

Psyopus

"Bones To Dust"

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Coke binge. I lock myself inside this room.
The very end was coming soon.
My head was twisted.
I was saying, "Good-bye."
I was snorting, snorting until I died.
My lifestyle was darker than a permanent black marker.
Another day passes. Another day is gone.
Another sad misery was just dragged on.
It was just a lung. It was just a vein.
It was all of these drugs that I can't maintain.
I need yeaho. I hit rock bottom.
Rock bottom bones to dust.
I will kill you for your money to buy a bag of fuckin
coke.
Snort it. What a fuckin fiend? What a fuckin fiend?
I would kill you to get high.
I need yeaho.
I lock myself inside this room.
The very end was coming soon.
My head was twisted.
I was saying, "Good-bye."
I was snorting, snorting until I died.
My lifestyle was darker than a permanent black marker.
All the pain and the mental anguish has me locked in
my room snorting until I OD.
(I can't take this shit. I can't take this shit anymore. Slit
my wrist. I don't want to live.)

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