

## Ice Burn

Strung Out

I can feel the murky grip  
Of a cold depression comin' down  
I can feel her hands around my neck  
Shake me to the ground

Ice burn of the soul  
In light in sickness and in death  
Infected every word and every thought  
And every single breath

Twisted by design  
The creeps deep inside of me  
Feedin off this hunger, rage  
And the insecurity

Tempted by the rage  
I feed off nothing but myself  
Thirsty for the things  
That make me do this to myself

My pen is dripping words along  
To scrape the smile off my face  
Every detour leads me here  
To shower in this waste

You are my friend  
But now your just living all over me  
You watch me when I get it right  
You watch me when I fall

Watch me every single day  
Listen to everything I say  
And I swear I never wanted you  
I never needed anything

From your twisted fucked up lying  
Words asleep at the wheel