

# Blacked Out

Whitechapel

I asked God why am I suffering  
He said, welcome to the world your bank account reigns  
I salute my wasted youth  
And tip this bottle back until the nerves ignore the pain

Repetition needs a friend  
I have a 12 gauge resting in my hands  
How 'bout we get this party started right  
And use a bullet for each of your eyes  
Repetition's at it's end  
How does it feel to receive rather to send  
Oh, I forgot you don't have a fucking brain  
It was blown out by another man drove insane

I can't feel a thing  
Emotionlessness never felt me this way

Can this be the rest of my life  
No care, no remorse  
Follow me to a cold, numb mind  
And live the life of a corpse

I asked God when will I get my chance  
He said, I don't have an answer and I don't have a plan  
I salute my wasted youth  
And tip this bottle back until the nerves ignore the pain

Blacked out  
Blacked out  
Blacked out, my conscience is controlling me  
Blacked out, the poison never leaves my veins  
Blacked out

Can this be the rest of my life  
No care, no remorse  
Follow me to a cold, numb mind  
And live the life of a corpse

I need an answer  
I need closure  
I salute my wasted youth  
And tip this bottle back until the nerves ignore the pain

Repetition needs a friend  
I have a 12 gauge resting in my hands  
How 'bout we get this party started right  
And use a bullet for each of your eyes  
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How does it feel to receive rather to send  
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I can't feel a thing  
My emotions have the best of me  
I can't feel a thing  
My emotions help me truly see when I'm blacked out

Blacked out  
Blacked out  
Blacked out, my conscience is controlling me  
Blacked out, the poison never leaves my veins  
Blacked out