now I'm in too deep.
There are no angels, just demons watch me as I fall asleep.
I'm swallowed by the streets.
I lost control.
There's no way out.
I just got too close.
I'm playing with fire, now I'm choking on the smoke.
I'm swallowed by the streets.
I got too close to the edge.
I danced with demons, a mistake I'll soon regret.
I'm laying in the devils bed.
I'm a spitting image of the demons in my head.
So what do I do now when hope is telling me there's just no way
out?