

# Addiction

Tysondog

Here the nightmare started  
I followed the rising sun  
Down in the gutter the wine flowing free  
I've hit rock bottom I'm down on my knees  
Rolling and writhing I can't catch my breath  
Scratching at life sat here waiting for death

I'm waiting for the touch of the reapers hand  
And his ice cold breath  
I'm tired don't think that I can stand

Burnt out and bleeding  
Drowning from within  
Shaking and sweating I can't get my fill  
I need to quit but I aint got the will  
My head is exploding I can't stand the pain  
But still I'll do it again and again

I'm waiting for the touch of the reapers hand  
And his ice cold breath  
I'm tired don't think that I can stand

I face it alone I feel that I'll face it alone  
I feel that I'll face it alone alone alone

I'm waiting for the touch of the reapers hand  
And his ice cold breath  
I'm tired don't think that I can stand

Still alive and kicking  
Counting the cost  
There's been damage  
Time I have lost