

Push It To The Limit

Jon Oliva's Pain

White witch fever, the only way you know
Night time creeper, need somewhere to go
Schizoid, paranoia running through your mind
Everything's is closing in, you're running out of time

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Psycho liar, do anything for cash
You'd cut your grandma to make this feeling last
No sense of reason, the ecstasy you chase
Every second brining you closer to your grave

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