

## Strung Out

3rd Strike

Listen to me jesus  
this disease deceives us  
takes us for a flight  
then shoots us down  
we need some protection from this soul infection  
help us save ourselves before we drown  
fight on fight on

i cant release myself  
calm the storm that builds inside  
kill off emotions and i'm strung out again  
i cant escape myself  
cuz i've been running all my life  
kill off emotions and i'm sturng out again

a little hit can take away my fears  
and make me feel a real man  
selling all i have to make me whole  
i can feel the fire  
fueling me now i've lost control  
fight on fight on

i'm sick and tired of being sick and fucking tired  
heard the last shot rired walked the high wire  
no desire left now that i accept  
hanging by a rope seen a little bit of hope gotta cope  
this aint no fucking joke  
cuz my next binge with the syringe might do me in  
take me out  
down for the count  
you're living in this chaos that aint what i'm about  
motherfucker  
i see you wasing away  
you look at me and you see the same  
why must we be normal and sane  
why must we live this life of pain

i'm just a slave headed for the grave anyway  
i'm just a slave headed for the grave anyway  
i'm just a slave headed for the grave anyway  
i'm just a slave