

Sweet Illness Of Mine

Lifelover

The whiskey bottle's almost empty
As well as the pack of smokes
Been awake for several days now,
Haunted by the memories

My heart has become colder than this room,
Long time since I felt joy or happiness
All of the roses you planted have lost
Their touch and faded away

Thinking back on the good times we had,
When we would laugh
The wind blew in your hair as we
Drove across the country

Not even all of the world's whores
Can satisfy me anymore
I've lost the spark and light,
Nothing to hold close to my heart

I keep staring at the chromed.45,
Lying on the living room table
A moment of silence...