

Dead Again

Mustasch

My pain is indescribable
Poor old me
My head feels like a steam machine
Limbs of steel
My wallet's empty, I am broke
I want to scream

This must come to an end
Cross my heart my friend
But in a week I will be lying here like Dead Again

Whiskey, wine and drafted beer
Never, no more
A pitch-black anguish strangles me
There's no cure

This must come to an end...