

## Hatesphere

# "Drinking With The King Of The Dead"

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Too drunk to know my left from right  
I put on my shades to dim the lights  
Puke my dinner back into the night  
Stumble forward while graping every bottle in sight  
Spitting Glass!  
I stump through the bars while flashing my backstage  
pass  
No way back - no return

All the faces are blurred  
Just faded flesh with eyes like liquid mirrors  
Drinking with the King of the Dead

Never met a bottle that I didn't like  
Every time you pop a corn I flip my tongue like a dike  
I'm a whore for alcohol  
And I drink till I fall  
I believe every promise in every bottle  
It's all religious to me  
Hey, look at me  
I'm going to the promised land

Here I stand in a pool of shit  
Wondering when I went on this blackout trip

I get sicker  
For every glass of liquor  
I get the fever  
Spanking that fuckin' liquor

[Solo: Heinz]

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Just faded flesh with eyes like liquid mirrors  
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