

## **D.B.C. "The Vice"**

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Out on the streets, your life's a mess  
You're feeling lonely and depressed  
He'll hit you when you're down and out  
He's a man who knows what you're about  
He injects you with his deadly drug  
You've got to have it in your blood  
You want more but it's not free  
So you sell your soul  
It's the only thing you've got  
Too late, you're trapped  
In his vicious circle  
He's got a hold on you  
You can't escape, you need his drug  
To keep you alive  
But that's not true  
Deeper and deeper you sink into his darkness  
It's the drug that pulls you down  
Up to your neck and losing air  
It's hard to breathe  
You're about to drown  
It's time to stop and think  
Where the problem lies  
Just think back to how it all started  
And I think you'll realize

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