

Psycho Choke

"Freedom In A Bottle Of Scotch"

Visit "[Freedom In A Bottle Of Scotch](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Something is wrong with it all, fuck it I'm done
Blown away with all the shit
I'm feeling I'm down with it all fucking undone
Torn away with all the shit
I'm feeling like nympho on the run
I'm smiling like a dead star on the sun
I'm sounding like a death blow of a gun,
I'm counting down the wealth, the dirt, the youth, the
strength the yearn...
Let it be this way, let it be so...

Siblings of my lost breed face down in a hole
Spinning back and forth lets make this work
Siblings of my lost breed terrify the world
Spinning back and forth let's make this work

Holding back on time, I ain't giving a damn
Messing with my mind all that I can
Holding back on time, I ain't feeling alone
Carving all my thoughts upon this stone

Kick it

Too late now I'm digging out my own grave
To be saved - I'm leaning up against the
Same mistakes I'm horny and I'm gruesome
My scotch will surrogate my freedom
Hale Bopp is coming right on time
Hale Bopp is coming gonna fly
Hale Bopp is coming never die
Hale Bopp is coming we never thought of it

Oi oi oi

How many times have I let you down?
How many times you didn't like the sound?
How many times you've been broken

Oi oi oi

This is the time to get it over with

This is the time to get another sin
This is the time to remember

Oi oi oi

Off my fuckin space, ain't ever gonna get me
Off my fuckin space, ain't ever gonna get me
Off my fuckin space, ain't ever gonna get me

Visit [Psycho Choke](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.