

411**"Dropping Like Flies"**Visit "[Dropping Like Flies](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You got this habit you just can't shake
There's not much more your body can take
So you jab that needle in your vein
Another load of dirt for your brain
Scars and scars up and down your arms
Your body covered in a sheet of sweat
You made the choice

To drag out your life
In a dull drugged oblivion
Eyes wide open lips blue with death
Your lifeless body slumped over in a chair
No show at your funeral
No flowers on your grave
Dropping like flies

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