

Habit Fulfilled

Jungle Rot

Substance abuse
A chemical dependency
Feeling confused
Taste the power inside of me
Suppressed, depressed
One more hit and you will be free
Hatred, anger
Boiling over drugged eyes can't even see
Habit fulfilled
Crushing your will
Habit fulfilled
Feel your blood spill
Remain insane
Pain is with you till your dying day
Convulse, repulse
Watching death cook under a flame
Needing, bleeding
One more time you will play the game
Never conquer
Within deaths grasp you will remain
Habit fulfilled
Crushing your will
Habit fulfilled
Feel your blood spill
Feel the dirt on your face
In the mirror of disgrace
Just one more line, just one more hit
Just one more fix and then you quit
Soon you will let me in
I am your soul, I am your sin
Soothing rush in your veins
You destroyed your life, but I remain
Remorse, recourse
Self abuse sadistic intent
Sliced veins, no pain
Engulfed in hate as you descend
Last breath, soon death
Voices silent inside your grave