

Yesterday I called my mother
Cryin' on an airport floor
She was tellin' me about two of my brothers
How she can't take much more
Two years now she's been a widow
Heiress to a chaos scene
With two full-grown schizophrenic ghosts
Strung out on amphetamine
And livin' on the street

Is it freedom, is it pain
When it's standing still in your veins
Tell me you're sick
Or are we all just fallin' to pieces
Yeah it cooked you, what a waste
I saw it took you with just a taste
Now she's feedin' on lost souls just like a prophet
But with drugs like that, who needs God anyway

There's nothin' I can say
To make it any better, oh no
So much we used to pray
And it didn't even matter much

Is it freedom, no it's pain
When it's freezing hot in your veins
Tell me you're sick
Or are we all just fallin' to pieces
I saw it cook you, what a waste
Yeah it took you with just a taste
Now she's feedin' on lost souls just like a prophet
But with drugs like that who needs God
Hey with drugs like that who needs love
With drugs like that who needs life anyway