

# Psycodrome

Jack Frost

the days are long when I roam  
still I breed my psychodrome

my wounds won't heal overnight  
still I chase the moonshine bright

my whores and friends and lovers  
hear my cry  
give me pain and make me  
feel alive

why cry over what is done  
when there is nowhere left to run

screen my mind do me wrong  
I will be king when you're gone