

Scored primed and packed geared up
Rules are none move with the pack
Chopped and spread lines reflect white
Reasoning fades
into the second day
Searching for something more
Endless are the window patrols
Time wags its accusing finger
Time will cut you
without distinction
In the eleventh hour
Cranked up high
Cranked up high
Tight chewing skin until it bleeds
Ringed by broken cars and guns
Nocturnal hiding from the sun
Teeth turn black and rot
You don't want it you just need it
You gotta get it cranked up really high
Into the third day
Meth leper disorientated
Fighting hard to feed
Retracing steps of lost weekends
Habit feeding habit
Without distinction
Of the eleventh hour
Cranked up high
Cranked up high
Amped and cranked up really high
Lost engorging show no mercy
Move speed demon catch that moving train
Fall into the affray
You don't want it you just need it
You gotta get it cranked up really high