

# The Deep End

Twisted Insane

Dear Mr. Reaper  
I know my time is coming soon  
If you can find it inside of yourself to give me some more time  
I just need more time

2 o'clock  
In the morning, I need two more shots  
I told them I'll get help in two more weeks  
Please excuse me while me and this bottle talk  
I keep sinking quickly  
Look around, fuck, ain't nobody with me  
Pockets on show 'bout a dollar fifty  
I said "I do" to this bottle quickly  
Brought the [?] with me, I'ma flow  
Fell in love with the drink thing, I don't  
I be right up on the edge and right about to jump, think I won't  
Love it when I get the feeling, put me in a bar and I'm gone  
People tell me every day I better sober up but I be way too far  
, call  
Mr. Reaper, how about this, we can make a real deal  
We could be a real team, shit, you heard that I kill  
I just can't put it down, I do not have the will  
I love this bottle for real  
Till next time

Dear Mr. Reaper  
I know we had a deal  
But I just can't put this bottle down  
I can't let go of it

I said "I do" to this bottle and it's two here with me too  
And that was about scream one or two  
I need six or seven-ish and I was gettin' hella devilish  
That's right about the time when this [?] hit me, ooh  
I don't need no doubt at all I feed off alcohol  
Then dump for the sensation, indeed I'm 'bout to fall  
But jump when the temptation is leakin' out to call  
Till death do us part, I'ma be the last to call  
(I need to get one more)