

Another Day Another Death

The Mob

I woke up screaming from the nightmare
that's begun again.
Cold tears of sweat dripping down my face
I slipped up again, I slipped up again.
The radio is playing songs whirling in my head.

Another day, another death.
Another day, another death.
Ice cold needle that splits my every breath.
Another day, another death.

The cold and frigid wind that blow through
every crack.
The wild and tortured dream - the straw that
broke the camel's back.
We slipped up again, we slipped up again.
And I wanna know why, I wanna know why.

Another day, another death.
Another day, another death.
Ice cold needle that splits my every breath.
Another day, another death.

I'm reaching out again and clutching flowers thrown in the breeze.
They're all quite meaningless and yet they mean so much to me.
We slipped up again by not recalling all the pain.
And I wanna know why, I wanna know why.

Another day, another death.
Another day, another death.
Ice cold needle that splits my every breath.
Another day, another death.