

## 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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