

I got a story, a story to tell.
About a long road
back from a sory of hell
I been flying almost every night.
I been ready to burn
and I been living to die.
SO take a look, take a look in my eyes:
Cause I got no remorse for all the hate
that burns inside.
Take a look at my suicide.
Self destruction
I know the streets can be so cold
I know these streets
can make you feel so cold.
I've got this gun to my head all alone.
Another bottle of pills almoste gone;
My cigarette burns
right trough my soul.
I'm almoste home.
And I'"ve seen:
broken hearts and broken dreams
like broken bodies.
under the pale street lights tonight.
I've seen the hate and yeah;
I've heard the lies.
So I turned my back
and now I'm on the outside
I know the streets can be so cold
I'm almoste home.
Self destruction.
I'm on my way home.