

The Beast Is Back

Pro-Pain

Sitting here in a big old box Getting help for my vice
Got a sink and a toilet with a view like the rest of the mice
I lie awake and I shake like a rabid dog waiting to attack
and I crave like an addict and I'm afraid that the beast is back

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Got out and got a dead end job right about minimum wage
Serving meals to the homeless to subsidize my rage
I can cook, I can clean, I can run my wheel like a big brown mouse
Breakdown and gotta have it It's back to the halfway house

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I look back at my high school days with a gun in my hand
one step closer to madness I stick my head in the sand
When I'm high, I can dream I can fly
An eagle in a stone cold sweat
I'll crash down like my daddy because my wings are wet

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