

## Burnt Ice

Megadeth

He said he'd try just a little bit

He didn't want to end up like them

And now he blames the voices of a toothless wonder

Pounding on the door to make the next score

Anything for a hit, any sin to pay for it

For that next bowl, he'd sell his soul

Spiral to destruction, it's too late to break the spell

He wants the ride to stop on the freight train straight to hell

Without the truth he'll never find in a dungeon of his lies

His cause of death... high speed on burnt ice

Always looking at the ground, a broken, beaten man

Memories of his family are calling after him

He can hardly think, hardly walk

Phone keeps ringing, he can't talk

With just one hit the pain would go away

But he's dead if he does

Shadow people follow him everywhere he goes

Looking over his shoulder, the paranoia grows