

## Evildead "Sloe Death"

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Keep it cold on the rocks for me  
Who needs food with 100 proof of whiskey  
Pass of death  
I drink for fun the godless one  
Addiction to the deadly one  
To rob my breath  
The lying age of liquid rage  
To burn my soul from its rotten cage  
And burn in hell  
Need anesthesia craving some booze  
Pulsating rain I ain't gonna lose  
Don't want to think I just want to drink  
I'm hearing voices scream bring me pain  
Remember my name-drink the blood not in vain  
Self destruction from grain-man made inhumane

Staring at the ceiling from a hospital bed  
Condition critical and damn near dead  
I shed a tear  
Maybe I'll learn admit to my sin  
But all I can think of is the taste of gin  
I let death in  
Serosis of the liver thinning my blood  
Regretting every minute but it sure tastes good  
My death I choose

Sloe Death  
My suicide I choose the way I died  
Sloe Death  
The quickest way to the other side  
Sloe Death  
Addiction to the godless deadly brew  
Sloe Death  
The only way for me and you

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