

Many more times than I can come clean  
Something wicked trips my good eye  
And down, I crash  
Babbling a slippery tongue among close friends  
All I need is just ignition... fuel to rock this engine

I can't deny, I love the way  
It serpentine, through my veins  
Paralyzed, at twenty-five  
I love the taste, hate this place

Ebony creepers barrel down upon the earth in my  
80 proof is positive of something much darker at hand  
Saturation bombing of my senses  
Slackened by the stingiest of missions  
To the derision of... my... life...

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