

We name it recreation that's how it all begins  
Quickly it creeps up on you consuming your whole being  
And every flower may taste different but be sure of one  
Thing, for the hit of another fix, you'll drop dead give up  
Your soul and sell everything. Half way alone, while you  
Construct the end for a line you took the time to back stab  
All your friends, now you rely on the family like an infant  
You feed. Won't be long till your selling your mom because  
This addiction ain't free.

Your always wired, your pride shot to hell, your wife is  
For hire, everything's for sale when your chained to the stone

Isolation becomes you, no sunny days, you lost touch with  
The outside world to hide your wicked ways.  
Never mind the dilution your life becomes a dream the  
Clock stops while you get off & fall six feet deep.

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