

Twisted Tower Dire

"Liquid Friend"

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[Mr. Bones]

Well lemme, lemme tell you, a lunatic
Escaped from the asylum
I used to dig a hole for the body box, then I'd hide them
In my backyard, another torture in the cellar
A dwella
A rather fucked up young fella
Got bats in my belfry
But nobody helps me
An eye on my enemy
Cause everybody wants to kill me
I find myself in a bottle of liquor
But is it quicker
For me to stick her
Or maybe I should stick you!
What do I do?
My mind is gone with the wind
My mortal sin
Is hidden with a friendly grin
I don't know, what do you think?
I can't see straight
Ad I've had too much to drink
Blink my eyes and try to find my soul
I'm on a roll
More like outta control
Where's my soul?
It must be on a higher plane
I'm insane
With all this butane
In my veins
Swing my head and search for a better half
Everything's funny so I guess I start to laugh
Substance abuse is taking on a new blend
And I owe it all to my liquid friend

They calling me a lowlife, drug addict,
Alcoholic son of a bitch
I'm breaking my ass, I'm breaking my ass,
Making them dollars, trying to get rich
I spend my loot on drug abuse and then
Enhance my state of mind

My soul is in the sky
I fly
My altitude is very high
I fall and crash in the graveyard with the dead
A pale moon hangs in the sky, blood red
Mislead by the demons that I see
I got this paranoid delusion
That everybody wants to kill me
Flashbacks are in my mind, I walk along the wasteland
The tombstones, the wind blows, and something just
Touched my hand
I freeze up and can't even get a chance to blink
Where's my liquid friend, because I need another drink

You don't know how it feels to be me
Radio and TV
The strange things that I represent when you hear me
Can you see what I can see
The vision's getting blurry
Future's looking dim so I'm starting to get worried
Making the burn brings for tales of the dead
Prince of pain that laughs
In the path
Of a terminal end
The shadows falling demons begin to hide
The dark dominion, the product of the flip side
My mind, it bleeds tales of alcoholic dreams
Light beams, drug abuse and crack fiends
Substance abuse has gained a new blend
And I owe it all to my liquid friend

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