

The American Dream Is Dead

Lost Years

The sleepless nights are killing me and I'm haunted in my sleep

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I keep reliving old memories. You can wake the dead but please Don't wake me. Let's get f**ked up quit cause' I can't take Another second of this shit. Show me a way out or show me my Next fix. Cause' I can't see the road ahead of me and these Blood shot eyes are my worst enemy and I can't find a f**king Remedy and will you ever be alone again? No, I will never be Alone again.

It's not enough to sing about the greatest traditions you Left out. With a bottle in hand, we'll sing on and on again. Tell me I'm not the only one here who's feeling so f**ked up Over this.