

Krum Bums

"Scratching On The Eightball"

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In disgust, in disgust, this darkness never leaves
In disgust, in disgust, this darkness never leaves

Weeping and wailing and the mashing of the teeth
Unbearable and miserable feelings never leave

Play to win, you're born to lose
Your sun, it never sets
Play to win, you're born to lose
Your sun has risen

Scratching On The Eightball

Feeding this misery all alone
Empty thoughts, broken bottles is all I know
This labyrinth of life is all so strange
Looking for an out, looking for anything

Your blinded vision, sees only lies
Your blinded vision, controls your life

Scratching On The Eightball

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Your sun, it never sets
Play to win, you're born to lose
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