

Dexter said no to methadone

Christian Death

We have drunk Soma
We have become Immortal
We have reached
The Gods

When one No longer dreams
One is merely dreamt

Hide the puncture marks with more tattoos
They closed the Clinic the Town Taboo

Some China Brown, Some Afghan Red
Arm full of Junk Goes straight to your head

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With bent needles to prick your skin
Cook up a batch and let the Devil in

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