

## Black Daze

## Overkill

Name the father, son & the fixer  
And to the warmth we all feel inside  
Strap it on and pour the elixir  
To the days we count as alive

Concrete Jesus in a hell of a fix  
He makes his living on a heavy-handed mix  
More

Black daze, white haze  
Shoot me down the adrenaline highway  
Black daze, white haze  
Shoot me up, count me alive

Seem to pray whenever I need it  
Seem to sin whenever I want  
Strap it on intending to bleed it  
An easy mark, so nonchalant

Concrete Jesus got the law on his side  
He gets his kicks pissing on my pride  
Call in the fixer  
More

Amputated spirit, executed soul  
None but the shell of before  
Exterminated feel it as it fills the hole  
Here them screaming, they want more  
More