

# Liquid Friend

Twiztid

Well lemme, lemme tell you, a lunatic escaped from the asylum  
I used to dig a hole for the body box, then I'd hide em'  
In my backyard, another torture in the cellar  
A dwella  
A rather fucked up young fella  
Got bats in my belfry  
But nobody helps me  
An eye on my enemy  
'Cause everybody wants to kill me  
I find myself in a bottle of liquor  
But is it quicker  
For me to stick her  
Or maybe I should stick you!  
What do I do?  
My mind is gone with the wind  
My mortal sin  
Is hidden with a friendly grin  
I don't know, what do ya think?  
I can't see straight  
Ad I've had too much to drink  
Blink my eyes and try to find my soul  
I'm on a roll  
More like outta control  
Where's my soul?  
It must be on a higher plane  
I'm insane  
With all this butane  
In my veins  
Swing my head and search for a better half  
Everything's funny so I guess I start to laugh  
Substance abuse is takin' on a new blend  
And I owe it all to my liquid friend

They callin' me a lowlife, drug addict, alcoholic son of a bitch  
I'm breakin' my ass, I'm breakin' my ass, makin' them dollars, tryin' to get

rich  
I spend my loot on drug abuse and then enhance my state of mind  
My soul is in the sky  
I fly  
My altitude is very high  
I fall and crash in the graveyard with the dead  
A pale moon hangs in the sky, blood red  
Mislead by the demons that I see  
I got this paranoid delusion that everybody wants to kill me  
Flashbacks are in my mind, I walk along the wasteland  
The tombstones, the wind blows, and something just touched my hand  
I freeze up and can't even get a chance to blink  
Where's my liquid friend, because I need another drink  
You don't know how it feels to be me  
Radio and TV  
The strange things that I represent when you hear me  
Can you see what I can see  
The vision's gettin' blurry  
Future's lookin' dim so I'm startin' to get worried  
Makin' the burn brings for tales of the dead  
Prince of pain that laughs

In the path  
Of a terminal end  
The shadows fallin' demons begin to hide  
The dark dominion, the product of the flip side  
My mind, it bleeds tales of alcoholic dreams  
Light beams, drug abuse and crack fiends  
Substance abuse has gained a new blend  
And I owe it all to my liquid friend