

Lord Belial

"Throats to You"

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Leave it alone,
"Bottles or cans," she said,
"Give me your hands,
You've been shakig all day."

Don't know what the hell is wrong with me,
I'm losing my grip on reality,
But i want to leave, I want to live this time.

Dead on arrival,
But i don't care, 'cus I've been there,
Passing over red and white and blacking out again.

I've seen the sun, so promising,
Do not attempt to understand,
Slipping through your fingers,

Await the word,
Lost to distinction,
Say hello to know avail,
But i've always expected the worst.

I believe that what you get out of life,
Is what you put in...

I've seen the sun, so promising,
Do not attempt to understand,
Slipping through your fingers,

Await the word,
Lost to distinction,
Say hello to know avail,
But i've always expected the worst...

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