

Blacked Out

Whitechapel

I asked God why am I suffering
He said, welcome to the world your bank account reigns
I salute my wasted youth
And tip this bottle back until the nerves ignore the pain

Repetition needs a friend
I have a 12 gauge resting in my hands
How 'bout we get this party started right
And use a bullet for each of your eyes
Repetition's at it's end
How does it feel to receive rather to send
Oh, I forgot you don't have a fucking brain
It was blown out by another man drove insane

I can't feel a thing
Emotionlessness never felt me this way

Can this be the rest of my life
No care, no remorse
Follow me to a cold, numb mind
And live the life of a corpse

I asked God when will I get my chance
He said, I don't have an answer and I don't have a plan
I salute my wasted youth
And tip this bottle back until the nerves ignore the pain

Blacked out
Blacked out
Blacked out, my conscience is controlling me
Blacked out, the poison never leaves my veins
Blacked out

Can this be the rest of my life
No care, no remorse
Follow me to a cold, numb mind
And live the life of a corpse

I need an answer
I need closure
I salute my wasted youth
And tip this bottle back until the nerves ignore the pain

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How 'bout we get this party started right
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I can't feel a thing
My emotions have the best of me
I can't feel a thing
My emotions help me truly see when I'm blacked out

Blacked out
Blacked out
Blacked out, my conscience is controlling me
Blacked out, the poison never leaves my veins
Blacked out